

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Special Souvenir Pictures of "Snow White" in This Issue



# The Language of Jewels . . .

## Lovely Gems Have Romantic Meanings

By JAN GUELPH

Fashion has decreed that colored jewellery shall be the right thing to wear this season.

The blue fire of the diamond, the green of the emerald, and the red blush of the ruby will scintillate in society.

All these lovely jewels have a meaning—yes, there is a language of gems as well as flowers.

**T**HE power to heal, to safeguard from evil, and the power to endow with wonderful gifts have all been ascribed to jewels.

The ancients connected them with the spiritual rather than the earthly powers.

The twelve tribes of Israel were each represented by a jewel on the breastplate of the High Priest of Israel.

The twelve foundation stones of the New Jerusalem were the twelve precious stones each endowed with the virtue of the disciple whose personality or outstanding trait it represented.

For example, jasper, which stood for fervent faith, was the stone of St. Peter; the sapphire, the heavenly stone, was the stone of St. Paul; and so on for the other ten.

Joseph, a first century writer, and later St. Jerome, both connected the twelve stones of the High Priest's breastplate with the twelve months of the year, for they were supposed to be connected with the twelve zodiacal signs.

This, in all probability, accounts for the cult of the birthday stone. The wearing of natal stones seems to have originated in Poland among the earlier Jews. They were worn mainly for healing purposes or that the wearers might realise their dearest wishes.

The lucky birthday stones are:

### JANUARY: The Garnet

This stone symbolises friendship. It had the power to endow its wearers with much agreeableness and often help them to become powerful and victorious in their undertakings.

### FEBRUARY: The Amethyst

In olden times this stone was supposed to be a powerful antidote for intoxication. Legend has it that Bacchante fell in love with a beautiful nymph who, in order to escape his unwelcome attentions, sought the aid of the Goddess Diana, who turned her into a gem.

Baffled, Bacchante caused her to turn the color of wine, which he had taught mortals to like, giving her, at the same time, the power to overcome intoxication.

This stone stood for faith, peace of mind, sincerity and love of truth. Roman matrons cherished it for its powers of keeping their husbands' affections. Cleopatra is said to have worn a wonderful amethyst on which was an exquisite engraving of Bacchante.

This gem is often known as the prelate's gem.

### MARCH: The Bloodstone

This stone was supposed to give a secure and safe life and to endow its wearers with great courage and wisdom. Also, it had the power of making its wearer invisible whenever so desired.

### APRIL: The Diamond

Legend tells us that the God of Mines called together his courtiers and bade them bring to him one of every gem then known. These he crushed and compounded into one stone, saying, "Let this be something that will combine beauty of all, yet it must be pure, and it must be invincible." And lo! the diamond was born. This stone endowed its wearers with great fortitude and stood for purity, life, and joy. The ancients held that if the wearer



EVERY WOMAN ADORES JEWELS down the ages they have been endowed with mystic powers.

sinned the diamond would lose its brilliancy.

### MAY: The Emerald

It was held that this stone would cure all diseases of the eyes.

One curious tradition was that should a snake fix its eyes on an emerald it would immediately become blind. It signified chiefly happiness in love, and was an emblem of faith and freedom.

The Empress Josephine is stated to have said to an artist who was painting her portrait, "Paint me in emeralds to represent the undying freshness of my grief; but let them be surrounded with diamonds to portray the purity of my love."

### JUNE: The Agate

This jewel was supposed to render a person invisible, and also to have the power to turn the swords of foes against themselves.

It stood for security, long life, and health. Its possession by men was said to enable the wearer to obtain the love of women.

It was also supposed to heal the sick, to confer the gift of oratory, and was accounted a certain antidote for poisons.

It was used by the Romans as signets and amulets. The moss agate signified an early death, while the rainbow agate stood for truth.

### JULY: Cornelian and Ruby

They signify friendship and content. The ruby was favorite stone of romance. It has always ranked in line with the diamond for value.

Job said that "The price of wisdom is above rubies." This stone signified brilliant success, Divine power, love, and promoted forgetfulness of all the ills of life.

If a ruby changed color it was supposed to bring misfortune to the wearer.

The Chinese, it is said, bury small bags of rubies under the foundations of their houses to propitiate the evil spirits.

### AUGUST: The Sardonix

This signified conjugal felicity. It was given the name onyx, which is the Greek for finger-nail, because of its color which resembles the hue of a well-kept finger-nail.

This stone was supposed to bestow the gift of persuasive oratory.

The Hindus cherish one variety which resembles a human eye and is known as the eye onyx. The Syrians consecrate this stone to "The Great God."

### SEPTEMBER: The Sapphire

The first table of the Law given to Moses was made of sapphire; and always this stone is connected with religious and sacred things.

It was held to be an antidote to melancholy and to confer continence. The ancients called it hyacinth, from the resemblance of its color to the blue fleur-de-lis.

The attributes of this stone are faith, innocence, virtue, truth, courage and the contemplation of good works.

### OCTOBER: The Opal

This stone is generally regarded as being unlucky, yet the ancients saw in it only all that was sweet, hopeful and lovely.

It was said to fade on the insincere, deceitful and impure.

This stone had the powers of making the wearer beloved of God if he wore it in faith and confidence. The magical effect of the play of colors in this stone caused it to be looked upon as the home of familiar spirits.

### NOVEMBER: The Topaz

This jewel stands for fidelity. Under the influence of great heat it changes color and becomes highly electric.

This fact has caused many powers to be attributed to it. The cairngorm of Scotland is a variety of topaz, and stands for faithfulness and friendship, also justice tempered with mercy.

### DECEMBER: The Turquoise

One attribute of this stone is that if the wearer is sick it becomes pale, while if the wearer should die the stone loses all color.

In Germany it is much prized as an engagement ring, for inconstancy, it is believed, will immediately be reflected in the color of the turquoise. An Oriental superstition is that the turquoise pales when the well-being of the giver is in danger.

Another states that "the turquoise, when given by a loving hand, carries with it happiness and good fortune."

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Studies Primitive Life

**DR. F. W. WHITEHOUSE**, paleontologist of the University of Queensland, is a graduate of the Universities of Cambridge and Queensland. For the past seven years he has spent each summer in the desert lands around the Queensland-Northern Territory border unearthing earliest records of life in Australia.

He is a member of many science and art societies in Brisbane, and at week-ends is a mountaineer with many records to his credit.



### World Conference Delegate

**MRS. J. G. POTT**, of Melbourne, president of the National Y.W.C.A. of Australia, has gone to California for a holiday before attending the World's Y.W.C.A. Conference in Toronto next September.

She will attend the conference in a double capacity—as Australian delegate, and as proxy for Dr. Georgina Sweet, also of Melbourne, who is world vice-president.



### Brilliant Law Student

**MR. KEITH AICKIN**, who recently completed a brilliant law course at the University of Melbourne by winning the E. J. B. Nunn Scholarship and the Supreme Court prize awarded by the Judges of the Supreme Court Bench, has made a habit of collecting honors.

He won the Hastie Exhibition in each of the first three years of his course as well as other prizes, and in 1936 achieved the feat of carrying off four exhibitions; in fact, every exhibition in his year.

**City girl tells beauty secret**

WHOEVER IS THAT PRETTY GIRL, JOAN? WHAT A STUNNING COMPLEXION!

THAT'S OUR COUSIN NOLA FROM SYDNEY—SHE'LL BE AT THE CLUB DANCE TO-NIGHT.

STILL ANOTHER YOUNG MAN RAVING ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION!

EXPENSIVE BEAUTY SALON TREATMENTS I SPOKE, YOU CITY GIRLS HAVE ALL THE LUCK—

NO SECRET, MY PETS—AND CERTAINLY NOT COSTLY—JUST A BOX FOR ERASMIC FACE POWDER.

ERASMIC! SO THAT'S IT! OH, LET'S RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET SOME FOR TO-NIGHT!

Y'KNOW, I NEVER REALISED BEFORE WHAT KNOCKOUTS JOAN AND NOLA ARE! DON'T THEY LOOK MARVELLOUS TO-NIGHT?

YOU'VE SAID IT—THE CITY COUSIN CERTAINLY HAS NOTHING ON OUR LOCAL GIRLS.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

Has a special fineness that spells glamour—witchery—for your skin. 4 thrilling shades.

**1/- PER BOX**

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—Tube 1/-, Jar 2/6—absorb, refining, make-up foundation.



# Family Makes Adventure of Desert Quest

## Foys Off to Unravel Mystery of the Past

Australia's most adventurous family is embarking this week on a romantic quest to unravel one of our strangest mysteries — the disappearance of explorer Leichhardt ninety years ago.

The family consists of Mr. H. V. Foy, aged 71, his cheery wife, their two daughters, Mitta (16) and Hinemoa (10), and son Bill (12). They are our "Swiss Family Robinson" of to-day.

THEY are used to wandering in a most refreshing manner in parts of the centre of Australia which have daunted — and destroyed — the most stout-hearted bushmen.

Two years ago the family completed an 8000 miles motor-truck tour that included the famous Lasseter's Reef country, which has lured and baffled many people who have sought the rich goldfields said to exist there.

They trucked across deserts, past Alice Springs, past the Centre's lone sentinel, Ayer's Rock, and on over into the grim West Australian desert.

On the way they came to the lonely grave of Lasseter, the old prospector whose belief in a fabled lost gold reef led many on forlorn quests and himself to death.

This and other expeditions enable the family to look on their adventures in a matter-of-fact way.

So that their luxurious home at Camp Cove, Watson's Bay, on the eve of their setting out, was the scene of less excitement than occurs in many a city home the night before the annual holiday at Terrigal or Mulgoa.

No squeezing last-minute things into suitcases—all loading of their two trucks and car will be done at the Foy property at Molong—no storing things, or frantic running about bumping into one another.

Mitta, attractive and pleasant-mannered, and Hinemoa, a blonde imp, were home from boarding-school, Sancta Sabina; and Bill was down from Bowral.

These extraordinary children were as full of high spirits as any other children on holidays, but spoke, quite unaffectedly, about the wilderness as if it were their backyard.

### Crackers For Abos.

THEY had all seen the luxury side of the world, on many trips to Europe, America, and the East.

Nevertheless, "roughing it" held no terrors for them.

Mr. Foy, now retired and a grazer, was governing director of the well-known Sydney firm, Mark Foy's, Ltd.

Mrs. Foy candidly announced that she much preferred the comforts of a city hotel to "this running all over the place," but was obviously as happy as anyone else about it.

The family conversation was what one might have expected in a 20th century "Swiss Family Robinson." For example, talking of a previous trip among the aborigines:

Mrs. Foy: The King was chopping wood, and the Queen—

Mr. Foy: She was awfully thin, that Queen—and the last thing I saw of her was in one of your dresses, and it was hanging on her like—

Mrs. Foy: What WAS that King's name?

Mr. Foy: He could speak a little English you know; he had been at the German mission. Oh—he was the King of the Petermanns.

Mrs. Foy: A piece of wood the King was chopping flew up and hit the Prince of Walls, and the King couldn't square him off. The King rushed round the back of the Queen and she mothered him.

Mr. Foy: The King was a big man, you know. He wore trousers. Nobody else wore anything, except the Prince of Walls. He had a shirt.

Mrs. Foy: He came down in a pair of bloomers one morning.

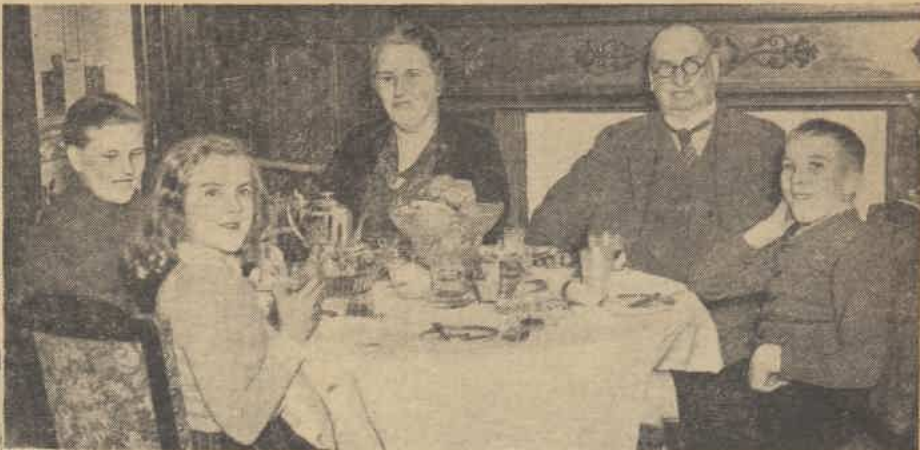
Bill suddenly recalls the time they sent up two skyrocketers and the blacks nearly died laughing and sat up all night waiting for more.

"The cook said, 'Go up one, come down mob.'"

The conversation just naturally drifts on to adventures in desert



Bill is a real bushman. This stagy rigout was only put on him for photographic purposes, at the most remote station in all Australia—350 miles south-west of Alice Springs.



THE FOYS, our modern "Swiss Family Robinson," at dinner in their luxurious home before setting out on their strange desert quest.



SIMPSON'S DESERT, one of the most feared wildernesses in waterless Australia, which has guarded the secret of the explorer's end for nearly 100 years.



MRS. FOY on a camel (above), and the Foy truck outback (lower). These snaps were taken on the family's previous expedition to the Lasseter Reef country.

Brisbane to cross the continent to Perth.

They were last seen alive on the Maranoa, in Central Queensland. Nothing more was seen of them or their equipment.

A tree with Leichhardt's blaze "L," nearly 1000 miles up towards the Gulf, another blazed tree as far south again on the Cooper, and then mystery.

But over the border about Lake Macassare were found, many years later, the bones of cattle.

Sir John Forrest gave the opinion that the cattle were killed by poison scrub. Mr. Foy thinks that they would not all have succumbed that way—he thinks they were speared.

### Blacks To Help

LAST year, on one of the family wanderings into far deserts, Mr. Foy was yarning with Constable Finn, at the little outpost of Innamincka, on the edge of the dreaded Simpson's Desert.

They discussed the story of a discovery long ago by Findlay, the explorer, on the edge of a deep water-hole, of a skeleton, in grey trousers and coat, with an ancient pistol beside it.

"In my opinion," says Mr. Foy, "Leichhardt and his party were forced back until they had to take to the water and were speared."

With two trucks and a car, and a pump to be run off the rear wheel of a truck, Mr. Foy is setting off to empty the waterhole and test his theory.

In searching the region he will enlist the help of the Coolie blacks, descendants perhaps of the very men who killed and plundered the explorers.

NEXT year, says Mr. Foy, he will start on the coast of West Australia, and truck right across the continent, along the Tropic of Capricorn, a feat never yet performed, largely because there is only one freshwater soak in the first 1100 miles—and you have to find that.

"I won't take the children," Mrs. Foy warns her husband. "I'm going because you're going. But nobody has yet got across, and I won't ask the children to starve on a trip like that."

### Hopes For Success

FOR generations the Leichhardt mystery has baffled the most famous explorers. Many expeditions have gone out to try to solve the mystery. But Mr. Foy believes he will succeed.

He believes that the bones of Leichhardt and his men will be found at the bottom of a deep water-hole in the centre of the Cooper's Creek swamp known as Lake Macassare.

Leichhardt's party, well equipped and experienced, set out in 1848 from



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KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD. An informal glimpse of the famous singer at the piano.

# Supper with Flagstad...

Chat with Famous Prima Donna over Australian Oysters, Wine, and Passionfruit

To have supper with Kirsten Flagstad is an event!

This world-famous Norwegian prima donna is now stirring Australian audiences to amazing enthusiasms with her lovely Viking voice . . . her dramatic technique . . . her fascinating personality.

What is it like to have supper with her? What does she eat . . . drink . . . talk about? Would you know what to say to her in such a situation? If not, this informal glimpse of her may help.

By M. T. WYKEHAM-FIENNES

ALL the week I had wanted to lunch with the great Flagstad.

She was charming, but busy . . . all day long . . . no time for lunch.

So, when the opportunity came, I was delighted to share "supper with the Johansens."

It was a pleasant experience to sit at supper after the theatre with this smiling, happy couple, and realise that they had made a success of their own life despite celebrity.

She had filled her room with photographs and trinkets to remind her of her friends and family.

"It was really some Australian

friends who told me I had to come and sing in your country," she smiled.

Glamorous on the stage, like one of Wagner's German goddesses, Kirsten Flagstad is one of the simplest and least-affected personalities off it.

It was a pleasure to meet her and hear her confess that she was "just an old-fashioned woman, fond of home and husband . . ."

With a sound recipe for domestic happiness . . .

A formula for being happy on and off the stage . . .

And the most charming smile that has visited Australia for a long time . . .

Her husband fits in with her simple way of living. Big, kindly, and bald-headed, he exudes the homely warmth of the Norwegian.



TWO STUDIES of the Johansens at Honolulu. Top shows the singer surrounded by leis; lower, she is with her husband.

## Oysters Every Day

ALONG came the Australian oysters. "You don't have to introduce me to these," she laughed. "I have them every day, and I think they are the best I have ever tasted."

I raised my glass of champagne.

"To the success of your trip in Australia," I said.

She turned to her husband and remarked, "Whatever you think of your Chateaux and Pol Rogers, I love the clean flavor of this Australian wine."

The wine went with some pretty good whiting.

The passionfruit did not appeal to her.

"I'm afraid it's too sweet for me," she explained.

After talking for some time on her trip out, and her first impressions of Australia, the conversation turned on to love and marriage.

Humorously I asked the recipe for the Johansens' happiness. To my surprise the question was taken quite seriously.

"The happiness of a marriage depends on the aptitude of two people to cultivate each other's interests," she said.

"Until Henry married me he had no interest at all in music. Now he can discuss music with anybody, and has a genuine interest in it."

"On the other hand, you can tell me quite a bit about my business," her husband laughed.

I found out that he owned the largest timber factory in Norway, and several leading hotels, among other interests.

When the Johansens are in Norway they are very proud of their two homes, one of which is at Oslo and the other at Christiansen, but although they naturally have the best that money can buy both prefer a simple home life.

They are often away from each other for six months of the year, during which time they are longing to get home.

## Money and Marriage

"ALTHOUGH most rich people in England and America lead a sophisticated life of parties and pleasure, we both prefer the quiet life of the average married couple when we are at home," said the famous singer.

"Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but that's how we have always liked it."

I asked whether great artists always had to marry rich men to make a successful marriage, or whether they would be as happy with an ordinary undistinguished sort of husband.

"This is really a most impertinent young man," she laughed. "I'm be-

ginning to think he is asking me to divorce you and marry him." Her quaint humor, spoken in a faint Norwegian accent, made everyone laugh.

"The world is waiting on your advice to young couples," I reminded her.

Madame Flagstad smiled. "Happiness!" I prompted hopefully.

I could see that like all happy people she was rather mystified as to the recipe. But she made a brave effort.

"All right, I will give you my opinion. I think every husband should have his own interests and so should every wife."

"A husband should participate in his wife's career, and a wife in her husband's. But they should not be engaged in it entirely."

"If two people fall in love, they should marry regardless of whether one is earning a lot more than the other, and they should share their money, because if they don't one of them will get an inferiority complex."

"Is that all?" she asked. "Will that satisfy your readers?"

It satisfied me, I assured her, gratefully. "But about music?" I asked.

Was Germany the only country in the world that could produce music like Wagner?

Yes, Madame Flagstad did not consider any other country would ever produce such music, although she was passionately devoted to Grieg and other composers of her own country. Grieg was the master of song, she said.

## Not Keen on Films

WE talked of Kirsten Flagstad's appearance in the film, "Big Broadcast of 1938," now showing in Australian theatres.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why I should have been paid such an enormous salary for two days at the studios."

"I do not particularly wish to make another film, unless I am given a part that will do justice to my acting and my singing."

"In films I miss the lack of personal contact with an audience. In opera or in a concert hall I get a thrill from the audience, which is entirely lost in making pictures."

By this time it was getting late, and I began to take my leave.

"It was so nice of you to come," said this charming prima donna.

I felt she really meant it.

Certainly she is one of the most sincere celebrities I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

# WIN £10

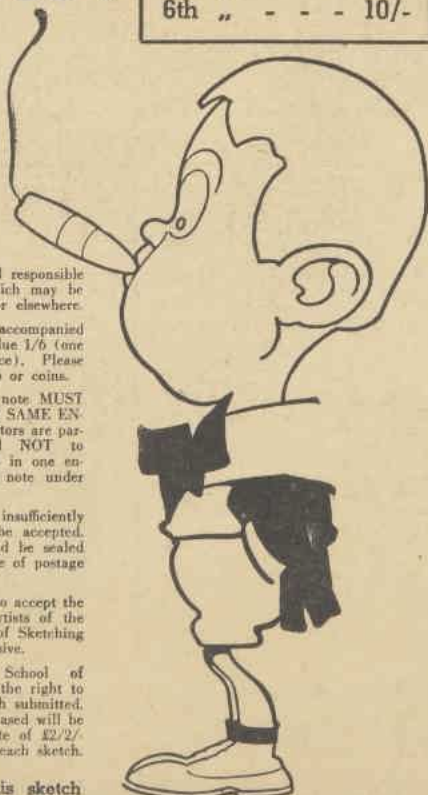
## DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

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## Rules of the Competition

1. Anyone is eligible to compete except employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 26th July, 1938.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—"Competition."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8in. high by 6in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.

8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence). Please do not send stamps or coins.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketches in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (1 oz. for 2d.)
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the Australian School of Sketching as final and conclusive.
12. The Australian School of Sketching reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £2/2/- (two guineas) for each sketch.



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Complete Short Story

# Riding On An Elephant

*Fantastic wish, but it came true for Linda*

"If you're all right, Mother, I'll just run over and see that nobody has burgled the Latimer house, and then go for a walk," said Linda Erskine.

"You've written, inviting Cousin Lettice to come for a fortnight, today?" said Mrs. Erskine.

"Yes," said Linda, "and posted the letter. And you've got the paper, and your knitting is on the table beside you."

"Then run along, darling," said Mrs. Erskine. "I'll be quite all right alone. Or wait—you'd better fetch me a scarf first! It's lovely, having the window open, but it might grow cold, before you're back again to shut it, and this spring weather is treacherous." She looked across the lawn to the next door garden. "The Latimers' lilac is lovely," she said. "They've gone for a cruise just when everything is at its best!"

"But think of the marvellous places they are seeing!" said Linda.

"England's good enough for me," said Mrs. Erskine.

"Darling Mother, I never imagined you riding on an elephant, or climbing the Pyramids, or surf-riding at Waikiki!" laughed Linda.

"No!" said Mrs. Erskine. "I prefer civilisation! And that reminds me—adjust the radio, will you? Otherwise I'll be getting one of those horrid foreign stations mixed up with the news."

Linda did so, fetched the scarf, adjusted a cushion, patted her mother's hand, and said good-bye. Riding on elephants, she thought, as she left the house! It was a phrase that always had a magical meaning to her. It spoke of all that she had never known, and had always wanted—strange countries, strange people, strange experiences, adventure! It was queer to be parked like this in Little Shotton, when she had a travel-fever in her blood. But, as long as her mother lived, nothing could be done about it.

Darling Mother—most decorative line in mothers, come to that! You couldn't deny that she was spick. Linda's father had started the process long ago. Then, when he had died, Linda had been brought from school to carry on the good work.

"What's the matter with me today?" Linda asked herself. "I'm grumbling. Is it the spring, or just because the Latimers are doing all the things I want to do?"

By Phyllis Hambledon

She whistled to Victor, who was fawn-red and a setter by breed, and they slipped through the gap in the hedge that divided the two gardens. She crossed the lawn, and unlocked the french windows of the Latimer lounge. They were often away. If it wasn't a cruise, it was a fortnight's fishing in Norway; if it wasn't fishing, it was a week's shopping in Paris. And, when they went, they would ask Linda to see to things for them. "We feel so much safer, if we know that somebody is keeping an eye on the place." And in return they would buy her little presents—some Norwegian jewellery, a foreign curio, gloves from the Rue St. Honore.

Linda passed through the lounge, and so upstairs. Everything was as the Latimers had left it. The water was still turned off, the electric light supply stopped at the meter. No intruder had been into the house, Linda lingered a little, straightening a curtain here, closing a drawer that was half open. After all, there wasn't anything to go home for, and these rooms had words; they told of



Illustrated by FISCHER

travel, of wide horizons. There were queer lovely things here, picked up in different countries, there were photographs that spoke of the world East of Suez. Here for instance was the portrait of a baby in an ayah's arms; here a young man in a topee grinned from a basket chair on a wide verandah.

That's Toby Hearne, Mrs. Latimer's nephew, and he's due on leave some time this summer, thought Linda.

He did not concern her, although she liked his face. Though the Latimers lived next door, they might have been a world away. Linda knew them only through keeping an eye on their house for them. They were smart, cocktail-drinking people.

She entered the lounge, stopped dead, staring. A man stood there patting Victor, who had already made friends with him.

"I rang at the front door, but nobody answered," he said. "Please, may I see Mrs. Latimer?"

Of course. The bells had been put out of action when the electricity had been cut off.

"All the Latimers are away on a cruise," said Linda.

"On a cruise?"

There was blank dismay in the stranger's voice. He was tall and brown, but at present there was a curious greyish tinge about his cheekbones. Suddenly Linda recognised him.

"Why, you're the man in the topee on the verandah!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" said the young man. "Well, I might be anything, the way I feel!"

Then Linda saw, to her consternation, that he was shivering violently. His teeth chattered, a series of shudders shook him. And all the time he tried to apologise. "Soon be over—this beastly malaria again—please excuse me—nothing to be frightened of!"

Until Linda, who, after all, was

A man stood there patting Victor, who had already made friends with him.

used to nursing, pushed him forcibly into a chair.

"Wait! I'll get help!" she said.

It wasn't far to the house next door. She called to the maid. After that, all was a bit confused. But somehow she and Hannah got young Toby Hearne across to the other house. Hannah rang up the doctor, they switched on a radiator, wrapped him in rugs, made a hot drink. And now, curiously enough, it was Mrs. Erskine who, from her armchair, took command of the situation. "Hot water bottles in the spare-room bed, Hannah!" she commanded. "Your uncle Tom had attacks of malaria like that, Linda, and they came on just as suddenly!"

"Look here, I can't bother you!" said Toby Hearne, still shivering. "I—your right! I'm afraid I'm in for a bout of it. Felt seedy this morning, but never thought of Aunt Robina being away. Surely there's a hospital somewhere handy. Or a nursing-home?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Erskine firmly. "You're Mrs. Latimer's nephew, and Mrs. Latimer is a friend of ours. You don't need a hospital. You're staying here!"

"But I couldn't possibly trespass—"

began Toby Hearne. Then a fresh rigor seized him, and then the doctor came. He took his temperature, which was 103. And he, too, agreed that this was malaria. He, too, agreed that quinine, light diet, and warmth were all that was necessary in the way of treatment.

Perhaps, had he known how ill Toby was going to be, he might have insisted on hospital, but he didn't.

Toby had malaria extremely badly. And it was Linda who bore the brunt of the nursing. She didn't mind the trouble, but she was anxious.

And then at last his temperature dropped. Linda, coming into his room one morning, found him grinning weakly at her.

Please turn to Page 18



# NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Continuing  
our serialisation  
of the year's best  
selling novel . . .

—By—

Kenneth  
Roberts

MAJOR ROBERT  
ROGERS, officer in  
command of the  
famous unit which  
bore his name—

Rogers' Rangers—was one of the most colorful figures that emerged from the great carnage that took place on the Canadian borderlands in 1759, during the war on the French and Red Indians.

In this story we read of his famous attack on the Indian village of St. Francis, achieved in the face of almost unbelievable difficulty, suffering and privation.

After having captured the village, Rogers and his gallant band set out in their retreat homewards, their destination being an old fort on the Ammonoosuc River, where they expect to find food. Accompanying them is a small band of prisoners, including white women who had been captured and held by Indians at St. Francis. Jenny Coit, one of their number, a veritable young fire-brand, displays unexpected qualities of kindness in her care of one of the wounded men, Captain Ogden.

The men are almost starving, and believing that their only chance of getting food is by killing game, they decide to break up into small groups, in the greater hope of securing it. Some of these groups are captured and massacred by hostile Indians.

Langdon Towne, the narrator of the story, was with a party led by Ensign Avery, and they in turn are attacked and several of their number captured.

Avery, Towne, and other survivors of this little band eventually catch up with Rogers and his party. While they are recounting their experiences, two men—McNeal and Andrew Wansant—captured the previous day, are brought in by sentries.

NOW READ ON—

WE crowded around them to hear their story. The first thing Rogers wanted to know was whether the Frenchmen had seemed to be still in search of us. McNeal said no; that they were going back to the north. They were hungry, he said; worse off than us when seen at close range; and, like us, they had eaten nothing for days. Their uniforms, McNeal said, were as tattered as our own; all of Wansant's and McNeal's clothes had been taken from them at once to patch garments.

The other five, McNeal said, had not yet been killed or tortured.

Neither he nor Wansant had been able to understand the lingo of the French or the Indians, but from their gestures he had understood that the prisoners would be made to carry game and kettles until they returned to Canada, when they would be turned over to squaws to be tortured.

They had been given split moose-bones to gnaw, and had been tied back to back in pairs. McNeal had saved a sharp-pointed sliver of moose-bone. By driving the point into one of the cords that bound him, and patiently turning it round and round for two hours, he had frayed the rope and broken it. Another hour's work had freed him and Wansant; and the two of them, moving inch by inch, had crept beyond their sleeping captors.



"If it hadn't been for the noise of the rain and the wind," McNeal said, "we couldn't 'a' done it."

Wansant said simply, "I don't know yet how we done it."

"Thank God the Major lit a fire," McNeal said. "Wansant climbed a tree around midnight, and thought he saw just a little glimmery spark, way away off. That's what kept us going."

We gave them a few beech-nuts. The palms of McNeal's hands were raw; and the flesh was worn from the thumb and forefinger of his right hand so that the bones and tendons showed. He tossed the nuts in his mouth and chewed them, shell and all.

On that day, which was the eighteenth of October, the country seemed to grow even worse. Rogers

Illustrated by WEP

shook his head at the continued downpour.

"I'm going to build a camp," I heard him tell Ogden, "and get something into these men. Half of us'll fish; the rest can build fires and stand guard. We'll try to dry out the blankets, too. If this storm comes off cold, we might have a little trouble."

ROGERS spotted a squirrel and shot him for bait, and we got our lines in the first stream we reached. If there was a trout in it longer than five inches, we couldn't find it. After persistent work and endless cursing, we collected a few hundred minnows,

The cropped heads seemed skull-like; and their ravaged faces were emaciated.

and since there is no more nourishment to a trout cooked without pork than to a handful of snow, Rogers set us to work scraping rock tripe to boil with them. Rock tripe is a greenish-grey crust that grows on boulders and ledges. When boiled it has a sickish and offensive smell, like stale paste, but supposedly it is nourishing.

When we boiled the trout and the rock tripe, the mixture was like slush from a fish pier. It wasn't for enjoyment we ate it, however, but for the strength to get us to the mouth of the Ammonoosuc. No matter how it tasted, it was food.

Next day we came to a stream that struck a familiar chord in the breast

of the Indian boy, Billy; but, like all Indians, he was unwilling to commit himself until he was sure. He was a good boy, as was Bob. At length Billy freely admitted to recognizing it. By following it to its source, he told the Major, we would come to a beautiful pond, with an island in the middle. Only a mile from that pond, he said, was the Nulhegan River, and the Nulhegan flowed downhill into the Connecticut. Once we had come to the Nulhegan, he insisted, the Connecticut was only a short march. He put his hands on his pot-belly and added apologetically, "No meat, take longer."

Please turn to Page 36



The "Little Black Bag" Again!

# PANTOMIME

By.....A. J.  
**CRONIN**

Author of "The Citadel"

**A**S a rule, Levenford saw little of the theatre.

At the annual fair the Bostons and roundabouts were usually accompanied by a canvas "peggie," where, in an atmosphere of naphtha smoke and orange-peel, you could, for twopenny, see "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning," or "The Murder in the Red Barn."

At the other pole, of course, stood the mechanics' concerts. There, on Thursday nights during the winter season, a bevy of refined ladies and gentlemen entertained an equally refined audience to songs and readings.

"Mr. Archibald Small will now give

Whereupon Mr. Archibald Small would advance, blushing, in squeaky boots and a hired evening suit, and sing—"Thora! Speak once ag-ahain to me-e!"

Between these extremes Levenford went dry of drama, and the stern spirit of the Covenanters was appeased.

Imagine, then, the commotion when it became known early in December that a pantomime was coming to the Burgh Hall for the week beginning Hogmanay.

Even "Doggy" Lindsay, the Provost's son, allowed his interest in the pantomime to be known—a superior interest, naturally; a rather sophisticated interest—for Doggy was a "blood," the centre of a little coterie of "bloods," who set a dashing fashion in dress and manners in the town.

Actually there was not an ounce of vice in Doggy. He suffered from a rich father, a dotting, indulgent mother, and a weak constitution. Add the fatuous desire of the small-town masquer to be thought the most devilish of young men, and you have Doggy at his worst.

**T**HE pantomime arrived, a number five company from Manchester, which had wandered to these northern wilds in the hope of putting "Cinderella" over on the natives. But the natives had been less amenable than expected.

In Paisley not bouquets but tomatoes had rained on Samuels' Touring No. 5, and in Greenock there had been a deluge of ripe eggs. So, by the time Levenford was reached, the morale of the mummerys was willing.

The comedian wore a slightly tarnished look; the chorus had "the jumps"; and Mr. Samuels was secretly considering urgent business which might call him suddenly back to Manchester.

Two days after the opening night in the Burgh Hall, Finlay met Doggy Lindsay in the High Street.

"Lo, old man! Seen the panto?" cried Doggy.

"No!" said Finlay. "Is it good?"

"Good!" Doggy threw back his head and roared with laughter. "It's awful! But for all that, Finlay, old man, it's a scream!"

He roared again with laughter and, taking Finlay's arm, demanded:

"Have ye seen Dandini?"

"No, no! I tell you I haven't been near the hall."

"Ye must see Dandini, Finlay," protested Doggy with streaming eyes. "She's the last word in principal boys. An old cab horse in tights. Ye ken what I mean. Fifty if she's a day, dances like a ton of bricks, and a voice ye couldn't hear below a bowl—oh, heaven save me, but the very thought of her puts me in hysterics."

He broke off, quite convulsed by merriment; but, mastering himself, he dried his eyes and declared:

"Ye must see her, old man. Pon

my soul, you must. It's a treat not to be missed. I've front row seats for every night of the show. Come along with me to-night. Peter Weir is coming, too, and Jackson, of the 'Advertiser'!"

Finlay looked at Doggy with mixed feelings: sometimes he liked Doggy quite a lot, sometimes he almost loathed him.

On the tip of his tongue lay a refusal of Doggy's invitation, but somehow a vague interest, call it curiosity if you wish, got the better of him. He said rather curtly:

"I might drop in if I have time. Keep a seat for me in any case." Then, refusing Doggy's effusive offer of a "brandy and splash," he strode off to continue his calls.

That night Finlay did "drop in," having first sounded Cameron on the propriety of the act. Cameron, regarding him quizzically, had assented.

"Away, if ye like, and I'll finish the surgery. Ye'll be doing no harm if ye keep young Lindsay out of mischief. He's a brainless loon—but I'll swear there's good in him."

The pantomime had scarcely begun when Finlay slipped into his seat, yet already the audience, composed chiefly of young apprentices from the yard, was giving it "the bird."

It was actually a poorish show, but

acute nervousness on the part of the performers made it quite atrocious. And there was, of course, Dandini—Dandini, principal boy the second, Dandini, mirror of fashion, echo of the court, dashing satellite of the Prince!

Finlay looked at his programme; Letty le Brun she called herself. What a name! And what a woman.

She was a gaunt-faced spectre, with splashes of rouge on her cheek bones and palpable stuffing in her tights.

**S**HE walked without spirit, danced in a sort of lethargy. She was not called upon to sing a song. Indeed, when the chorus took up the refrain, she barely moved her lips. Finlay could have sworn she did not sing at all. But her eyes fascinated him—big blue eyes that must once have been beautiful, filled now with mingled misery and contempt.

Every time she got the laugh, and it was often, those tragic eyes winced in that set and stoic face.

It got worse as the show went on; whistling, catcalls, and finally jeers. Doggy was in ecstasy, squeezing Finlay's arm, rolling about helplessly in his seat.

"Isn't she a scream? Isn't she a turn? Isn't she the funniest thing

since grandma?" as though she were some new star, and he the impresario who had discovered her.

But Finlay did not smile. Deep down in his being something sickened as at the sight of a soul's abasement.

At last, amid a hurricane of derisive applause, a final curtain fell. And Finlay could have cried out with relief. But Doggy was not finished—not, he assured them, by a long, long chop.

"We'll go round," he informed them with a wink, "behind the scenes."

Finlay made to protest, but they were already on their way. Doggy, Jackson, and young Weir. So he followed them along the draughty stone corridors of the Burgh Hall, up a creaky flight of steps, into the dressing-room of Letty le Brun.

It was a communal undressing-room, of course, vaguely partitioned, with torn wallpaper and walls that sweated, but most of the company had already departed—glad enough, no doubt, to scramble to their lodgings while they could.

But Letty was there, sitting at a littered table, slowly fastening up her dress.

Closer inspection revealed how ravaged was her figure.

She had washed the greasepaint from her face, but two bright spots still stood on her cheekbones, and there were dark shadows under those big blue eyes.

*Up and up went her voice, thrilling the very air with its celestial harmony.*

Illustrated by

WYNNE W. DAVIES

She inspected them dumbly. "Well, boys," she said at length, not without a certain dignity, "what do you want?"

Doggy stepped forward, with a notable pretence of gallantry—oh, he was a card, right enough, was Doggy Lindsay!

"Miss le Brun," said he, almost simpering, "we've been much struck by your performance to-night; we've come round to compliment you and ask if you would honor us by coming out to supper."

Silence, while, behind, young Weir struggled with a guffaw.

"I can't come out to-night, boys. I'm too tired."

"Oh, but Miss le Brun—" insisted Doggy. "A little supper! Surely an actress of your experience wouldn't be too fatigued."

**S**HE took them all in with that sad and almost tranquil gaze. She knows he's geying her, thought Finlay with a pang, and she's taking it like a queen. "I might come to-morrow, if you cared to ask me."

Doggy beamed. "Capital! Capital!" he gushed, and he named the time and place.

Then, covering the ensuing pause in his customary brilliant style, he flashed his gold cigarette-case at her.

But she shook her head. "Not now, thanks." Her lips made a little smile. "I've got a smoker's cough."

Another rather awkward pause. It was not turning out to be so funny as they expected. But Doggy rallied.

"Well, Miss le Brun, perhaps we'd better say au revoir. We'll expect you to-morrow night. And again congratulations on your marvellous performance."

She smiled again quietly as they went out.

Please turn to Page 16





# MELODY at MIDNIGHT

A Complete  
Short Story

By ....

NANCY  
JAY

**S**WITCHING off the lights, Julie Sheldon crossed to her bedroom window and stood waiting in the darkness. In the light from the study window below she could see the edge of the lawn and the paved walk that led to the white gate in the wall, so that she could not fail to see Martin when he emerged from the house to take the dogs for their evening walk.

He would not go until after the news had been read on the wireless, nor would he, for a change, go out by way of the front door and the drive. Such a creature of habit, she thought, and her soft mouth curled in a small smile of derision. Still, perhaps to-night it was as well that his habits could be relied upon.

Habits. Their growth was so insidious over the years, springing from a lazy routine way of life, placid and unchanging; they had grown on her, too. Only she had had the wit to realise it before it was too late.

Perhaps if she had not met Andrew she, too, would have drifted on into middle age without a struggle, almost without noticing its approach?

Julie shivered a little and looked down at the faint white square of the envelope that was in her hand. Her heart stirred, missing its beat. She saw again the words she had written:

"Yes, I will meet you on Friday, my dear, at six o'clock, where you suggest. Martin is dining in town, and I shall just tell him I am meeting an old friend."

The letter had gone on, become longer than she had intended; she had been ambiguous, yet a little wistful, too. That was part of her charm for him. He thought of her as sphinx-like. He had said, that first evening Martin had brought him home to dinner: "You have got such an extraordinary expression in your eyes, Mrs. Sheldon. As if you knew everything—about life, I mean." At the time she had been startled and inwardly amused, both at his words and the fact that her mind had been entirely preoccupied with seed catalogues and whether Marks had remembered to put the new fencing in the orchard; but she had risen to the occasion with grace. She had smiled what she hoped was a secret, withdrawn smile, saying lightly: "Perhaps I do."

**A**NDREW MERIVALE was the architect superintending the new buildings at Grafton College, which lay a mile or so beyond the village. Martin had met him at the local inn and, finding him rather lonely, invited him back to dinner; later he asked his advice about some small alterations that he intended to make in the house and its fine old barns. Merivale's enthusiasm for the perfect little Georgian house had been genuine and his suggestions helpful. But from the evening of Merivale's third visit Julie had realised that the chief attraction to the young man was not the house, but the fact that he could be alone with her.

Her first thought had been to talk to Martin about it, but that evening, as she studied him across the dinner-table, she had changed her mind. She had noticed with great clarity his attractive, well-cut features, the short, straight nose, the dark hair, greying a little over the ears. At forty-three he was an extraordinarily good-looking man, far better looking, she realised, than when she had married him ten years before. But she had also re-

*Out in the street again, Andrew walked close beside her, and the breeze played havoc with her sleek, dark hair.*

alised, with something of a shock, that her husband had lost a lot of his attractiveness for her. This had filled her with resentment, and a queer panic that had increased as the days passed, giving her no rest, filling her with a frantic desire to recapture those lost emotions before the last of her youth had faded.

Fostering that resentment she had re-read Martin's love-letters. He had found her at her desk, reading one.

"You'd never write to me like this now," she said, and her tone was accusing as she held the letter out to him. He took it from her, glancing at the first page or so, and then almost sheepishly he handed it back, with: "Dreadful asses people in love make of themselves."

Deep within herself Julie had been thinking the same thing, but in her present mood she had refused to obey that instinct. Left alone, she had wept bitterly, passionately. And then her thoughts had turned to Andrew Merivale.

That had been over a fortnight ago, and since then she had seen Andrew almost every day. From something casual and spontaneous these meetings became the chief event of her day.

Please turn to Page 22



Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 2, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## STARS BY NIGHT



● ABOVE is June Travis, popular film player. Her smart outdoor morning outfit comprises a skirt with ten gores fitting smoothly over the hips and very full at the hem, and a bright jumper with chiffon kerchief knotted loosely round the neck.

● ABOVE at left is Gloria Stuart, beautiful Warner Bros. player. Her glamorous evening gown is in soft shades of pink, chiffon.

● AT THE extreme left is Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, in an attractive dinner gown which features a new neckline, uncommon sleeves, and a swathed sash.

● LEFT: Black net strewn with sequins fashions the striking evening gown worn by Leah Ray, 20th Century-Fox singer-actress.

● THESE photos of well-known film players were taken by the Dufay natural color camera and reproduced by our special colorgram process.



# Snappy Little Chapeaux



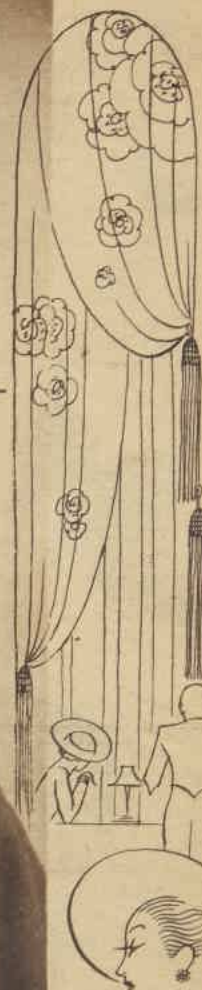
● THE PROVOCATIVE little felt hat at the top left is a black felt cleverly trimmed with red velvet. It is worn with a black wool romaine frock trimmed with red embroidery.

+ + +

● VERY BECOMING and unusual is the large hat at the top right of page. It is of cherry-red hair-felt with the crown covered with black file.

+ + +

● JUST ABOVE is a quaint hat of pastel-blue felt in halo style. Trimmed with black veiling.



● ABOVE is a dainty little model of uncommon shape. In brown felt trimmed with a scarlet feather. Brim and crown are moulded in one piece and the crown rolled to dip slightly over one eye.



● YELLOW SILK FLOWERS, hand embroidered, trim the dainty little black toque above. These little bits of hat nonsense demand very careful coiffures.



# Five Till Seven

• A HIGH-BUILT shoe in black suede for afternoon wear.



• A TILTED SAILOR with wide edge done in black taffeta with a bandeau of flowers.

• A VERY HIGH draped turban in black, green, grey, and yellow and a large matching bag.

## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By AIR MAIL

• COCKTAIL SUIT trimmed with narrow bands of clipped Persian lamb. Gold kid baroque top to pockets. Gold zipper and cravat.

THE old-fashioned, jewel-clasped, black velvet "dog-collar" has returned to fashion with the latest mode in more elaborate coiffures. The new collars are beautifully embroidered in tiny bead and sequin designs of wild flowers in their natural colors, which look charming against the black background.

NO matter what color your hair, your veil, to be a la mode, must match your eyes, and it must have large velvet spots all over it. The couturiers say that people do not realise how many eye colorings there are. They include light and dark browns, greys, and blues, as well as many tones of violet, green and hazel.



• BAG AND GLOVES in soft black kid adorned with flowers and leaves made of the same fabric.

• IN BLACK remains a lovely cocktail frock relying on very clever draping for chic.

SMART FROCKS and accessories for the cocktail hour are sketched on this page by our fashion artist, Rene. Black, cleverly cut, is the most effective and serviceable of cocktail wear, but the dress and suit sketched would also look charming in color.

Witty little hats and amusing handbags put just the right flavor of fun into the cocktail ensemble . . . There's a zest in these that happily expresses the party spirit.



## NO MORE Kidney Trouble FOR ME

THE failure of the Kidneys to carry out their work properly is definitely at the root of many of to-day's most common ailments—Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout. The correct function of the Kidneys is to extract from the blood excess water and waste poisons which are subsequently expelled from the body. If the Kidneys are disordered, these poisons accumulate in the blood stream, and, in time, will take serious toll on your health.

There is no surer way to restore your Kidneys to their normal, healthy state than Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy famous for more than sixty years.

Warner's Safe Cure is packed in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9d and in the original 5/- bottles . . . and is sold by Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere.

# WARNER'S SAFE CURE

THE 60 YEARS OLD REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS



# An Editorial

JULY 2, 1938

## NATIONAL INSURANCE



issues involved.

On one essential point all political parties are agreed—that the whole country has a lot to gain from nation-wide insurance in some form against the risks that beset the ordinary man and woman—sickness, poverty in old age, and unemployment.

The security of individual men and women means more stability and strength for the nation as a whole.

Many other countries, including Britain and America, recognise this, and have compulsory insurance schemes.

The Australian Government has proposed a scheme for insurance against two of the three great risks—sickness, and poverty in old age.

But the Government proposal has a feature which is resented by many people—it demands contributions, which amount to a new direct tax, from wage-earners and employers.

Never before have Australians been taxed specially to pay for Government health services and pensions. The Government says that without compulsory contributions it cannot develop health services and pensions on the scale necessary for national welfare.

Meanwhile, details of the scheme are being attacked by many different sections—including the farmers, the wage-earners, the doctors, the women's organisations, and the friendly societies.

These free discussions are all to the good. They have given rise to a number of suggestions, some of which have already been adopted, others noted for further consideration.

The amended scheme will undoubtedly prove such a boon to a great number of workers that we should gladly give it a trial. But we should accept it, not as a complete plan, but rather as a framework on which to build. —THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

FROM  
THE EDITOR'S  
MAILBAG

## Falling Birth-rate

WHY do people persist in blaming the present chaos of world affairs for the falling birth-rate?

Lately I have heard a number of women say that mothers are frightened to have children because they will only become "cannon-fodder."

To say that shows an ignorance of certain essential facts about the falling birth-rate, because the fall has been just as marked in times of peace and security as it is to-day. In America the rate fell steeply in the "nineteen twenties," a very gay and prosperous era.

Whatever the explanation for this world-wide menace may be, it is not a dread of war.

Mrs. V. Campbell, Cottesloe, W.A.

## Price of Butter

WHAT a fuss people are making over the penny rise in butter! One would think it was going to cost pounds more a year to live.

I myself think it is very selfish to begrudge the women who work so hard to help their husbands on the land a little extra money for their butter.

Mrs. H. Murray, Meller Street, Gympie, Qld.

## School Age

FOURTEEN is certainly too young to leave school, but I do not agree with W. Alchin (18/6/38) that five is too young to begin. When our children start school, they learn to give and take, and to be independent.

They are not expected to cross busy streets alone. Even if there isn't an older child to go along with the times, most schools have barriers and flags to cross by.

I think five is an ideal age to commence, because by the time the child is six he is broken in to school routine, and has the foundation on which to commence the actual lessons.

Children love to go, anyway. Mrs. E. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

## Local Talent

MOST of the local film stars, musicians, artists, and writers of promise have sailed from Australian shores to be absorbed into other countries.

Why is this? Is it because they receive no encouragement in our cities? Or does the thought of larger fortunes call them away? Is Australia careless of fostering her talented youth?

The country is young, and perhaps its talented youth is impatient with the necessarily slow progress of a young country.

Yet if Australia is to help make their names famous, surely these youngsters must help to make Australia of importance in the world of culture.

Miss Millie Mills, 24 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### HUSK

How can I tell where your fancies dwell  
From my untought surmise?  
How can I know the way that you go  
Just from your lips and eyes?

For you stand apart beyond my heart  
In realms I cannot tread,  
And the knots I've tied must flay  
your pride

Because your love is dead.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## "Home Assistants"

DOMESTIC work has never been popular, and, judging by prevailing conditions, girls have good reason to shun it.

But is this necessary?

Almost every other kind of work is controlled by an efficient union or association, and if some movement were inaugurated to improve and regularise the conditions of domestic work more girls, especially those without homes, would turn to it.

A club governed by rules to be obeyed by employee and employer alike, fixed daily hours, and fixed salaries for different grades, such as housemaids, cooks, generals and so on, would give girls a higher social status, and make employers realise that domestic workers need some leisure.

Girls would not then harbor an inferiority



AT HOME on a raft on the Hoang-Ho. It is a common method of transport for many Chinese peasants, under normal conditions. Now they have to use it to save their lives in the terrible floods devastating the country. See story, column 4.

complex; the old hated word "servant" would be made a thing of the past, and a new title, such as "Home Assistants," adopted.

Mrs. N. Lorraine, 15 Moore Street, Coogee, N.S.W.

## Prevention or Cure?

ENGLISH social leaders have recently collaborated financially to erect blocks of flats of modern design to rent at 8/- to 8/- a week.

These are intended for the use of single women employees, and several hundred advance applications are in hand for each available flat.

The sponsors insist that they will consider only underpaid workers, on £2 a week or less, as tenants, which is laudable enough since they are under no obligation, except a moral one, to consider the point.

On the other hand, the same influence and financial resources brought to bear on the matter of women being underpaid in the first place would achieve more permanent good, and perhaps make the flat scheme quite unnecessary in its present form.

Miss Muriel MacPherson, 8 Russell Street, Oatley, N.S.W.

# Death From the River On the Hill

Hoang-Ho, the great Yellow River of China, which runs on the top of a hill, has overflowed; it is pouring down from its hill to form an inland sea of a basin almost as big as England, where, a week ago, millions of Chinese had their homes.

THESE millions of Chinese—men, women, children, babies—are fleeing for their lives before the yellow flood; 100,000 are already reported dead or doomed to drown.

For the most starvation and epidemic await. After the last Hoang-Ho flood between six and eight millions died of famine, as many people as the whole population of Australia.

This is no ordinary flood. It is man-made.

Just as, in Reformation times, the Dutch opened the dikes which kept the sea back from their Lowlands as an instrument to defeat their invaders, so now, in the Great Plain of North China, an army at war has loosed a greater flood to destroy an enemy.

If some million peaceful peasants happen to be in the path of the flood—well, everything's fair in war, they say.

## "China's Sorrow"

FROM immemorial times the dikes of the Hoang-Ho have held the mighty river in check.

The building of the dikes was perhaps the first great engineering work in history.

Or before history. All we know is that they were there at least 1000 years before the Exodus of Biblical Moses from Egypt.

The Yellow River, flowing down to the Great Plain, brings with it the alluvial soil, the fertile loess, that has made it possible for millions to live, close-packed, in the Honan and Shantung lowlands.

The river is their livelihood, but it is also their fate.

They call it "China's Sorrow," "The Ungovernable," "The Scourge of the Sons of Han."

This is the land of The Good Earth, more densely populated than any area of its size in the world.

Tilled fields, each of an acre or little more, but each supporting a poverty-stricken family, extend flatly for thousands of miles.

Everywhere the people are scraping the yellow earth with their primitive implements. There are no animals, the countrymen are too poor. The peasant toils, without a day's rest, from the time he is six until he is sixty.

Above him is the river. Really above him.

Down along its slow, wide course, for millennium and millennium, it has brought its yellow silt, depositing it in its bed, until the bed is now from 15 to 30 feet above the surrounding country.

So that the river flows not in a depression, but along the top of a hill.

As the river bed has risen, so have the Chinese built higher and higher the earthworks which keep its waters from pouring onto the inhabited plains below.

## Has Changed Destiny

EVEN Chinese mythology says the sister-wife of Fu Hsi repaired the cosmos—which had become damaged by its long wear and tear by stemming a great flood of the Hoang-Ho.

Four thousand years ago one named Yu brought the Hoang-Ho under control by digging canals and many miles of dikes. Even then the Chinese had a good working knowledge of hydraulic engineering.

Less than 100 years ago, during a flood which drowned a million, the river swung from its course and entered the sea by a new mouth, 250 miles north of where the mouth had been before the flood.

Fifty years ago the river destroyed another million people.

After one quite recent flood 4600 miles of dikes were rebuilt and 1,400,000 workers were employed in the task.

The loosing of the Hoang-Ho is a military stratagem that makes futile the power even of the most modern armies.

Often before its flood has changed the destiny of China. This time it has thrown into chaos the Japanese invasion.





# "Iceberg" Lower...At Home on the Range

He's on a Caravan Tour of the Australian Alps

...By...  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by  
**WEP**

I'll bet you've missed me. But don't waste your money on the Personal and Missing Friends column. I'm in the Australian Alps.

I am travelling in a caravan with Wep and his wife—the poor girl! And isn't she a rotten cook! She does her best, I know, but I wish she wouldn't.

I'M looking forward to a bath when the summer comes around again. Still, it's lovely living in a caravan.

"Where's the frying pan?"  
"You're sitting on it. I wish you wouldn't wrap the butter up in the blankets."

"I didn't!"

"Ah, no. You're right. It's cheese. Or is that the soap?"

"No, we didn't bring any soap. What do you want soap for, this weather?"

"I was only asking you, wasn't I? Can't a man ask?"

"If you wouldn't talk so much take your foot off the bacon!"

"Well, what a silly place to put it! Shift over a bit, I want to get a pair of socks."

"You've got a pair. There you go. Look what you've done!"

"I didn't do it purposely, did I!"

"Well, you can mop it up yourself. Anybody would think you were brought up in a sty."

"If I was it was good practice for this outfit. If you'd only get out of the caravan for a few minutes until I get things straightened up..."

"A swell idea. I go out and freeze in the snow while you enjoy yourself tramping all over everything. Oh, no, my boy."

In the meantime, the kerosene stove has just sighed deeply, and passed out with a faint phut.

"That's a great way of making tea, isn't it?"

"You were supposed to be watching the thing. I've got only one pair of hands, haven't I? If you'd only do something instead of standing about giving advice, we might get something done."

"All right. No need to get



"It's lovely living in a caravan," says L. W. Lower.

nasty about it. I suppose you know we've run out of petrol?"

"WHAT!"

"I told you to get some last night, but, of course, you knew best—as usual. Are you like this at home? I'll bet your wife is having a normal life while you're away!"

"Leave my wife out of it! Ah! Here's the butter! I've been standing on it all the time, and didn't know it. Put it on a plate or something, will you?"

"The plates are down in the river being washed. I'll go and get them while you're fixing things up here."

"You would. Well, get on with it."

And when he comes back you say, "Well, do you think? I found the rest of that tin of salmon we opened last night. It was in that beer mug we 'pinched' at Cooma. It's got a bit of cigarette ash in it, but it's only on the top. Did you get the plates?"

"No. They must have been washed down the river a bit. We'll just have to take it in turns to eat off the bread-board."

## Men ARE Men

AND then Wep's mind starts wandering. "Well, I suppose I'd better start painting something. The river with the mountains in the background and that haze—yes—I think I'll do that."

"Where's that tube of ultra-marine-blue?"

"This it?"

"No. That's the tooth-paste." "That's strange. I must have been cleaning my teeth with the other stuff. I suppose you couldn't do it with tooth-paste?"

"If ever I come for a trip with you again I hope I'm kicked to death by a herd of wild camels."

"Make it two herds. I'm in favor of it."

But men are men up around these parts.

Mrs. Wep, the well-known looker-afterer of Wep and Lower, was rubbing a block of milk on to a frozen chunk of coffee she had just dug out of the billy when a passing local resident said, "Watcher want to do is to wrap some bags around it and put it over a good log fire, missus!"

"And what do I do after that?" asked Mrs. Wep.

"Eat the bags!" replied the

local resident. He ought to know.

I don't know if I'll ever come back alive. You've got to boil things here to make them cool.

The only way we can keep our caravan steady is to shiver on different wave-lengths.

But I may come back. Don't cheer prematurely.

## NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She says she "doesn't perspire" in winter—yet underarm odour spoils all her charm!

She's a popular girl, Mary—in summertime! For she wouldn't dream of letting underarm odour spoil a summer romance! She knows that she perspires then because she sees it.

Too bad she neglects underarm precautions as soon as cold weather comes! It's so easy to think you "don't perspire" in winter—to foolishly trust a bath alone to keep you sweet.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that even when there is no underarm moisture, odour is there. A penetrating

ing odour that clings to heavy woollens, to tight, close-fitting sleeves. An odour that can be prevented before it starts—if you follow up your bath with Mum!

**MUM IS QUICK.** Just half a minute to use! Apply it even after you've dressed. Mum will not harm fabrics!

**MUM IS SAFE.** Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, never irritates the skin. It's actually soothing even after underarm shaving!

**MUM IS SURE.** Mum's protection lasts all day. No worries about hot rooms or warm clothes. Mum makes unpleasantness impossible. Use Mum every day... you'll be a girl men like all year 'round.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



At all chemists and better-class stores. Price, 1/6; Double Size, 2/6.

**MUM**

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

## What is her Secret of PERPETUAL YOUTH

THE years rest on her shoulders but lightly, for though she grows older she refuses to age.

How has she retained that beautiful skin, youthful figure and the firm step of youth? She keeps in tune by the simplest of methods. Each night she takes Bile Beans to tone up the system, cleanse the blood and daily eliminate all food residue.

You, likewise, can preserve your youthful appearance, and enjoy excellent health with the aid of



"I feel full of life and more like a woman ten to fifteen years my junior since I have been taking Bile Beans. They are splendid for the digestion, for regulating the system and toning up the general health."  
—Mrs. A. Carter.

"I'm as healthy and energetic as a woman years younger since taking Bile Beans. I used to tire easily, but now I'm soon through my housework, and it I feel like a good walk, all I go."  
—Mrs. E. Knorr.

## A Nightly Dose of BILE BEANS



## Her Cheeks Are Now Rosy

AND SHE HAS ABUNDANT ENERGY

"Since I was a young girl I have suffered from poverty of blood and always had a pale face and lacked energy," states Mrs. F.I.H. of North Sydney. "Different treatments had no effect, and recently my housework has tired me out. I could not walk fast for I got so breathless and my back ached terribly."

"A friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I felt the benefit after taking the first bottle. I have taken these pills for a month and now feel entirely different. My cheeks are nice and rosy and my eyes are bright. I have plenty of energy and feel very fit. Backaches, breathlessness and palpitation trouble me no longer, for I can walk up a hill without fatigue."

A lovely, blameless complexion and perfect womanly fitness are some of the rich gifts of good health that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to women and girls. These pills always help to create the rich, red blood upon which women's good health is so dependent. Anemia, nervousness, palpitation are banished, the skin clears of spots and pimples, a natural colour beautifies the face, new energy and fitness are gained. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

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you need  
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Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn - invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 50 years.

**Larola**  
At Chemists and Stores  
Sole Manufacturers  
**H. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.**

# MORE HUSBAND TROUBLE - Domestic Disasters of Woolworth Heiress Fight to Keep Her Child

From MARY ST. CLAIRE.—By Beam Wireless

Can mother-love work a wonderful change for Barbara Hutton, the young Woolworth heiress?

Will this week's dramatic development of her domestic disasters change her from the playgirl into a woman whose values are based on a new, more sober understanding of life?

**BARBARA HUTTON'S** home in London has become a fortress, in which her two-year-old son is being guarded from alleged threats by his father, the Count Haugwitz-Reventlow.

This unhappy millionairess, facing the break-up of her second marriage, is threatened by something that would break any woman's heart—possible danger to her child.

News of Barbara Hutton up till now has usually been news of marriage, divorce, quarrels, settlements, and escapades, all with an overlay of gold.

Now the motif changes and the centre of interest is Lance, the two-year-old son of the heiress and her second husband, the Danish Count.

Apparently Barbara Hutton is prepared to fight for her child. She has already obtained a magistrate's order giving her the custody of the child pending litigation.

A warrant is out for the arrest of the Count if he lands in England. He is at present in Paris.

The mother fears that he may attempt to kidnap his son and the

whole legal position is complicated by the laws governing international marriages.

This trouble has blown up out of the blue, and it appears to hinge on the upbringing of the child.

The Count says that he wished Lance to be brought up as a Dane, while the Countess insists on an English upbringing.

Barbara has always seemed to take her responsibilities as a mother seriously.

"If I can, I shall bring my son up so that it won't make any difference whether he has money or not," she said, soon after his birth.

"I shall try to teach him how to handle money . . . but I shall try to bring him up so that he would have a full, happy, safe life if he didn't have any money at all . . . I don't want money to be too important to him."

At that time the Count expressed his willingness to go home to the States, because she wanted to bring up her son "as a Yankee" and he "wanted her to be very happy."

When her son was born in 1936, Barbara was very ill for days. Doctors blamed the too-strenuous dieting she had undergone for her illness.



BARBARA HUTTON, with her first and second husband; the late Prince Alexis Mdivani (above) and Count Haugwitz-Reventlow (below).

As a matter of fact, her most strenuous dieting dated back to the days of her first husband, Prince Alexis Mdivani.

She weighed 11 stone 6lb. before she married him, but because he liked slim women she achieved a miracle in reduction and came down to 8 stone.

After her baby was born, she was at one stage 6 stone 6lb.

Born on November 12, 1912, in New York, and reared in lavish luxury, Barbara is heir to about £10,000,000.

When she was 15 Barbara met Prince Alexis Mdivani, a penniless member of the Georgian royal house.

Always mindful of her plebeian background, she had longed all her life to possess a title.

When she was 20 the prince married her, and in return she gave him £250,000, a luxurious palace, and one of the best polo pony stables in Europe.

The new Princess Mdivani thought she was happy at first. She was a princess of an ancient royal house. . . . She put the Mdivani crest on all her personal belongings. . . .

But she was soon to feel the chilly influence of her gold. She realised desperately that it made her a prey to fortune-hunters and playboys.

### Changed Her Mind

**REALISING** her Prince was interested in money rather than love, she asked for a divorce. He coolly acquiesced, demanded a settlement of 35,000 dollars, and got it.

On leaving London for Reno to divorce the Prince in 1935, she declared: "Alex, is to me one of the finest men I have ever known. No man could be nobler."

A year later she told interviewers: "I never loved Alex Mdivani. I never even thought I did. He was my best friend, and I didn't realise that the worst thing I could possibly do was to marry a titled foreigner."

"Why do people dislike me?" was a question she frequently asked and which was widely quoted a year or two ago.

"If people didn't dislike me," falteringly declared the tiny Woolworth heiress, "they wouldn't write and say such unkind things, such untrue things about me. . . ."

"That is why I am living here in England, where they don't pay any attention to me."

Her name was omitted in 1935 from the New York Social Register, and that same year a former U.S. Ambassador to Germany had bitterly said of her:

"The nation's most influential person is now Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow."

"There's an expressionless young woman who inherited £10,000,000, and now rushes about gathering titles good or bad with the speed of an antelope. "She does her country no good and spends her money abroad."

SHE married tall Danish Count Count Haugwitz-Reventlow a day or two after her divorce. She settled £25,000 on him, and a

### BARBARA HUTTON'S LAST FIVE YEARS

**FEBRUARY, 1933.** Visited Australia on world tour. Denied intention to marry Prince Alexis Mdivani.

**June, 1933.** Married Prince Alexis Mdivani. Settled £250,000 on him.

**May, 1935.** Divorced Prince Alexis, who received settlement of about £10,000.

**Married Count Haugwitz-Reventlow day or two later.**

**August, 1935.** Prince Alexis killed in car accident.

**February, 1936.** Son born, named Lance. Precautions taken against kidnapping of child by gangsters.

**June, 1938.** Parted from second husband, seeks law's protection for child. Warrant issued for husband's arrest.

year later built her luxurious mansion in Regent's Park, London, the grounds of which are almost as large as Buckingham Palace.

Baby Lance's nursery suite has three living-rooms and two bathrooms.

One would have expected a better fate for this child of wealth and nobility than to be, at the age of two, the centre of a sensational dispute that is ringing round the world.

## RELIEF FROM MUSCULAR ACHES

When the muscles ache and the sinews of the back, arms, legs or neck are distressed with pain, whatever the cause, use **WAWN'S WONDER WOOL**. This "Magic Wrap," on application, instantly attacks the centres of pain, breaks up congestion, dispels inflammation, and brings soothing, comforting warmth and relief to the affected muscles and sinews.

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THAT HORRID THIRTEENTH DAY IN MAY  
WAS DESMOND DARE'S UNLUCKY DAY



HE SPILT THE SALT THREE TIMES AT TEA  
AND FEARED FOR WHAT HIS FATE MIGHT BE



HE BROKE A GLASS IN THIRTEEN BITS  
HIS CAT HAD THIRTEEN FEMALE KITS



THEN...SPIRIT BROKEN, FEELINGS BRUISED....  
FOUND ALL HIS SOLVOL HAS BEEN USED!



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# - FOR HEIRESS BARBARA HUTTON



WHEN the sun shone for Barbara Hutton. A shipboard study of the famous Woolworth heiress and her husband, Count Hanzowitz-Reventlow, taken while they were en route to Bombay for a luxury holiday. To-day shadows have crept into her romance. The couple are parted; their child is the subject of dispute.



ONE of the couple's happiest days—the christening of their son, Lance, back in 1926.



LANCE, who is being guarded day and night.



A SIGNIFICANT recent picture of Countess Barbara and her son, Lance—the Count was not among those present.



LANCE, in the snow at St. Moritz, whither he was taken by his parents on a happier occasion.



BEAUTIFUL Castle Hardenberg, the Danish home of the couple on their visits to the Count's homeland.



# A.M.P. Bonus Distribution £5,511,000

**T**HIS week the Society distributes \$5,511,000 in Reversionary Bonuses, on all participating policies in force on 31st December last. These bonuses represent a cash value of £3,304,150. They mean that participating members in the ordinary department are receiving back, in cash or its equivalent reversionary bonuses, an average of over 8/6 for every £1 paid by them in premiums last year.

Last year the Society issued new policies to the amount of £31,727,699 (nearly £4,000,000 more than in 1936), bringing the number of policies to 1,354,333, and the sums assured in force at 31st December to £279,362,680, both figures being records in the history of the Society.

The A.M.P. grows from strength to strength. Every member's policy is backed by £112,000,000 of conservatively valued assets. Wise is the member who adds to his policies, and so uses the Society's strength to build up his own assets. In the past five years the Society has paid out £32,288,879 to its policy-holders; more than SIX MILLION POUNDS a year.

A.M.P. policies (1) provide for wives and families in the event of breadwinners' deaths, (2) provide incomes for old age, (3) educate children, (4) pay off mortgages, (5) make secure the home, (6) give men and women peace of mind, all at the lowest possible cost consistent with impregnable security.

An experienced representative will gladly be sent to discuss the benefits of A.M.P. membership with any citizen living within a reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office. Send word to-day that YOU want to see one.

The Society is purely "mutual"—there are no shareholders—and is conducted for the benefit of the policy-holders only.

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The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

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## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, Asthma and Bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep nights, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from Irritation, Nervousness, Headaches and Loss of Vitality and Energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 39 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most Asthma is from Germs and Acids in the blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the Germs and removing the Acids, the cause is removed and thus Asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure, safe and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the Germs and removing the Acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 8-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from Asthma, because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

### Ends Asthma After 25 Years

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever are daily telling how well they feel since they ended their trouble with Mendaco. For instance, Mr. Albert Radford McGee, Saskatchewan, Canada, recently wrote: "I have had Asthma for the past 25 years, and tried everything without success until I tried your prescription. It did stop my Asthma. I have not had Asthma for the past two months nor any sign of it coming back. I feel far better and have gained five pounds in weight. I can go out and do any work without any fear of an attack of choking. I can also sleep all night in peace and comfort." Mrs. Martha Beresford, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, recently said: "I felt better the

first day I started taking Mendaco. I could breathe easier. I slept the night through. The choking, coughing, gasping disappeared. Since starting the use of Mendaco I have not lost one single night of rest. Choking, Coughing and Strangling have disappeared. I used to need injections of Adrenalin, but I haven't needed a single one since I used your treatment of Mendaco. I have gained several pounds in weight, and my Asthma truly has been stopped."

### £2000 Guarantee

Mendaco has been so unusually successful in stopping Asthma by removing the true cause, that it is offered under a written guarantee to end your Asthma to your complete satisfaction or cost you nothing. Get an 8-day supply of Mendaco from your chemist and see for yourself how quickly it frees you from the choking, gasping, strangling spells of Asthma—see for yourself how quickly you gain in energy and vitality and in general health—see for yourself how much younger and stronger you feel. It must do the work entirely to your satisfaction in your particular case, or you merely return the empty package and the small cost is refunded in full. This money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of £2,000 deposited with the leading banks of the world, such as Bank of New South Wales, Barclays Bank, Johannesburg, Westminister Bank of London and Bank of America, Los Angeles, U.S.A. Don't suffer another day without learning for yourself the blessings in this new discovery of Mendaco. Don't take chances with cheap, inferior drastic drugs. Get guaranteed Mendaco from your chemist immediately and take the right way to get rid of Asthma by removing the cause. The guarantee protects you.



2327B

## Pantomime

Continued from Page 7

**O**N the following morning, across the breakfast table, Cameron tossed a note that had just come in to Finlay.

"Ay!" he announced dryly, "you'd better take this call, seeing you're so interested in the theatre."

It was a note asking the doctor to call on Letty le Brun at her lodgings.

So it came about that Finlay went in the forenoon to No. 7 Church Street.

He went early, impelled by a strange curiosity and a strange shame.

Something of this emotion must have showed in his face as he entered the room, for Letty smiled at him—almost reassuringly.

"Don't look so worried," she said with less than her usual impassiveness. "I wanted you to come. I found out about you when you'd gone. You were the only one who wasn't trying to make game of me."

She was in bed, surrounded by a few things obviously her own—a photograph in an embossed silver frame, a crystal bottle of Florida water, a little French travelling clock that was now sadly battered but had once been good.

There was, indeed, a queer fastidiousness about the common room which she alone could have imparted to it. Finlay felt this deeply, and in his voice was a singular constraint as he asked her what he could do for her.

She motioned him to sit down, and for a moment lay back upon the pillow before she answered—

"I want you to tell me how long I've got to live."

His face was a study. It might even have amused her, for she smiled faintly before going on:

"I've got consumption—sorry, I suppose you'd prefer to say tuberculosis. I'd like you to listen to my lungs and tell me just how long I've got to put up with it."

He could have cursed himself for his stupidity.

He had been blind not to see it. Everything was there—the hectic flush, emaciation, the quickened breathing—everything.

Now there was no mystery in that strange, pathetic lassitude of her performance on the night before.

He rose hurriedly, and without a word took his stethoscope.

He spent a long time examining her chest, though there was little need for lengthy auscultation, the lesions were so gross.

"Go on," she encouraged him. "Don't be afraid to tell me."

At last, with great confusion, he said—

"You've got perhaps six months."

"You're being kind," she said, studying his face. "You really mean six weeks."

He did not answer. A great wave of pity swept over him.

He gazed at her, trying to reconstruct that haggard face. She was not really ill; illness, not years, had aged her.

Her eyes really were extremely beautiful; she must once have been a lovely woman—manifestly a woman of taste. And now, mingling grotesquely in the tenth-rate pantomime, the butt of every provincial boor!

Despite himself, his thoughts came clumsily into words.

"You'll not bother about that supper to-night. Clearly you're not fit to go."

"Oh, but I'm going! It's a long time since I've had a supper invitation. It's likely to be longer before I have another."

"But don't you see—" he broke in.

"I see," she answered. "But if they like, let them have their little joke. That's what life is—just a little joke."

She lay staring away through the window.

**T**HEN, as if recollecting herself, she took her purse from under the pillow and asked to know his fee.

Finlay colored violently; her circumstances were so obvious. But there was tact in him, for all his rawness.

He had the breeding to name the fee—it was not large—and he took it from her silently.

As he went out she said—

"I shall see you to-night, I hope." All that day he couldn't get her out of his mind.

He found himself longing for the evening to come. He wanted to see her again, to help her if he could, to solve the baffling enigma she pre-

sented. Yet, in a sense, he dreaded the evening, too. He feared to see her hurt by Doggy's insufferable ridicule.

Eleven o'clock came at last, the hour fixed for the supper party. The place was a little restaurant known to Levenford inhabitants—perhaps because of a certain refinement in napery and glass—as the Swank.

Of course, the Swank was closed long before eleven, but Doggy, who knew everybody and everything, had induced the proprietor to set out a really good supper before a blazing fire in the smaller room.

Finlay was early, but it wasn't very long before the others arrived, Doggy bursting in first with an air of great consequence, as if to announce that he escorted royalty.

"Dandini," he cried with a flourish. "Here comes Dandini!"

Jackson and young Weir had evidently been primed to take their cue from Doggy, for with exaggerated deference they made way for Letty as she came up to the fire.

**S**HE was dressed very plainly in a dark blue dress, and perhaps because she had rested all the afternoon she looked better, certainly less haggard about the face.

They sat in to supper straight away; some excellent tomato soup followed by a cold chicken and a fine jellied tongue.

Then Doggy, with a knowing air, popped the cork from a bottle of champagne, and creamed Letty's glass magnificently.

"You drink champagne, of course?" he queried, with a wink at Weir.

She must have seen the wink, but she ignored it. She replied simply: "I used to like Veuve Ciquot. But I haven't tasted it for a very long time."

"Come, come, Miss le Brun," remarked Doggy. "You can't mean that. You pantomime stars do yourselves pretty well, I imagine."

With complete equanimity she answered:

"No. We have perfectly atrocious food on tour. I haven't had a decent meal for weeks. That's why it's such a treat for me to have this." She drank a little champagne. "It's very good."

"Aha, Miss le Brun," mocked Doggy. "It's well seen you're a connoisseur. You've been to many a supper party in your day. Come on, now! Tell us about all these midnight suppers you've been treated to."

She looked dreamily into the fire, stretched out her hand as though to capture something of its warmth.

"Yes. I've been taken out to supper many times. To Gattis, and the Cafe Royal."

Doggy grinned. It was getting good at last. She was rising to the bait. In a minute he'd have her making speeches on the table.

With a leer he filled up her glass.

"That was when you performed in London?"

"Yes—in London."

"Naturally, you've played in—well—bigger pantomimes than this, Miss le Brun. An artist of your genius—"

Finlay gritted his teeth at Doggy's rudeness, but before he could interfere she shook her head.

"No! This is my first attempt at pantomime—she shot a glance at Finlay—"and my last."

"Grand opera perhaps was your speciality?" suggested Doggy insidiously.

This time she nodded her head quietly.

"Yes. Grand opera."

It was too much, oh, too much. Grand opera! They collapsed.

Young Weir let out a gasp; even the stolid Jackson giggled. But Doggy choked back his laughter, for fear it should spoil the fun.

"Excuse them, do, Miss le Brun. A little champagne has gone the wrong way, I imagine. You were talking about opera, Miss le Brun—grand opera, Miss le Brun."

She looked at him with those sad and tranquil eyes.

"You ought to stop calling me that silly name. It's only part of the pantomime. My real name is Grey—Letty Grey—a common name in Australia, where I come from, but it's the name I sang under."

A curious little allusion followed.

Then Jackson, who prided himself on his press memory, and carried the histories of celebrities in his head, let out a long, derisive whistle.

"Letty Grey! You're not trying to make out that you're the Letty Grey!"

Please turn to Page 18



## He hated her hands

He wanted to dance with her. Out on the floor he suddenly noticed that the hand he held felt rough and coarse. He glanced at it and saw that the skin looked old and neglected.

"How on earth can she go about with hands like that," he mused as he waited impatiently for the fastrot to finish. He did not dance again with her.

All men love hands that they'd like to squeeze. Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion gives you such hands.

## Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky . . . non-greasy. Large bottle 3/- . Small 1/- . Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

## Crowsfeet

Cleansing your face at night with Charmosan cold cream does two things. First, it cleanses away "makeup" dust, etc., beautifully, and leaves your skin supple and smooth, and it tones up the skin and muscles of your face and thus helps greatly to prevent and remove crowsfeet and wrinkles.

## Charmosan cold cream

Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/- . Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

## Healthy Legs For All!

### Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

**L**EG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

### Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1852E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

## FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Buy a packet of pure TWIN SODA. Take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Wind, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, and other stomach ailments. All chemists, 1/6 or extra large packet, 2/9.



# Some NEW LAUGHS



"I don't like the look of your husband."  
"Neither do I, Doctor, but he's good to the children."

"Most jokes were  
old and mellow  
When we were  
seventeen.  
When we are old  
and mellow  
They'll still be  
evergreen."



FIRST LADY: Y'know, if it hadn't been for the war, I  
would never have met my husband.

SECOND LADY: Ain't war 'orrible?



HOUSEHOLDER (to burglar): I say, my good man, you're  
just the one I'm looking for. Open this tin of  
sardines for me.

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each  
joke used.

"SINCE we've moved to the country,"  
explained the hostess proudly, "we  
raise nearly everything we eat. We  
even keep our own cow."  
"Well," said the small son of the  
guest, setting down his glass dis-  
gustedly, "somebody sold you a sour  
cow."

CUSTOMER: I want a pound of  
cat's meat, please.

Butcher: Certainly, sir. Will you  
take it with you?

Customer (sarcastically): What do  
you want me to do—send the darn  
cats around for it?

BESSIE: And her mean husband  
thinks she's extravagant!

Betty: Why?

Bessie: Just because she insists on  
having Fido's monogram stamped on  
his dog biscuits.

MISTRESS: Mary, it seems to me  
that you are marrying this  
policeman in great haste. You do  
not even know his name.

Maid: I do not know his name,  
ma'am, but I have taken his number.

PARISHIONER: Do you think,  
Vicar, that a man who plays the  
saxophone on Sunday could expect  
to go to heaven?

Vicar: Well, I don't see why he  
shouldn't, but I'm a bit doubtful about  
his next-door neighbor.

"I'm managing a private laundry."  
"Are you? How many hands work-  
ing?"

"Two, of course. How many hands  
do you think my wife's got?"

## STOP WEARING GLASSES

and regain normal vision

Those suffering with impaired eyesight  
CAN, WITH EYE CULTURE, DISCARD GLASSES FOREVER.

You can restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home, by EYE  
CULTURE'S simple, natural, harmless, effective treatment.

**NO GLASSES! NO OPERATION! NO MEDICINE! NO DRUGS!**  
Just a course of Eye Culture which removes all congestion from the strained,  
weakened eye muscles, then by simple exercises those muscles are  
strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their  
natural sight, beauty, and tone.

If you suffer from NEAR SIGHT . . . FAR SIGHT . . . OLD AGE SIGHT,  
ASTIGMATISM, SQUINT, SORE, TIRED or STRAINED eyes or other  
eye troubles, you need Eye Culture to help you.

A grateful user of Eye Culture reported recently: "I have to say many thanks  
for your Course of Eye Culture; it has certainly done wonders for me. My  
eyes are as fit as can be, and I can see or read for any length of time, day  
or night, without any discomfort whatsoever, and, believe me, I am most  
grateful, and never fail to tell my friends of the Culture when I hear  
anything about them having eye trouble."

Without obligation call or send a 2d. stamped addressed envelope, describing  
your eye trouble, for full particulars of Eye Culture, and learn how you,  
too, can be rid of glasses, read and see clearly, near or far, and lose all eye  
discomfort. Write to-day to Eye Culture, No. 1 St. James Buildings, 187  
Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

EYE CULTURE

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Skill As a  
Detective

BAYER'S ASPIRIN  
presents

"INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH  
INVESTIGATES"

EVERY TUESDAY  
7-15 P.M.  
STATION

2GB

BAYER



## Over 2,000,000 women have REDUCED this way

What countless other women have done, you can do, without dieting, purging or strenuous exercise.

Four times a day take a little Marmola Prescription Tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages. Today more and more women are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

The Marmola booklet enclosed with every package, gives a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why. Go get a package today. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. It is the easiest way of all to regain an attractively slim figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney, N.S.W.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes baby does not appear to be the disappointment of husband and wife. A look on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elmfield Street, Melbourne.

## END YOUR DREAD OF KIDNEY TROUBLE NO DELAY—RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE

Here's a message of hope to every man and woman living in dread of Kidney Trouble

Kidney trouble can be ended. There is no need to stay in danger. There is no need for you to endure painful, distressing symptoms, bad back, aching muscles, rheumatism, stiff joints, dizziness, baggy eyes, too-old, worn-out feeling. We tell you that if you start to-day taking De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours you will have proof positive that they are moving the cause of your pain and weakness from the system.

### ENDS PAIN—GIVES NEW VITALITY

The wonderful thing about De Witt's Pills is the fact that they bring quick relief and lasting benefit. Gone the "Oh! my poor back!" Stiff, swollen knees loosen up. No more agonising, rheumatic pains. Hands with joints enlarged, encrusted with deposits of uric acid, can once again be moved easily. Gone are those dizzy spells, that haggard, baggy-eyed, too-old look that kidney trouble always gives. Once again you want to be up and doing, for De Witt's Pills not only make you pain-free, but make you feel and look years younger.

De Witt's Pills just dispel completely the excess uric acid and impurities, the root of your trouble. No purging. Nothing violent or likely to upset man or woman at any age or at any time. Every dose you take fortifies you against further attacks of pain. Give De Witt's Pills a trial and prove these facts for yourself.

### FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS

Only you can avoid the terrible consequences of neglecting kidney and bladder troubles. Don't wait to become bed-ridden. De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you. Their 50 years' reputation proves this. Get your supply to-day and prove this fact, as so many thousands of others have done.

## DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

## Riding On An Elephant

Continued from Page 5

"Why, you're really better to-day!" she cried. "I'm hungry!" said Toby. "Then I'll see about breakfast!" said Linda.

She told her mother the news as she went downstairs. Mrs. Erskine was delighted. Toby would be all right now, she said—weak but convalescent. Linda, poached an egg to delicate perfection, she made the coffee herself, and took up the best china on the breakfast tray. When she opened the bedroom door, she saw that Toby had managed to wash and brush himself.

"I asked for breakfast instead of anything thank you!" he said.

"That was thank you enough," said Linda.

"Not for me. It is thank you, you know! I feel ashamed of all the trouble I've been. I was a stranger, and you took me in!"

"I'm glad we were here," said Linda.

"So am I, of course. I didn't think people in England were as kind as you are. England seems a starbly place to me!"

"Malay—that's where you come from, isn't it?—seems a thrilling place to me," said Linda.

"Let's exchange impressions," said Toby Hearne.

So Linda stayed, although there were dozens of things downstairs that ought to be seen to. And they talked—a sort of talk to be continued in our next. For it was true—her life seemed as romantic to him as his to her. As he grew stronger, their talking increased. He really rode upon elephants, but she was an English girl in the sort of English home that you read about. Her talk of washing china, of syringing the roses for green-fly, was as exciting as all his tales of native riots, of elephant round-ups, of shooting crocodiles. But, when he stopped, she would ask for more—and more. Once Toby himself burst out laughing.

"I feel like Othello to your Desdemona," he said. "It's pretty dull, in reality, you know, on a rubber plantation. Why, landing here is as good as an adventure as I've ever had in Asia. Do you know what I christened you when I was really ill? The Lady With the Lamp?"

"But I hadn't a lamp!" said Linda.

"Ah—don't spoil it!" said Toby, quickly. "You had a lamp for me. The last week is a blur, but the bits that stand out were you!"

He laid his hand on hers, and she did not take it away. For one split second they smiled into each other's eyes. Then from below came the familiar knock of the postman. It was as if reality had intruded. Linda went down to get the letters. There was one from Mrs. Latimer for her mother; there was one, too, for Toby. Mrs. Erskine had written to her, telling her of her nephew's illness.

Mrs. Latimer told Mrs. Erskine that she was returning post-haste—which meant precisely as soon as the cruise ended. To her nephew she wrote:

"Terribly sorry, boy, but it was entirely your fault for coming home a month earlier than we expected you! Anyway, I'm sure that Miss Erskine dealt with malaria far better than I could do. I'm thankful she isn't the type to make you forget your 'I'm - tickled-to-death - I'm-single' principles! I shouldn't have liked a goggle-eyed nurse washed upon me as niece-in-law. But she's a really nice girl, Toby, so don't be breaking her heart for her!"

So that's what they thought of Linda, was it? Toby lay pensive. Perhaps Aunt Robina was right. It was true, Linda was a "really nice girl." But perhaps, too, as his aunt implied, she wasn't the marrying kind. In that case, the more he left her alone the better. He could have loved her, but it would be better not to love her.

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Besides, as long as you live on a rubber plantation, several hundred miles from the nearest town, the longer you keep up the 'Tickled-to-death-I'm-single' idea, the better."

So he was very polite to Linda, but he did not touch her hand again, and he developed a taste for reading thrillers. The doctor still kept him in bed, although he rebelled. And sometimes now it would be Hannah who brought up his meals for him. Linda, he understood, was busy looking after her mother. "Mrs. Erskine takes a powerful lot of looking after," said Hannah.

"She seems to," said Toby grimly. "Where's my shawl, Linda? Linda, I've dropped a stitch of my knitting. Linda, when is Cousin Lettice coming? Mr. Hearne will have to go home before she comes." That was the way Linda's mother went on continually.

A telegraph boy was coming up the path. Linda took the orange envelope from him.

"Cousin Lettice can come at once," she said. "Mrs. Latimer is due this afternoon. She says she will take Mr. Hearne at once. I—I'll go and tell him!"

"I don't see that there is all that hurry!" said Mrs. Erskine. But Linda did not answer. She was on her way upstairs. She opened the door of Toby's room. She was going to speak, when she saw that he had fallen asleep. How thin and pale he was! The malaria had taken all the stuffing out of him. She remembered that gay photograph on Mrs. Latimer's dressing-table. And she remembered him, as he had been during his illness, like a child almost leaning against her shoulder. He had been defenceless then; he was defenceless now.

But in another hour Mrs. Latimer would be here, and he would go. And she would hardly see him again, once he had awakened.

Please turn to Page 20

## Pantomime

Continued from Page 16

"DON'T believe me if you don't wish to."

"But Letty Grey was famous. She came over from Australia to sing at Covent Garden. She sang 'Isolde,' 'Aida,' 'La Boheme.' She had a triumph in 'Madame Butterfly.' Ten years ago Letty Grey was the toast of London."

"And now she's here." Jackson stared at her incredulously.

"I don't believe you," he declared bluntly. "Letty Grey could sing. But you cannot sing for toffee."

She emptied her glass. The champagne withering through her head had set an unaccustomed sparkle in her eyes, and her cheeks were deeply flushed.

"You've never heard me sing," and now there was a strange scorn in her tone. "I haven't sung for years."

She looked again at Finlay.

"He could tell you why. But I've a mind to sing now. Yes, I believe I will sing now. I'll sing to the gentlemen to pay for my supper."

Now she was like a queen talking to a group of country bumpkins. Doggy and Weir watched her with their mouths agape as she rose and walked over to the piano.

She opened the piano and let her fingers fall upon the keys.

She paused—a long, dramatic pause. Then, throwing back her head, she filled her chest deeply and began to sing.

She sang in German—one of Schubert's Lieder.

Her voice, uncertain for a moment, like an instrument long unused, swelled up in the little room with a purity that was divine.

Up and up went her voice, lifting them with it, thrilling the very air with its celestial harmony.

There fell a deathly silence when the song concluded.

Jackson stared like a man who has seen a ghost, and in young Weir's eyes was something cowed and bitterly ashamed.

But she had forgotten them. Breathing quickly, bent a little forward, she sat at the piano with that dreamy, distant look upon her face.

Then, as for herself alone, she sang again—the love song from "Isolde."

When she had finished they still sat petrified. But at last Doggy stirred.

"By heavens!" he whispered humbly, "that was marvellous."

She turned to them, and with that half-smile upon her lips, said—

"Let me sing 'Allan Water!'"

Finlay, watching her face, the paling of her breath, jumped up from the table.

"No, no!" he cried. "For heaven's sake, don't—don't sing any more."

But she had begun. The moving words of the old Scots song flowed out with a pathos unbelievable—

"On the banks of Allan Water, When the sweet spring time had fled."

There were tears in Finlay's eyes; Doggy bowed his head upon his hands. But as they listened, spellbound, her voice, rising at the second verse to one last supreme note, broke suddenly and faltered.

She swayed upon the seat; she looked at them rather stupidly; then, helplessly, she toppled sideways.

Finlay caught her before she fell. As the others rose clattering from the table, Jackson gasped—

"What's wrong?"

"Haemorrhage," snapped Finlay. "Bring some cold water."

He carried her to the sofa in the far corner of the room.

Doggy stood blubbering—

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault! Oh, heavens! What can I do for her?"

"Get a cab, you fool," said Finlay. "We must get her to the hospital."

When they got her to the Cottage Hospital she had recovered consciousness. Indeed, she rallied a little for the next few days, then slowly she began to sink.

She lived altogether for three weeks more.

She was completely tranquil. She had no pain; she had everything she desired.

Doggy saw to that. He took her flowers every day—great masses of flowers which brought to her sunken features that faint elusive smile.

He was with her when she died, and when he left the hospital that cold January afternoon there was written on his face a strange new firmness.

Letty Grey lies buried in Levenford Cemetery.

Every week Doggy walks up there with his big stick and his pipe. He has lost his gush, his empty laugh, and something of his taste for brandy-splashes.

But there is something more about him of the man.

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## A Future for a girl

Who wants to make the most of her opportunities

The H. & R. Lady Secretary's course will fit you for a position in a field in which there is a great future for young women who desire to make the most of their opportunities.

Typing and Stenography will always be essential to any office, but the career in business for ambitious girls to-day, is Lady Secretaryship. H. & R. can fit you for that career—can put you head and shoulders above the crowd.

### Get Out of the Crowd

Decide now that you wish to make the most of your career in business, however brief the time may be before you contemplate leaving it. Fill yourself now while you can, and secure yourself of a future no matter what may happen. There is always a position waiting for a Lady Secretary who has trained with H. & R. Write to-night for particulars. H. & R., nearest capital city, is sufficient address.

Personal—Individual tuition. Open till 8 p.m., Fridays.

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Dear Sir,  
I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of the 1938 Edition of "The Guide to Careers in Business."  
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## Ankles Swollen Twice their Size



"My ankles and knees were so swollen I looked deformed. And the pain was unbearable. Every movement was agony. When a friend suggested 'St. Jacobs Oil' I tried it only half-heartedly. One application brought immediate relief and soon the terrible soreness and swelling had completely gone."

Nothing draws out the pains of sore muscles and nerves like good old 'St. Jacobs Oil.' It's the one remedy you can absolutely depend on to relieve Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia—and it does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from any chemist, and see what it will do to pain!

## ST-JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle yet most effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By KURABY with 40 Years' Success.  
"Thank for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband had not touched a drink since he had a course of Kuraby. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.  
It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE, booklet, and many testimonials. DR. B. KURABY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."



### CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



### PRECIOUS SOLITUDE

WHEN does the average woman of to-day find time to sit still and do a little mental stocktaking?

One must be alone at times to meditate and think ahead. To have time for reading, and time, too, for a little dreaming, is one of life's luxuries.

So many women seem to think that the pinnacle of personal success is always to be going somewhere or doing something, to be, in fact, always surrounded by other people and have "not a minute to call one's own."

I can imagine no more horrible fate. The minutes that we call our own seem to me the most precious ones in our life. It is so easy to fall into an aimless routine of visiting, entertaining, and going about, without ever having the joy of spending an evening alone.

£1 for this letter to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

### FAIR SEX SCORES

"HE who argues with a woman is twice a fool," goes the old Chinese saying.

Yet, I consider women are very quick to get their facts and can state clearly what they think. Though it is a great temptation to have the last word, they have the fairness to concede a point if they recognise its truth. Men get more heated over an argument than do women.

Mrs. Otto Blaubaum, Telha, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.

### CHILDREN'S FADS

SO many children dislike spinach and other vegetables that are good for them. Should mothers force their children to eat them, or should they allow them to outgrow their fads?

Mrs. H. A. De Low, 65 Hillcrest Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

### CALM NEEDED

MOST people in the course of introductions are too eager with their "how-do-you-do's" to pay much attention to names. Then they find it most embarrassing when later they are called upon to address their new acquaintance.

Only a little initial calm and concentration are necessary to overcome this difficulty.

Mrs. S. Elliott, 83 Gaffney Street, Coburg, Vic.

### THE MODERN CHILD

TO compare the child of 30 years ago with the child of the present age is unfair.

The freedom of expression and outlook have produced new types.

It is a pleasure to escort the naturally interested child of to-day to functions.

Mrs. A. Irving, 8 Llewellyn Street, Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### BAD PLAN

THE number of young married couples who live with the brides' parents is surprising. They have very little privacy, and the most fair-minded mother-in-law is inclined to "have her say" in an argument.

I think it is a very bad plan.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

### WHY WORRY?

A GREAT number of people worry over all things, great and small. This is destructive to the mind and will. It puts the brain in a turmoil and hinders reasonable thought and logical actions. It is a habit, and one that must be overcome if we wish to succeed.

It is not work that breaks men down. Neither is it the problems they have to face. It is the fretting and frowning.

Miss Verna Elliott, 24 Highbury Grove, East Prahran St. Vic.

### Do Women Look Ugly In Active Sport?

AN American article, quoted in L. Peirce's letter (11/6/33), states that women cannot look beautiful at sport.

I would say that sport is the best recipe for beauty. The sportswoman has a graceful carriage and a supple figure. Her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle with health.

Sport is the best beauty culture of all.

Miss H. Bruce, 9 Mosman St., Mosman, N.S.W.

### Makes You Healthy

IT is foolish for anyone to say that sport makes women unattractive. The foundation of physical beauty is a healthy body, and sport will give you this. It reduces over-weight, improves deportment, gives vitality.

The woman who takes up sport or exercise in any form is far healthier and happier than the one who sits idle in stuffy rooms.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennant Parade, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

### Harmful to Looks

I ENDORSE the comment of the writer you quote, L. Peirce, namely: "How ugly women look when playing sport."

It is a woman's job to look beautiful, she certainly misses her object by taking up sport.

While she may look healthy on the sports field, she certainly doesn't look attractive.

The tension of playing sport makes women look strained and mannish.

Miss V. Sallaway, Verona Place, Gipps St., East Melbourne.

### Play in Moderation

IF nature has endowed a girl with beauty, a reasonable indulgence in sport will help her to preserve her good looks because she will be more healthy owing to the exercise.

Intensive training often hardens a girl's muscles and makes her angular, but the following of sport in moderation will never have any adverse effect on her looks.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

### Attractive Apparel

I CERTAINLY agree with L. Peirce's opinion on sport.

There are very few women who really look ugly while playing sport. Sporting clothes are attractively designed, and the average woman is clothes conscious. Even on the sports field fashion competition is keen.

Grace in action is shown to practically every sporting game.

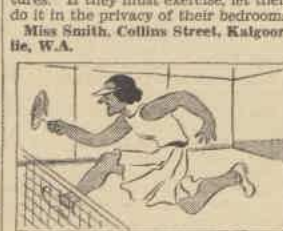
Pauline Gardner, Sandgate Road, Nundah NE3, Brisbane.

### Ugly Postures

IN my opinion, it is woman's duty to look beautiful at any time, and I agree with the American who says that she cannot do this when playing vigorous games.

Particularly on a tennis court women fall into very ungraceful postures. If they must exercise, let them do it in the privacy of their bedrooms.

Miss Smith, Collins Street, Kalgoorlie, W.A.



Not looking her best.

### What Does It Matter?

PROBABLY strenuous sport does make a woman look unattractive for the moment, but what does that matter, so long as she is enjoying herself?

It would be a pity if we had to forego pleasures simply for the sake of our appearance.

Even if her posture is ugly, a girl at least looks healthy and happy on the sporting field.

Miss Dalton, Sefton St., Largs Bay, S.A.

### Children, Basis of Happy Married Life

YOU are right, Mrs. Bennett (11/6/33). Children are the foundation upon which a happy married life is built. They are the inspiration which spurs us on to greater effort. Rearing a family is not an easy task, but the love and pleasure children give us compensate for any worries or disappointments they may cause.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

### Keep Wife Occupied

MARRIED life would become very dull without children. Although children are tiresome at times they give the wife something to keep her occupied in the home while her husband is at work all day.

When they grow up and marry there are grandchildren to brighten declining years.

Miss E. Martin, 63 Sutherland Rd., Armadale SE3, Vic.

### Lonely Without Them

YES, Mrs. Bennett, life is far happier for parents with families. As a woman without a family I find life is empty and lonely indeed.

Mrs. V. E. Crowder, La Lochmarea St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

### Work and Worry

PARENTS' lives certainly are fuller than those without a family, but it is with work and worry.

Children are a tie, especially for the mother. She can't go out when she

likes, and has heavy washing, ironing, and cooking to do, and the worry of sickness and accidents.

M. I. Bottom, Sun Hill, Sindaryne, via Cooma, N.S.W.

Mrs. L. Quinlan, Hamilton St., Mordialloc, Vic.

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### Is It Woman's Privilege To Be Late?

MISS BRAY has been too sweeping when she says that women can't be punctual (11/6/33).

Men can be equally as lax, and I know many women who are methodical and always on time.

Punctuality has nothing to do with



Frequent occurrence.

the sex, but the general character of the person.

Miss E. Ferguson, First Floor, 89 Queen St., Melbourne CI.

### Don't Want to be First

ONE of the reasons why women are late for their appointments is because they do not want to be there first, for men can be unpunctual, too.

Miss E. Wiseman, Mervin P.O., N.S.W.

### Uncertain of Dignity

WOMEN seemingly make a practice of being late for an appointment for the same reason that executives keep busy people cooling their heels unnecessarily in their waiting-rooms.

Shakespeare has something to say on the point when he refers to those who are so uncertain of their own dignity that they must needs humiliate others to reassure themselves.

Muriel MacPherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

### Woman's Privilege

IT is a woman's privilege to keep a man waiting.

Besides, a woman generally has so many small household tasks to see to before she can leave home that often it isn't her fault at all if she is late for appointments.

Miss E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Weribone Station, Surat, via Yellaba, Qld.

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### LETTERS WELCOME!

Write to THIS page what you think about situations met with in everyday life, in your personal contacts with people. Write to the Points of View page your opinion on general news and events of the week.

### HAPPY MARRIAGE

TO what extent should individuality be submerged in marriage?

Some husbands and wives seem to live such entirely separate lives, sharing neither confidences nor business information, that it seems hard to surmise what prompted them to marry in the first place, since they are such perfectly self-sufficient people.

At the other extreme there are no reserves, every thought of the slightest importance being interchanged, and money matters decided in union.

Between these limits, every married couple tries to work out their own salvation.

To my mind, the greater the merging of the two people the more successful is the marriage.

Muriel MacPherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

### ABUSE OF NAMES

AUSTRALIANS are too casual in the use of Christian names. They are lacking in dignity.

To have one's Christian name familiarly used by everyone, regardless of age, sex, or station, tends to make one feel inferior. Apart from that, it is a rude practice.

E. G. Porter, Hinchbrook, Qld.

### CIVIC PRIDE

I CANNOT help noticing as I walk round city and suburbs how neglected many of the gardens are.

Nice homes are spoilt by the absence of a garden background.

What a difference it would make to the appearance of a locality if every citizen kept a garden bright with flowers, and took a pride in the home, no matter how humble.

Mrs. H. Meiklejohn, 43 Curry St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### CRUEL FAVORITISM

WHY must so many good mothers openly show favor or special love for one particular child of their families?

It is natural, perhaps, that one child should make a special appeal to the mother, but it is cruel to allow it to become noticeable.

Not only does it wound the feelings of her other children, but it spoils the character of the favored one.

D. Wilson, 4 Edgar St., Nth. Brighton SS, Vic.

### Is The Sales Rush HARD ON YOUR FEET?

If So You Need

# Zam-Buk



HOW trying this sales shopping business is for the shoppers and the overworked assistants, too. Whether searching for those precious bargains, or serving behind the counter, you're on your feet for hours, and afterwards there's the tiring journey home.

But you can have easy comfortable feet and enjoy every moment of your shopping if you follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Zam-Buk also stimulates circulation and prevents rheumatic pains.

1/6 or 3/6 tin. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night





## "THERE GOES A GIRL WHO USES Michel"

★ No matter where you go—you can tell the women who use Michel—their mouths are so soft and young—the color of their lips so invitingly fresh!

Michel helps more women keep their beauty than any other lipstick. It's used the world over because millions have found it's a balanced lipstick that spreads evenly—gives a feeling of freshness to the mouth. So join the society of lovely—alluring women—try MICHEL.



### SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry  
Vivid : Capucine  
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Box 2709C, G.P.O., Sydney.

# Riding On An Elephant

Continued from Page 18

LINDA moved across the room. Still he did not stir. She bent and looked down upon his face. The first man she had ever seen asleep, except her father. She knew a tenderness for him, so big that it hurt her terribly. And suddenly she bent, bent until her face was very near to his. She touched his cheek with her lips!

"Linda!"  
He was awake, two arms were lifted up to hold her shoulders. Two blue eyes were wide open.  
"Linda, you kissed me!"  
"I—I—oh, let me go!"  
"You kissed me! Let me go! I should say—no!"

And then he kissed her. And then, before either of them could say anything, there was an interruption. Voices in the hall below. "Caught the Pullman—where is he?—So very kind of you!—This way, please!" And then Mrs. Latimer, plump, pretty little Mrs. Latimer, standing in the doorway, and Linda herself, the other side of the room, Mrs. Latimer, eloquent, protesting, apologetic.

"I'm rather sorry he's gone," Mrs. Erskine said that evening. "It made a stir in the house somehow. And I must say he was a charming boy. Still, Cousin Lettice is due next week, so we shan't be dull, Linda. And there's one thing, since he has been here you have never had time to play bezique with me. You might get out the cards, dear!"

So Linda got out the cards, and they played bezique.

But that night, when she went upstairs, she opened the door of Toby's room. There was still the dent in the pillow where his head had lain. It wasn't a dream. She had kissed Toby, and he had kissed her back again.

But it was no use—no use at all! Even if he wanted her, and he probably didn't want her, what is a kiss, among friends? There was still Mother downstairs, who had been spoilt all her life, and who would die if she lacked that spoiling, like the plant that has been left too long in a greenhouse.

Suddenly Linda flung herself down by the side of Toby's bed. Her own head fitted into that dent in the pillow. She began to cry; she cried as if her heart would break.

"LINDA, on the way to the station you might change my book for me," said Mrs. Erskine. "Cousin Lettice's train is due at 3.20. Get an outside porter. There is no need to have a taxi! It's a good thing young Hearne had his malaria in time to recover before Cousin

Lettice wanted his room. Have you seen him since he left?"  
"No," said Linda.

"I can't think why you didn't go to tea when Mrs. Latimer invited you," said Mrs. Erskine.

"They're not our kind of people, Mother," said Linda.

Go to tea, make polite conversation, with Toby listening? No, a thousand times no! He had sent her a monster box of chocolates, and flowers to her mother, a charming note of thanks accompanying them. But, when he had called, Linda had run out of the back door as he had come through the front one. Better not see him again. One can get over everything, even people like Toby!

And now there was Cousin Lettice to meet, and the book to change at the library.

Cousin Lettice? In fifteen years she would be another Cousin Lettice, living in a cheap boarding-house, glad when relations saved her pocket by offering her a few weeks' board and lodging, being very bright and cheerful, working for the poor, perhaps. "That's my life, and that's what I'll do with it," thought Linda.

She left the house. She walked down the hot and dusty road. The lilac was over, all the trees were in full leaf.

"Linda!"  
Her heart stopped beating, then raced on more wildly than ever. There he was. He fell into step beside her.

"Linda, I want to speak to you!"  
"You're looking over so much better!" she told him chirpily.

"That's not the sort of thing I want to talk about. You've been avoiding me, Linda. Here's an hotel! Come in and have tea!"  
"I've no time."

He took her arm gently but forcibly. Short of making a scene, she could not protest. And then they were in an empty lounge. And when tea was brought they did not drink it. There was no one-lump-two? about the conversation that followed. Linda sat on a chair. Toby pulled her up with both hands.

"I'm not going to kiss you while you look like a maiden aunt!" he said.

"You're not going to kiss me at all!" said Linda.

"Oh yes, I am!" said Toby.

He did kiss her and she gave back kiss for kiss.

"Linda, you love me!" cried Toby.  
"Of course I love you!" she told him brokenly.

"Oh, Linda, Linda dear, why did you hide it? Why are you so prickly on the outside? I loved you all the time, Linda, but I thought it was no good—she's not that sort, I told myself! And then you kissed me, and I hoped I was wrong. Then, when you wouldn't see me again, I began to think that Aunt Robina was right, that you were just Mrs. Erskine's daughter, tied to Little Shotton. But now I know that you're not! You're going to marry me, Linda!"

"No, no, no!" said Linda.

"Yes!" said Toby.

"I can't! There's Mother!"

"I'm not asking your Mother to marry me!" said Toby.

"But I can't leave her!"

"Other mothers have to lose their daughters!" said Toby.

"Yes, but this is different! I'd be going so far away—and she could never come with me! Father left her to me! She is of the generation that was petted and protected! She's not strong, she has been waited upon all her life! Oh, Toby, don't you see that it is impossible?"

"Nothing is impossible, if you love me!" said Toby.

She saw that it was going to be terribly difficult to convince him. He was masterful, he meant to get his way. And she had one mad impulse—to leave everything, to be wild and imprudent, to go now! After all, what in the world mattered except herself and Toby, and the two of them together? But duty had always been a big word to her. She wrenched herself away from him.

"I can't marry you, Toby!"

"You can!"

It took another ten minutes before she could convince him that she meant what she said. And then he lost his temper.

"All right!" he said. "I understand! You don't love me, or you couldn't deny me! Well, good-bye, then—for keeps this time. I won't bother you again. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Linda.

SHE went out into the street, alone, faint and dizzy. She felt suddenly very tired and old. Yes, why had he come in at the window of her life? It had been no good—no good at all! It had just unsettled her, had left her regrets instead of contentment. She tottered blindly towards her own home, towards her mother. It was only then that she remembered that she had completely omitted to meet Cousin Lettice. She must have arrived by this time.

She didn't care, she was too tired to care! She couldn't meet Cousin Lettice now.

She slid into the house noiselessly, tiptoed towards the stairs. Yes, Cousin Lettice had arrived. She could hear the two women talking, for the drawing-room door had been left ajar for coolness. Cousin Lettice sounded very sympathetic. Then she heard her mother's voice:

"So that's another dream gone!"

Another dream gone? Did her mother too dream sometimes? Linda stood very still, her hand upon the banisters. She was unconscious of eavesdropping.

"When he came, it did seem romantic somehow—almost as if it were meant! I simply had to keep him, wouldn't let him go to a nursing-home! And he really did seem to fall in love with her! She began to look so pretty and young again. And he liked telling her stories—he'd tell her them by the hour. Very dull, I thought them, but Linda really seemed to be interested. But he's never come back, except once, and she's never gone there, and Mrs. Latimer's Rachel told Hannah that he was leaving to visit some of her relations in Ireland. Oh, Lettice, I planned it so nicely: you would have lived with me—I hate you staying in those horrid boarding-houses—we'd have been so happy together. Linda's a bit exuberant sometimes, much though I love her!"

There was a murmur from Cousin Lettice. Mrs. Erskine's voice went on:

"I visualised them coming back from India—just like Tom used to do, you remember! All the excitement, and the fun of meeting the boat at Tilbury! And there would be children—I've always thought that it must be wonderful, having grandchildren! They would come home, and I'd do up the old nursery for them—a boy and a girl, I hoped! But now there won't be any grandchildren. Oh, Lettice, I had made



A TYROLEAN influence prevails in the two-piece costume and rolled-brim hat worn by Virginia Bruce, M.-G.-M. player. The cedar-green shirt is topped with a steel-grey jacket. Cute wooden buttons are the sole trimming.

so certain that they cared for each other, but now—

Nobody on the stairs any longer—somebody lying across the lawn—happily Mrs. Erskine's back was turned to the window. Somebody running into the Latimer house—"Mrs. Latimer's out"—Rachel's surprised face. "Mr. Toby's up in his room—he's just come in—he's packing!" Up there so naturally, peering him straight himself, as he looked up from ramming things into his suitcase, saw his face change from misery to an incredulous happiness!

"Linda!"

"Oh, Toby, Toby," cried Linda, "for the sake of the grandchildren!"

"Linda, you're laughing and crying. You silly mutt—what's this about grandchildren?"

"Mother's. Oh, it doesn't matter—I'll explain later! Toby, forgive me, forgive me for being a conceited, besotted idiot. Cousin Lettice can look after Mother. She doesn't need me. But you do, don't you, darling, as I need you? I think that I would have died without you. Toby, I love you—and I love you! Toby, when can we be married? When can I ride on elephants?"

"We'll be married as soon as I can get a licence," said Toby. "As for the elephants, they will follow in due course."

He did not know as he took Linda into his arms that he was making not two, but four, people glad. He did not know that, henceforward, Linda would be riding on elephants every day. He only knew that the day when he had come in at the window had been the luckiest day of his life for him, and that he was so happy that he could have jumped the moon!

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A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18 for our story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:

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"My last story," "The Darling of Hovart Town," was published by "Table Talk." I received £6/18 for it.

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 'TLO' and broadcast by the A.B.C." "The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it.

"I have just received a cheque for £4/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £3 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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## SHE

told herself it was a renewed welling up of youth, the reawakening of that restless glamor she had known in her twenties.

Her thoughts were brought sharply back to the present as a commotion broke out below her window, and Martin emerged from the study, followed by the leaping, excited dog.

"Quiet, George. Get down, you great fool," Martin said in his deep, slow voice, and stopped to light his pipe. A moment later the door in the wall swung shut again, and Julie heard his footsteps going up the lane.

Cautiously she made her way down the wide staircase and out of the front door. She would have time enough to post her letter and be back in the drawing-room before Martin returned.

On the Friday that she was to meet Andrew, Julie awoke early and lay listening to the rain pattering against the window in sudden wild squalls. Presently Martin came in from his dressing-room, carrying a suitcase and his evening clothes, his brows drawn into a frown.

"Awful bother these official dinners. Wish I didn't have to go to them."

"Yes," Julie agreed absently, and added with assumed casualness: "By the way, I've arranged to have dinner in town to-night with Kitty."

"Oh, have you? Will you be going to a show? Because if so I could meet you and drive you home."

"No, I don't expect so. I shall probably catch the 9.30."

"Well, if you change your mind, I shall leave the car at the usual place, so you could come there; but I doubt if I can get away much before midnight, darling; the speeches go on so late."

"All right," Julie said, "but I'm sure I shan't, so don't hurry away. After all, if you have to put in an appearance you might as well stay to the end."

"Yes, I suppose you're right. Give them their money's worth!" he grinned.

"That's it, darling," Julie told him, and opened her morning paper. Only when she heard the car turn

out of the gates did she get out of bed and cross the room to her mirror. After ten years of marriage her loveliness still kept the freshness of her twenties, and she was certain that Andrew had never even considered that she was older than himself. Ten years older.

But what on earth did that matter, anyhow? It was how you felt, how you looked that mattered, and to-night, in her new black evening dress, she would, she knew, look as lovely as she had ever done.

She remembered suddenly that she would have to dress immediately after ten. Maddening, somehow, dressing in the afternoon.

AFTER lunch she tried to rest without, however, disturbing the shining, immaculate halo of her newly set hair. Although the rain had stopped, the wind still racketed about the house, slamming doors, sending a loose tile clattering into the yard. Julie did not sleep, and her head started 'o ache.

When she looked again in the mirror there were dark circles beneath her eyes. They gave her a certain sophisticated and faintly haggard charm, but to-night at all costs she did not wish to look haggard; she wished to look twenty-five, and starry with the reawakening of this wonderful emotion.

The journey up to town seemed endless, the first-class compartment draughty and badly lit. It was almost with a feeling of gratitude that Julie saw the look of admiration in Andrew's eyes as he came towards her across the hotel lounge.

"Julie, you look marvellous!" He took her hands in his, giving a quick glance round him to see if other people appreciated the charm of this beautifully dressed woman.

"Come and have cocktails, darling." His voice, Julie noted, was a little loud, a little over-enthusiastic.

She was glad to sit down. She

## Melody at Midnight

Continued from Page 8

smiled brilliantly at Andrew, and rested her hand for a moment on his knee.

"This is nice," she said. "What are we going to do?"

He raised his glass. "Cheers, my sweet. Well, I thought we'd have another cocktail and then go on somewhere for dinner."

"I thought we were having dinner here."

"Oh, no—just drinks. I never think they do you awfully well here, in spite of the price."

"Don't you?" Julie asked. She herself thought that the food here was as nearly perfect as food could be, but, of course, the price was heavy. That is, if you wanted a large meal, as probably Andrew did. After all, he was a large young man. He probably needed a great deal of solid food. She smiled at him again.

"Where shall we go, then?" "Somewhere where there's a decent band, don't you think? The Budapest, perhaps."

The Budapest? She had gone there once. There had been a wild Hungarian orchestra and the restaurant itself was small with tables crowded together. "Don't you think perhaps—" Julie began, but Andrew cut in: "I must dance with you."

What a fool she was, and, of course, she, too, wanted—oh, more than anything!—to dance with Andrew. To move with him to the rhythm of the music. Listening at home to the wireless, she had dreamed of it.

"Yes, let's go to the Budapest," she agreed.

OUT in the street again Andrew walked close beside her. "Let's cut through here," he suggested, and then, added, as Julie wavered uncertainly towards a taxi that had just drawn up, "It's not worth taking a taxi. It isn't five minutes' walk, darling."

It wasn't. In fact, it was only four, but four minutes can work havoc with a sleek, bald of dark hair, especially when normally that hair is allowed to fall in great loose waves, casually brushed behind the ears.

The Budapest was crowded; the dance floor seemed to have diminished to a fraction of its usual size, the air was laden with smoke, and Andrew had a good deal of difficulty in securing a table. But Julie noticed almost with impatience that these facts did not seem to depress his spirits. He was boyishly excited, and she became suddenly ashamed of her own feelings. Determinedly she summoned a gaiety to match Andrew's own and recklessly agreed to the not very good champagne that he suggested ordering.

The order given, he leaned toward her.

"Julie, come and dance; this is a marvellous tune."

He took her in his arms, holding her possessively, so closely in fact that Julie found on that crowded floor that it was difficult to dance at all, and her anticipated pleasure was lost in her intense desire not to give away the fact that she had danced with no one but Martin for some years, and that she was finding it difficult to adjust her steps to Andrew's.

But Merivale was, if not a good dancer, at least an enthusiastic one; nor did he mind very much if his food grew cold. It tasted fine to him anyway, for he was out for a good time, and he was flattered and excited by the fact that he had persuaded Julie to come at all.

The heat increased, the band noisily excelled itself. Between dancing and making conversation Julie tried to force herself to eat the food that Andrew had ordered, lest she should seem displeased with his choice. In his effort to please her he had chosen rather rich Hungarian dishes. Julie thought regretfully of steak and mushrooms, good claret and English peaches.

It was just before ten that Andrew discovered a group of his friends were sitting at a table at the end of the long room. Two men, a little younger, perhaps, than Andrew himself, with two girls who might have been any age from eighteen to twenty-eight. They signalled wildly and delightedly to Andrew to join them, and he waved back with an abandon engendered of the too-sweet champagne.

"Would you mind joining them, Julie? I'm sure you'd like them."

"I'm sure I should," Julie said, but her heart moved heavily. Surely it was odd that Andrew wanted other company than hers. She remembered Martin's almost ludicrous anger in the past when on one of their evenings together they had chanced upon what he termed "a horde of people." Andrew's next words eased her a little.

"You see, I'm so awfully proud of you, Julie, I'd so like them to meet you. We might all go on together somewhere."

"I'd love to meet them," Julie agreed, and added: "Yes, let's go on somewhere else." Somewhere where the orchestra isn't quite so loud, and where the waiters are a little more attentive, she thought, and suppressed the thought angrily.

The party of four was very gay. Andrew introduced the two men with a vague waving of the hand: "This is Mac, and this is Cuffy," and added: "This is Dorothy, I believe, isn't it?"

The girl addressed looked over the rim of her glass and answered good-naturedly: "Daphne—but you got quite near."

"And I am Georgie," the other girl remarked, and smiled at Julie.

As more drinks were ordered Julie glanced quickly at these friends of Andrew's. The men, she saw, were charming in an immature, ordinary way; the girls were neatly beautiful, with the glossy beauty of combined youth and superb make-up.

But underneath they're pretty calculating, Julie thought, with a queer, half-bitter admiration—eager, and full of a zest that could take anything in its stride, like young ponies, conscious of power and vitality brimming over. Already they were clamoring to go on somewhere else.

"Let's run out along the Great West Road to the Ten of Hearts," Daphne suggested.

"Let's go anywhere, just get in Mac's car and go and go and go," Georgie shouted, and her voice rose hilariously.

They went out into the night of Piccadilly, where they stood, a noisy little group, on the edge of the pavement, waiting while Mac fetched his car.

Mac's car was narrow and rakish and battered. Laughing, they piled into it. Cuffy took Georgie on to his knee, Julie was wedged between him and Andrew. Andrew's arm slid around her waist. She could feel the warmth of his body against hers—she could also feel that, getting into the car, Cuffy had trodden heavily upon her instep.

Please turn to Page 24

# Health - and Pleasure

## IN A BOTTLE TOGETHER



"Here's To'ee"

# TOOHEYS OATMEAL STOUT

## For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly these business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those, in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

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# How to Win a Husband—and Keep Him!

## BEWARE OF THE PERFECT WIFE COMPLEX!

It's Dangerous to Happiness

By ANNE HIRST

"I am a perfect wife," a bride of a year once said to me. She went on to explain to me that she was a good cook and housekeeper, and was constantly praised by her friends for her sagacious management.

Perhaps it was her mother's fault. Too many mothers, in preparing their daughters for marriage, put the greatest emphasis upon material achievement.

They forget or are ignorant of the fact that all this is only the external structure of the institution of marriage.

It is important, of course, for it makes the house the young couple live in. But your home needs more than house-keeping, no matter how expert you may be.

Becoming the perfect wife is not a job of a year, nor five years, nor ten. It is the most intensive of careers, and it lasts over the entire duration of the life together.

It is a day-to-day experiment, with the findings of yesterday frequently set at naught by the discoveries of to-day. It is being all things to one man, which is infinitely less glamorous than being something to all men.

First, you must study this husband of yours; find out what sort of perfection he wants in his wife.

Does he want of you, first, to be an audience—the star of a larger audience before whom he can tell funny stories, be the centre of all attention, lapping up applause?

If that is true, then you've got set before you the task of supplying a continuously spontaneous appreciation.

Or perhaps he finds his greatest happiness, now that he is married, in his own home, as the centre of his universe.

If he is this type, you'll have to select your friends from among those you know who enjoy a quiet evening of conversation before your own fire, or bridge, or the radio; but at least it must be at home.

Is he the sort of man who adored his mother, silently or loquaciously, before he married?

If he is, he'll begin boasting—before you've served your first roast—that his mother is the best cook, the ablest manager, in the world.

### Peaceful Abdication

If he does this, don't waste time arguing.

Consult your cookery book instead, and, saying nothing meanwhile, learn to be an expert on one dish at a time.

One triumphant evening, over a imperative lamb stew, he will realise that his mother has been forced to abdicate.

A magnificent comradeship can be built up on similar tastes in food. Learn what your husband's are and cater for them.

A man has the right to expect the food he prefers served in his own

home, and it is your business to see that he gets it.

Here is the one danger in getting too excited about feeding and housing your husband to his liking.

It is the mistake that the woman who called herself the perfect wife made.

It gets—oh, so easily—to be an obsession.

You think about to-day's meals the minute you wake, you go to bed planning to-morrow's menus, the first thing you know, you spend the dinner hour complaining about the price of chickens.

You greet your husband at the door with, "That gas stove has got to be seen to—the oven doesn't heat!"

No man wants to hear about such details. They belong to your department of the marriage contract. For heaven's sake, keep them there.

Men are usually one extreme or another in their own habits—fussily neat or utterly careless.

In their own homes, however, they do prefer order and they expect it, though they may do everything themselves to defeat his achievement.

Your husband, for instance, may leave damp towels on the bathroom floor, his shaving-brush unclean. He may wade knee-deep through the Sunday papers as he scatters them on the living-room floor.

Don't, for heaven's sake, follow him round picking up the newspapers; don't straighten up the bathroom while he's in it, muttering to yourself. This can only irritate any man.

After all, if he likes to do as he pleases on his own day at home, why shouldn't he? Let him enjoy his leisure in his own way. . . . But that

doesn't mean he won't expect the bath-

room to be restored to its customary order and the living-room itself again on Monday morning! Men are just so unreasonable.

Don't ever let the housekeeping side of marriage get you down to the plane where you can't talk about the danger of war in Europe and know what you're talking about.

Don't let any household duty interfere with your reading of the daily newspapers.

Understand what your husband means when he discusses football or the financial page.

It doesn't take much time, and it's the absolute winner in keeping him thinking you're still the entertaining girl he married.

### Rely on Yourself

LEARN what his job is. Be at least an intelligent listener to whom he can talk about his day's work, no matter in what field it lies.

Don't, for heaven's sake, greet him with a list of your small boy's misdemeanors during the day.

Too many fathers come to be nothing but judges, and punishing judges at that, in the minds of their children.

If you can't handle the children yourself, learn how to.

As soon as you marry—if you weren't bright enough to do it before—decide who is to handle the family income, how it is to be divided, and who is to pay the bills.

Live within your husband's income.

Every man has the right to expect that his wife will.

Any wife who runs up bills which she knows her husband is unable to pay, who childishly says, "Oh, he'll manage it somehow," gives her husband sound reason for complaint.

If you find your husband's income is low, or becomes less, than you hope, be a sport about it.

Women can be wonderful managers, if they are loyal and honest, and if you aren't naturally a good manager you can learn to be.

It all depends upon how much you want to be.

When you talk over the matter of the budget with your husband, insist gently but persistently upon a personal allowance for yourself, no matter how small.

You earn this as housekeeper if nothing else, and you should have it to spend as you like, with no questions asked.

Now perhaps you don't approve of some of your husband's friends. You think Bill, that gay bachelor, has a bad influence; and George drinks more than he should, and so does your husband when they're together.

THIS is the fourth of a series of articles offering wise counsel to wives and would-be wives. Anne Hirst warns wives that they must make most of the concessions about the home, and that it takes life-long study to be the perfect wife.

So you feel it incumbent to say a few crisp words about them both.

Don't.

First, it will do no good. Your husband will stand up for his friends, back to the wall.

Next, he will feel he is being bossed, and that's fatal to any pleasant married life.

Let him see his men friends when and where he wants to.

But encourage him to invite them to the house, and be pleasant to them when they come.

It is his home, too, you know, and a man has the right to invite whom he pleases to his own home and to expect his wife, as hostess, to make them welcome.

I've said nothing about the danger of nagging. Men can nag as well as women, and do.

Guard yourself against it.

If you must remind your husband more than twice about one thing, choose your time and his mood and speak your piece laughingly, to take the edge off.

Perhaps you think I'm asking too much of wives.

"Why should I make all the concessions? Why shouldn't he be the one to change to please me?" you ask.

Because women can adapt themselves more readily than men to any situation.

You can be a successful wife—and stay one—if you'll adapt these rules and use the common sense God gave you.



DON'T let food become an obsession, if you want to be the perfect wife. The 1938 husband expects more than cooking.



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## French Idea to Combat the Falling Birth-rate

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

There is scarcely a country which is not worried about the declining birth-rate, but France is going to do something about it.

SHE has decided that more young people would get married and have children if they had the ready means necessary to take the initial step.

For this reason M. Francois de Saint-Just, a Deputy from the north of France, has drafted a proposal which will enable young people to borrow money from the Government for the purpose of getting a start in married life.

He has succeeded in having it placed on the Parliamentary calendar, and will be debated in the present session.

According to M. Saint-Just, there are 50,000 young men and women in

France who dare not even get engaged without some money put aside.

Hard times and the economic depression have done away to a large extent with the dowry or "dot," and high prices have made it increasingly difficult to save money.

If the present plan is accepted, it will provide that 5000 francs (about £36 Australian) may be advanced to men between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven, and to women from the ages of eighteen to twenty-seven.

Then, as each child arrives, twenty-five per cent. of the loan is cancelled. Thus the amount would be cut in halves for two babies, and entirely wiped out for four.





## The Strathmores of Glamis

• THE HOUSE OF GLAMIS is in mourning, following the death last week of the Countess of Strathmore, mother of Queen Elizabeth. These pictures show: The Queen's mother, the Countess of Strathmore; the Queen's father, the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore; Queen Elizabeth's eldest brother, Lord Glamis; Capt. the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, second brother of the Queen; and the Queen's inseparable companion in her youth, her youngest and favorite brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon.

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## Melody at Midnight

Continued from Page 22

THE car started with a roar and explosion that brought a cheer from Mac and Daphne in the front seats, missed a bus by inches and turned up Regent Street. Mac drove with an abandoned gaiety that was masterly if it was not completely reckless. Julie could not decide which—all she knew was that every muscle in her body seemed taut with apprehension. She did not even realise that Andrew was doing his best to make love to her.

The Ten of Hearts was crowded, too, the long cocktail bar with its black-and-scarlet decorations glittered and shone before Julie's aching eyes.

"Julie, why do you look like that, darling? So sphinx-like. Why wouldn't you kiss me in the car?" Andrew's eyes looked down into her own, and suddenly it was as if there was no one but themselves in the room. She saw him very clearly; he was, she saw, obsessed by her now, she had only to stretch out her hand and touch him to bring back all that zestful gaiety, that youthful bravado that had deserted him.

"Julie, I thought you liked me a little. Why are you so cold?"

"Because—" Julie answered him slowly, and paused, searching for words. But again they were surrounded by the others. "We're going back to town, going on somewhere else," Georgie sang in her high, childish voice. "Come on, you chaps," and, linking her arm through Daphne's and Julie's, she led the way towards the car park.

The drive back to town was more of a nightmare than the one down.

They stopped at last at a dingy little night club in Soho. Pelted up the stairs, laughing still, into a long, low corridor with a glimpse of a room with little tables beyond. A narrow door was marked "Dressing Room."

"I must do my hair," Julie said quickly. Inside the tiny room, she stood quite still, staring at herself in the greenish looking-glass. It was quiet in here. In a minute she must go back into the crowded room. She crossed to an open window that gave on to a small, deserted side street. Above the rooftops the moon gleamed above piling clouds with ragged edges. A wild spring night, blustering and exhausting.

Andrew was in love with her. Recklessly and youthfully in love. Yet did he love her? Her thoughts groped exhaustively. Loving and being "in love"—where did the difference lie?

A light in a window opposite flashed on, and she saw a woman cross the room and turn the switch of a wireless set; the end of a dance tune flooded softly across the street. Julie did not move. She heard the voice of the announcer: "And now for some old numbers that may bring back memories to some of you."

PIERCINGLY sweet, sentimentally abandoned, the music seeped across the narrow street. "Oh, Martin!" Julia whispered, and suddenly she laughed a little, tenderly, very near to tears. It was the tune of their honeymoon. She saw again the little seaside town where they had stayed. The

room they had at the hotel, with its huge pieces of furniture, the stolid background to those moments of abandon, and of nervous overwrought quarrels and reunions. Days when she and Martin failed in some way in their first attempts towards the adjustment of their life together.

And out of that time gradually, painfully, had come this other feeling that was between them. This deep, unspoken understanding, this humorous tranquillity. Yet in her fullness she had attempted to find again with Andrew that youthful rapture, had behaved like a greedy child, thinking the new thing must of necessity be better than the old.

She knew now, listening to that old tune, that never again would she experience those racking ecstasies. Nor did she wish to, for they were something she had shared with Martin, something that had helped to fashion the deep content of their life together. A content that in her greediness she had dared to think of as monotony, a rut.

The music ended. Julie caught the announcer's words: "We are now closing down. Good-night, everybody. Good-night."

Then it was twelve o'clock. If she hurried she might still manage to catch Martin at the garage. She pulled her cloak about her and turned from the mirror just as the door opened and Georgie appeared.

"I've decided to go home, Georgie," she said.

"I don't blame you. It's not being much of an evening," the girl said.

Out in the street Julie broke into a run.

She got to the garage just as Martin drove the big car carefully up the incline to the roadway.

"Oh, so you stayed up after all, darling! I'm so glad. Be a lovely drive home." He opened the door and she slid in beside him. He spread the rug over her knees, and she put her cheek for a second against his sleeve.

"Good dinner?" she asked.

"Not so bad. Speeches too long, but the Rothson account has gone through on the strength of it."

"Good."

Slowly Martin turned the car into the stream of traffic, his eyes on the road. They did not speak again until they were out on one of the great arterial roads. Then Martin's hand slid from its place on the gear handle and closed over hers. She returned the pressure of his fingers. She felt utterly safe and contented, a little sleepy.

Martin said slowly: "As I was getting the car out a chap in the next car turned on his radio. They played that thing, 'My Heart Stood Still'—do you remember?"

"Yes, darling," Julie said softly.

She felt his fingers tighten again on hers. He would not, she knew, say more; there was no need, and the tone of her voice had answered him without words. But this is love, she thought, and peace flooded softly through her, like the warmth of sunlight.

She settled herself more comfortably, resting her head against Martin's shoulder and, closing her eyes, fell asleep.

(Copyright.)



# THE MOVIE WORLD

July 2, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One



## NEW ROMANTIC TEAM

"VIVACIOUS LADY," R.K.O. comedy, has Ginger Rogers as a cabaret dancer who causes a storm in a small town when she marries Professor James Stewart. \* Top left, Jimmy breaks the news to his father; top right, the two stars with two interested parties; and below, with one not so hostile. \* Below left, Jimmy; and centre, full in the laughter.

## CALLING AUSTRALIA!

### Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER from New York and Hollywood.

#### Prodigal Returns

AFTER a lengthy absence from the screen, Charles Farrell has returned to his old studio, 20th Century-Fox, to play the role of Shirley Temple's father in her current film.

Farrell, a few years ago one of Hollywood's top stars, suffered a sudden eclipse that is still a mystery in Hollywood.

For some time Farrell was unable to get a job at any studio, and devoted all his time to running his exclusive Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Director Irving Cummings met him there and offered him the role in the Temple film.

#### Still No Scarlett

GEORGE CUKOR, who was so enthusiastic about Paulette Goddard as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," is convinced now that her tests are disappointing. Katharine Hepburn is his latest choice for the part. He thinks that, with proper direction, Katie would turn out a magnificent Scarlett.

But it is more likely that Frances Dee will walk off with this prize role. Betting to-day is in her favor.

#### New Quacks for Donald Duck

DONALD DUCK is learning to do his quacking dialogue in French and Spanish! Up till now Donald's lines in the Disney Delights have been translated by subtitles in foreign countries, but now Clarence Nash, the voice of Donald, is studying French and Spanish, so that foreigners, too, may enjoy hearing the belligerent duck quack out his lines.

#### Topley Kept Busy

NEW ZEALANDER Colin Tapley, who recently returned to Hollywood after spending nine months in Malaysia, filming the jungle epic, "Bonoloo," has been awarded a choice role in "If I Were King," with Ronald Colman, Frances Dee, and Basil Rathbone playing top parts.

#### Interested in Australia

ALAN MOWBRAY has interested his studio in the possibility of making a film with an Australian background, centring on some important event in Australian history. Mowbray is delving enthusiastically into Australian history, and intends to write an appropriate story in scenario form, and present it to the studio.

#### A PLUM FOR MERLE

MERLE OBERON is glowing with happiness over her new picture, which will be an adaptation of Emily Bronte's novel, "Wuthering Heights." Warners were all set to buy the story for Bette Davis, but Goldwyn quietly walked off with the rights.

Merle will start work on the Bronte classic just as soon as she finishes up in "Grawstark."

#### Popular Screen Team

NELSON EDDY has returned to Hollywood to continue his movie work after a three-months' absence on a highly successful concert tour of the States.

His next picture, "Sweethearts," will start immediately, and he will again co-star with Jeanette MacDonald.

There have been many rumors of disagreements between these two, and it is said that each requested the studio to stop co-starring them. Fans, however, deluged the studio with letters protesting against a break-up.

#### Film Helps Shipbuilders

A THREE thousand dollar swimming pool, built on a Fox sound stage for the Barbara Stanwyck picture, "Always Good-bye," is to be duplicated on the sister ship of the Queen Mary which is being constructed in Glasgow.

Pictures of the movie pool have been sent to the new ship's builders.

"I'm a Brand One woman now"

I was always having trouble with stockings and couldn't find a brand that was absolutely reliable. I determined to experiment until I found the ideal make. I changed to Kayser and I regard it as the luckiest and wisest thing I've done for many years.

Kayser has made my stocking budget go twice as far. For everyday they're a marvelous series of Miro-Kleer sheers and service weights from 4" to 11, while for the really great occasions of the week the most flattering Ultra Sheer I've ever seen is Kayser's new MIRO-KAL Twist at 7" to 11.

"I insist on KAYSER"

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# Walt Disney's Loveliest Fairy-Tale



1.—SNOW WHITE is the stepdaughter of a wicked queen, who is jealous of the girl's beauty. Dressed in shabby clothes, Snow White has to work as a servant in her stepmother's castle. Here she is singing her song at the wishing-well, surrounded by the doves who are her friends. She is unaware of adventures to come.



3.—BY MIXING a devilish potion, the wicked stepmother has changed herself into an old hag. While the dwarfs are away at work in their mine, she comes to the cottage, persuades Snow White to bite a poisoned apple. The apple sends her into a sleep from which she can never be awakened save by the kiss of Prince Charming.





### "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

is a picture that will be remembered for a long time by young and old alike. The Australian Women's Weekly reproduces these four scenes as a special souvenir of this delightful film.

2.—THE WICKED QUEEN, her stepmother, has commanded a huntsman to murder Snow White in the forest. But he lets her escape, and she finds shelter in the cottage of the dwarfs. Here she delights them by her singing. Top right. Dopey, youngest dwarf.



4.—PRINCE CHARMING has found Snow White lying in her sleep, while the dwarfs and the forest animals mourn around her. Her stepmother has fallen to her death from a mountain crag. The prince's kiss awakens Snow White, and here he is taking her off to his horse. Together they gallop away, to live happily ever after.





• DEBONAIR FRANCIS LEDERER, brought triumphantly from Europe, is a victim of miscasting. Given occasional important assignments, he more often plays in second-rate pictures. Here he is in a scene from his last release for Columbia, "Lone Wolf In Paris."



• LOVELY CLAIRE TREVOR, one of Hollywood's most talented and hard-working actresses, has earned her right to stardom many times over. Yet she has never had a chance at a really big part.

## They Might All Have Been Stars

WHILE Hollywood talent scouts are searching far-flung places for new star material, they are ignoring actors and actresses of very real merit, right under their noses.

People like Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak, Francis Lederer, Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Charles Farrell, Isabel Jewell have been in Hollywood for years giving con-

UNSUITABLE ROLES AND SECOND-RATE PICTURES HAVE RUINED THE CHANCES OF THESE HARD-WORKING PLAYERS

stantly fine performances, but are still playing unimportant roles or leads in humble pictures.

Some have enjoyed stardom for a space, lost it unaccountably, and continued their careers in supporting roles or as leads in second-rate pictures.

Others have never had a chance to do anything else but second-rate pictures.

Ann Dvorak started about seven years ago to play leads in supporting films, which she has continued to do very capably ever since without making one inch of progress.

She is, however, an able actress and an unusual personality.

Robert Young is a thoroughly likeable and capable young actor, who appears in a number of good films. However, just to see his name in the cast is to know that he will be the unsuccessful lover, the playboy who does not get the girl.

He has been so successful in this type of role that he never gets further than it.

He has broken away from tradition in "The Three Comrades," screen version of the Remarque novel, which has Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone in bigger roles.

Now he is back as the odd man out in "The Toy Wife," just completed, with Luise Rainer and Melvyn Douglas.

Claire Trevor is potential star material who has never had a chance at a major role in a major picture.

A sincere, forthright actress, she has proved her worth consistently during the four years she has been in pictures, making about six a year, although only second-rate ones.

Given a chance to get out of programme pictures, in a character bit for "Dead End," she proved herself a fine, emotional actress, and for the three minutes she was on the screen walked off with the picture.

Now, however, she is back playing leads in minor films, and was recently seen in a secondary role in Loretta Young's "Second Honey-moon."

Una Merkel, one of the colony's most hard-working actresses, has been entertaining fans for years with her lovable comicality, but she gets no further than comedienne roles.

Yet a whole series of domestic comedies could have been built up round her.

Inexplicable is the disappearance of Julie Haydon, who made a big hit in Noel Coward's "Scoundrel."

An unusual personality and a versatile actress, she seemed certain for stardom.

Producers, however, ignored her star potentialities.

Now she has returned to the stage.

Charles Farrell shot to stardom on his own merits, and then faded out unaccountably. Ten years ago, as star of "Seventh Heaven," he was the most popular actor in Hollywood.

Then the partnership with Janet Gaynor came to an end, and he disappeared from view.

Yet he is a capable actor, and a thoroughly likeable person both on screen and off, with qualifications equal to any Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, or any other popular juvenile of the moment possesses.

Now, however, after a lengthy ab- sence in Australia and England, he has secured his first Hollywood role in years, and is to play Shirley Temple's father in her next picture.

Seven years ago Sally Eilers and James Dunn rocketed to stardom together in "Bad Girl."

Then the fashion for such domestic dramas died, and the team separated.

Since then both have been relegated to second-rate pictures. Sally has kept her bright talents undimmed and manages to infuse reality into the most unconvincing role.

Francis Lederer was a victim of miscasting. A popular romantic star on the Continent, he has been put into slapstick comedy and musical nonsense unsuited to his talents.

From male lead in "It's All Yours," with Madeleine Carroll, he has been demoted to making a "Lone Wolf" series for Columbia.

Not one of these players has failed through lack of ability.

Yet having now been made familiar to the public by constant appearances in humble roles they will probably continue for the rest of their screen lives making insignificant films.

Barbara Stanwyck applying Max Factor's Face Powder, satin smooth in texture.



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ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS <input type="checkbox"/>
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## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



## Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**D**ARRYL ZANUCK has set aside a million dollar budget for the production, "Stanley and Livingstone." African backgrounds for the film have already cost £40,000.

They were made by a studio company which spent several months in Africa shooting under the guidance of Osa Johnson, widow of the famed explorer, Martin Johnson.

The remainder of the film will be made in Hollywood, with Loretta Young and Richard Greene, the newcomer from England, in leading roles.

**P**ENNY SINGLETON, attractive Warner starlet, recently wrote a screen play about the life of an actress. Warners have bought it, and have agreed to star her in it.

**T**YRONE POWER is the busiest actor in Hollywood to-day. He has worked for two hundred and seventy consecutive days—in "Old Chicago," "Marie Antoinette," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—all million dollar productions.

His present film, "Suez," will not be finished until the end of July. After this he starts immediately on "Jesse James."

This means that Power will have worked for more than a year without a day off.

**P**RODUCER Samuel Goldwyn wants to produce a film dealing with recent developments in Austria and Germany.

He has purchased the screen rights to "The Exiles," a book dealing with the Austrian situation, and hopes to have Paul Muni in the role of a scientist, exiled because of his political beliefs. Violinist Jascha Heifetz will be in the cast.

**J**OY HOWARTH'S career is once more under way, and producer Edward Small has opened his office at United Artists and started preparations for the six pictures he must make this year. Joy will appear in three of them.

**J**OAN FONTAINE received her biggest screen chance the other day when R.E.O. awarded her the feminine lead in "Gunga Din," in which Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, and Jack Oakie play leading male parts.

**W**ILLIAM POWELL has been taking a series of treatments to restore his hair to its natural color. The shock of Jean Harlow's death and his subsequent serious illness have turned it grey.

**C**ARY GRANT and Phyllis Brooks seem to have reached the unofficial engagement stage. At least, each has promised not to go out with anyone else.

**M**ILES MANDER draws the coveted role of Benjamin Disraeli in 20th Century-Fox's "Suez." Mander did well in the role of Freddie Bartholomew's uncle in "Kidnapped."

**B**OB TAYLOR is rising at the crack of dawn these days to canter six times around the half-mile track at his new ranch home.

He's playing a prizefighter role in his current film effort, and the studio has ordered him to keep in perfect trim.

**G**RACIE ALLEN has a large music stand in her living-room, and everybody who enters asks why it's there.

That's Gracie's little joke. She has it around just so people will ask questions.

In the small bar where Gracie and George Burns do a good deal of their entertaining, there hangs a collection of temperance pictures showing the evils of drinking. But none of the guests seems to take the hint.

**C**ARTOONIST Max Fleischer has announced that he, too, will enter the feature-length animated cartoon field, and his first production will be the delightful story of Gulliver's Travels. They say Cecil Kellaway suggested the subject!

**O**N completion of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," in which he played the psychopathic doctor, Edward G. Robinson moves to the David Selznick studios for "Earl of Chicago."

In the film he'll again be a gangster, but without the usual underworld background.

Most of the action takes place in England and smart London society.

**T**HE female member of the Jackie Coogan ménage will guide them through the financial troubles. Betty Grable has a new contract with Adolf Zukor, and as soon as she finishes "Olive Me a Sailor" she will start in "Campus Companions."

## PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★★★ TEST PILOT

Myrna Loy, Clark Gable. (M.-G.-M.)

(Week's Best Release)  
**O**NE of the best outdoor action pictures produced in a long time, "Test Pilot" none the less has tremendous feminine appeal.

It's the story of a woman whose husband has a dangerous job—and that's surely a theme as strong as it's simple. The whole story is simple—and absorbing.

Clark Gable, in the type of part that suits him perfectly, gives a splendid picture of a competent, courageous airman who in his spare time is gay but irresponsible.

Spencer Tracy is his mechanic friend, and the two share moments that will make you laugh, and other moments that will make you grab the chair-arms and close your eyes as planes crack up in the air and death sweeps over the testing field.

Myrna Loy plays just one theme—that of the woman who refuses to live in death's shadow. To her husband (Gable) testing new machines is just a job. To her it's a nightmare.

Her fight to make him see her side is the main emotional strain in the picture.

A superb spectacle of action, a character study of men of action, and a very real drama of a woman's problem.—St. James, showing.



**ROBERT MONTGOMERY**, who returns to the screen after an absence of months for "The First Hundred Years," at the State.

## ★★ SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

Evelyn Daw, James Cagney. (Grand National)

**J**IMMY CAGNEY has been almost everything in pictures, from a gangster to Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream." No one ever thought of him as a song-and-dance man, but years of stage training had made him a singularly good one.

His personality is not romantic, but it is lively and likeable. In this gay rapid story, he is teamed with Evelyn Daw, a new singer, and a good group of comedians and entertainers.

The smoothness and brightness of the film are due to the work of Victor Sertinger, who wrote the story, composed the music, and directed the show.

It's a typical musical stage romance, with a fairly slight plot, but lots of merry moments. One of the better ordinary musicals.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.

## ★ THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

Virginia Bruce, Robert Montgomery. (M.-G.-M.)

**T**HIS is one more heartstring and funny-bone piece about the couple who quarrel and separate while still deeply in love. In many ways it bears a rather shameful resemblance to "The Awful Truth"—there are the same misunderstandings, the same defiant affairs with another girl and another man. And just as in "The Awful Truth" Irene Dunne's other man was a burlesque westerner, so in this he's a burlesque quarter-breed Indian novelist.

But the story isn't as farcical as "The Awful Truth"—it takes itself seriously in between some good clowning. And there's the added element of marriage versus career. The wife (Virginia Bruce) has always made more money than the husband (Robert Montgomery) and he has resented it. When he lands a better job in another town he wants the wife to leave her work and come with him. She refuses, they are hustled into a separation, and comedy claims a climax

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent



MYRNA LOY plays wife to Gable in "Test Pilot," at the St. James.

## BOOTS AND SADDLES

Judith Allen, Gene Autry. (Republic.)

**G**ENE AUTRY is popular with American audiences as a singing cowboy of stage and radio; as a hero of Western films he is curiously inappetent. After all, the essence of Westerns is action and virility; Gene thinks everything should be nice and polite with a song every now and then to keep it so.

Certainly, there is more shooting and riding and conflict with the "badies" in this than in his last film, but it's still more like a concert-hall cantata than a red-blooded romance. Judith Allen is an attractive lead for this type of film, but her role gives her few opportunities.—Capitol, showing.

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# What Women Are Doing

## Author and Principal

YOUNG and possessing a great understanding of modern youth, Dr. Greta Hort is eminently suited for the position of principal of Women's College, Melbourne, which she has come from England to fill. Dr. Hort, who was born in Denmark, is now a naturalised British subject. She is a Master of Arts of the Copenhagen University, and a Ph.D. of Cambridge.

The author of two philosophical works, "Piers Plowman and Contemporary Religious Thought" and "Sense and Thought," Dr. Hort hopes to guide the college on liberal lines, giving the students as much responsibility as possible.

## Only Woman Quarantine Officer in Empire

DR. FREDA GIBSON, of Ceduna, South Australia, who recently visited Sydney with her husband, Dr. R. W. Gibson, helps him with a practice which extends over an area almost as great as that of England. They work in co-operation with the Bush Church Aid of the Anglican Church, which provides them with a plane equipped for ambulance work and a pilot.

Dr. Gibson has the distinction of being the only woman in the British Empire to act as quarantine officer. She is not gazetted as such, although the government recognises her work, because it does not wish to create a precedent. Dr. Gibson agrees that it is not suitable work for women as boarding ships at sea is dangerous.

## Patron of Women's Hockey Association

MRS. ARTHUR BELL, who this year has been elected as patron of the Queensland Women's Hockey Association, is one of its foundation members. She was elected honorary secretary in 1923, the year of its foundation, and in 1926-27 was its president.

Mrs. Bell, who graduated in Science at the University of Queensland, played hockey and tennis at the University, but now confines her active sport to tennis. She is a member of the Graduates' Association, the Lyceum Club, and is on the Women's College standing committee.

## Has Studied Swing Music Abroad

SWING music is compared with shorthand writing by Mrs. Laing Hay, of Caulfield, Melbourne, who, while living in Mayfair, London, has made a study of this type of music. She took two courses of twelve lessons each under Rubens, a master who is making a name for himself.

To acquire the crisp rhythm of swing music, Mrs. Laing Hay says, it is essential to practise assiduously. Although the theory is the same as that of other recognised forms of music, she found that she had practically to start at the beginning again.

In England even children of ten or twelve years are learning swing music and it is very popular with them.

## Has Won Many Vocal Scholarships

WITH many Victorian musical competition successes to her credit, Miss Joan Jones, young Melbourne contralto, will leave shortly for London for further study.

Among competitions won by Miss Jones are the first Ormond Scholarship at the University Conservatorium, first Victorian Teachers' Association Scholarship, and the vocal championship of South Street.

Miss Jones

—Jack Cato.

She has made a number of successful appearances with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society. For the past 18 months she has been a pupil of Madame Josephine Otlet at the University Conservatorium, and before that she studied with Mrs. T. Cameron.

## YOUNG SCULPTOR

THE influence of Buddhist and Egyptian sculpture, in which she has taken a great interest, is revealed in the work of Miss Ethel Barber, the young Victorian sculptor, who returned home recently after four years in London, where she continued her studies at the Slade School.

In Melbourne, Miss Barber, in addition to carrying on with her work, will probably conduct small classes.

## Uses Her Gift to Help Others

BELIEVING that their gifts should be used to help others, Wilma Berkeley, noted

Australian prima donna, and Stanley Brookes, who has been acclaimed by the American Press as the world's foremost Dickensian, about a year ago started the Brookes-Berkeley world celebrity concert.

These concerts are given in aid of many charitable causes and to help young artists.

At the present time they are being given in co-operation with the Country Women's Association throughout Australia and Tasmania. Later Miss Berkeley and Mr. Brookes intend to go abroad to continue the good work overseas.

Miss Berkeley

—Eve May.

Her Thesis Won Her Master of Science Degree

MISS BERYL STODDART BARRIEN, of Adelaide, is to be awarded the degree of Master of Science for her thesis on the Preliminary Investigations Concerning the Sulphur Metabolism of Plants.

For the past three years Miss Barrien has been demonstrator and research assistant in the department of Botany at the Adelaide University. Before that she acted as part-time botany teacher at Walford House and Gorton House.

Miss Barrien is a member of the recently-formed Tate Society at the University, which gives students an opportunity for field work. She was a member of the Tate Society Expedition that visited Swan Reach last Christmas to investigate an interesting cave in that district. Apart from her career, Miss Barrien's chief interest is music.

## Runs Shop to Raise Funds for Charity

MRS. G. C. DAVIS, of Christchurch, who has been visiting Queensland, is one of a committee of women who run a clothes shop with goods supplied by generous citizens and sold to raise funds for the needy.

Mrs. Davis also works for the Plunket Society, which raises money to keep the Karitane Homes going, and is on the house committee for St. Saviour's Hospital, conducted by the Church of England. She also assists the Nurse Maud's Fund, and is a member of the Victoria League.

## Gave Wireless Lessons on Voice Production

MISS OLIVE CARTER recently retired from the Education Department of South Australia, where for 27 years she was in charge of voice culture training at the Adelaide Teachers' Training College. She has visited practically every primary school in the State, and was very popular wherever she went.

Miss Carter last year attended the World Education Federation in Tokyo. She has done a great deal of broadcasting, including regular wireless lessons to schools on speech and voice production. She intends now to develop a dramatic teaching method, and later to demonstrate it to teachers.

## Two Successes Within the Last Year

TAKING music as a secondary subject, Miss Betty Attack, of Adelaide, was recently awarded a Fellowship of the Trinity College of Music, London, for elocution. This is Miss Attack's second success during the past year, as she gained her Registration and Membership of the Royal Society of Teachers, London, last August.

Miss Attack is a pupil of Mrs. W. R. Langford, with whom she recently travelled abroad.



Miss Betty Attack

## Is Enthusiastic Worker For Red Cross Society

MRS. RITA WHITELEY, Melbourne, has two very special interests, the Red Cross Society and the Royal Melbourne Hospital, to which she devotes all her spare time. She has worked for the Red Cross for twenty-two years, and has been honorary secretary of the Malvern branch for the last fifteen years.

Numerous articles are made by the branch and sent to the Central Red Cross Depot for the men at the Caulfield and Repatriation Hospitals. Members also make up flannels and nightgowns for the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Vice-presidents of the branch are Miss Jean Skene, Miss Aitken, Mrs. Summers, and Mrs. C. A. Davies, who, like Mrs. Whiteley, have all received medals for twenty years' service to the Red Cross.

## Is Secretary To Famous Man

A YOUNG girl in her early twenties, Dr. Margot Ruben is the secretary and scientific collaborator of Dr. Karl Wolkoff, well known German poet, philosopher, social scientist, and author. Dr. Ruben is herself a Doctor of Philosophy and Political Economy of Munich University.

In New Zealand, where she is bound, Dr. Ruben is interested in studying social conditions and the customs of the Maoris.

## Plays the Harp, Sings and Composes

ONE of the loveliest of musical instruments is the zither-autoharp, in the opinion of Miss Lyle Stevens, of Melbourne. From childhood Miss Stevens has played some kind of harp, learning on her mother's, a one-key instrument. Later she imported an autoharp from Germany.

Not finding it satisfactory, she persuaded a fellow Victorian, Mr. Fred Milner, to make one for her. This she has named a zither-autoharp because she plays it as a zither. It has fifty strings, strung on the principle of a grand piano. The pedal is controlled by hand instead of foot.

Miss Stevens is well known over the air as a member of the Gothenberg Trio. She writes verse, which she sets to music, and uses on Christmas cards for which she also does the sketches.

## Probation Officer At Children's Court

THE welfare of children is the main interest of Miss Agnes Etershank, of Melbourne. She has recently been appointed probation officer at the Flemington Children's Court.

For ten years Miss Etershank has worked on the committee of the local kindergarten, during which time she has raised thousands of pounds by organising social entertainments.

Apart from her interest in children, Miss Etershank is also a vice-president of the North and West Melbourne Pioneers and Citizens' Association; a member of the Flemington and Kensington Women's Hospital Auxiliary, of the Kensington League of Mission Workers, and of the Mission of St. James and St. John; and vice-president of the Travancore Auxiliary and a member of the Central Auxiliary.



"An accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 36 hours," writes E. H. W. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since." Thousands of former sufferers have shared this experience. One dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will always relieve the agony of wind and gastric disorder. The moment it reaches the stomach, "Bisurated" Magnesia neutralises all burning, ulcerating, gas-forming acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe "Bisurated" Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day. It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark, "Bismag."

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

## AT 83 SHE DEFIES RHEUMATISM

### After Suffering Acute Pain for Years

Rheumatism first attacked this old lady in 1931, and gradually spread from her arms to all parts of her body. She was almost helpless. Then she started to take Kruschen Salts, and now she sends the following letter in her own handwriting:—

"I have suffered from rheumatism since 1931. At first, I felt acute pain in both arms. I could not sleep for pain. It grew worse, and gradually crept down to the tips of my fingers. Next it reached my knees and ankles, which made me quite helpless for a long period. A friend recommended me to take Kruschen Salts. I find they do me more good than any other medicine, liniment, ointment, etc. This is my own writing, though I am in my 84th year."—(Mrs.) H.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. Kruschen Salts stimulate your liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action, and assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all your suffering.

## WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A Scientific Future Forecast, covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, etc. Questions answered. Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, Year and Stamped addressed Envelope. Dept. C, Box 3093NN, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

## YOUR FUTURE?

Your 1938 prospects, occupation, love, marriage, travel, finance, speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries and Questions answered. Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. TELFORD SHAW, Box 3341P, Dept. T, G.P.O. Sydney.

## ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my future? Love, Marriage, Travel, Finance. All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. Birthdate, Stamped addressed envelope. A. MOORE, Box 3372E, G.P.O. Sydney.



# FARMER'S



## Triumph with knitteds

A trio of knitted ideas, that embraces full-of-interest style news. Cardigans of cosy brushed wool, "Slinkies" and sports shirts of jersey wool. S.W. to O.S.

- ★ Multi-coloured, heavy-weight brush wool. Price 16/11
- ★ Jersey sport shirt. Brown, rust, emerald, beige. 7/11
- ★ Ribbed-knit "Slinkies". Plain and striped sides. 6/11

Sportswear — Second Floor. Lay-By!



## Toast-warm NIGHTWEAR OUT

You save shillings on these soft, woolly clothes, the very essence of luxurious comfort when nights are cold. 'Jamas, jackers and nighties made from sturdy, good-looking imported materials. S.W., W., O.S.

- 11/9 NIGHTIE. British floral lullaby cloth. Lovely pink, cream, blue or green background. Special 8/4
- 14/11 JAMAS. British lullaby cloth. Florals on irresistible bluish pink, blue or green backgrounds. At 10/-
- 9/11 JACKET. Imported, padded brocade art. silk. Quilted and silk-lined. Pale pink only. Slightly soiled. 8/2

Underclothing on Fourth Floor. A Lay-By!

MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497-A.A., SYDNEY. PHONE M 2405

**14/9** Halfs, 2 to 7.  
**SCARPROOF SUEDE**



## New "Ruffies"

Never has there been better shoe value than these briarproof suede "Ruffies" at 14/9. Built of the sturdiest materials, yet so light and comfortable you won't know they're on your feet. With flexible veldtschoen leather soles.

"Dundee" (left) Brown or black-suede ghillie. "Trailer" (right) Brown, blk., navy suede monk.

Shoes on the Third Floor. A Lay-By!

## Crisper dishes from America

Just off the boat! Pure white enamel refrigerator; crisper dishes. Large size, yet just 10/6

**Thermos, 2/3**

Vacuum flask for winter picnics or travelling. Keeps tea, coffee, etc. piping hot. 2/3  
Lower Ground



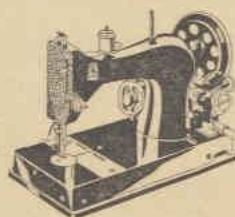
**Suspender belt of lastex**

**19/6**

Broche lastex suspender belt, boned across abdomen. Side talon fastening. Sizes 23 to 28 ins.

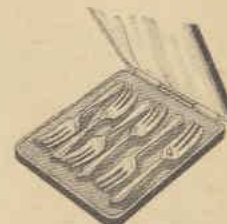
**New brassiere**

Gothic brassiere by Berlei. Sizes 30 to 36 ins. And priced at only 5/11



## FINE ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE

The "Victoria" portable machine sews easily, quickly, without any effort from you. It's reversible, sewing in any direction. The powerful motor runs smoothly at any speed. Complete with carrying case £18/18/-  
Lower Ground: 20/- deposit A/- weekly.



## FOR HOSTESSES CAKE FORK SETS.

Sets of six silverplated cake forks, presentation cases. Silverplated by James Dixon, Sheffield, in plenty of designs. 17/6

★ Cases of six afternoon silverplated tea spoons to match. Price 15/-  
On the Ground Floor.



SEE THE ART OF UNK WHITE

FROM JUNE 29th until 8th July. An interesting exhibition of brilliant character sketches and studies of quaint customs from Unk White's recent tour of the world. Blaxland Galleries — Ninth Floor. No charge.

## J. G. ALLARD

will give ten contract BRIDGE

lectures. No charge!

Master of the Culbertson school, Mr. Allard begins his lectures on Monday, 4th July, in the Blaxland Galleries. Book at once at the Information Desk. No charge.



WELL, here I am in Brisbane. Doomben is such a delightful spot, with its voluptuous tropical gardens and its lawns, refreshment buffet, and bar parlors.

And the tote.

Why you can actually get on without queuing up.

I don't know whether the Queensland men and women taboo the tote and go for the books, but if they do they're simply silly, because, look at Hamurah.

When she won the Newmarket she paid 22 to 1 in the win tote and 14 to 1 in the place.

And I know lots of people who took 12 to 1 about her chance straight out for a win only from the books. Can you beat that?

But what I admire most is that it's so easy to get on the Queensland totes without that exasperating wait we

## Betty's "Racey" Narratives

### I'm In The Money At Doomben, So I'm Staying

By BETTY GEE—From Brisbane

have in Sydney at the G.P.O. stamp counters.

The clerks are quick as lightning. They grab your money almost before you know what you want to back.

And Brisbane's climate in June! My dears, follow the sun as far north as the purse permits, then borrow and go farther north.

It had been raining, and I wore my

rare fox fur. But the sun shone, and it was a Sydney summer afternoon. Yet we were four days past official midwinter, June 21.

There's something uncanny about this Doomben Race Club, with its huge stakes. It must have bags of gold under the weighing enclosure to be able to outstrip Melbourne's Newmarket—in fact, all Australia's richest prizes—with its £3150 Newmarket Stake.

I wish I owned a good sprinter, but how is a poor girl to manage that?

It costs \$6 a week to maintain a racehorse even of the lowliest racing standard, and I can live handsomely myself on that if somebody pays the wardrobe account.

Still, I might manage even this, if I had many more days like today.

The Queensland people are so friendly with their tips, and I was fortunate enough to bump into the right people at the right time.

I tremble to think what would have happened if I'd run into the wrong ones.

I won a £4 to £1 bet on Roymond for the first race, but lost £2 on Silk Spear for the next race, because he ran only second.

It was then I realised the possibilities of the tote, so I had my race way on Lucky Kid for the third race. When she ran second to Assagai I collected 2 to 1 for the place divvy.



Betty had a winning day.

### Real Thrill

BUT I got the real thrill out of the Newmarket. On the tip of Mr. George W. Badman, owner of Aurie's Star, staying at our hotel, I look £10 to £2, and also £14 to £1 Jocular.

Then a quiet hint was given me from the Hamurah stable that she was expected to go pretty well on the rain-soaked track. As you know, I'm a little partial towards "she" racehorses.

The upshot of it all was I hastened to the tote and threw in for 10/- each way on Hamurah.

And here is where the thrill came in. Aurie's Star was out so far in front you'd have thought he had as much chance of being caught as a missed train.

But all of a sudden he ran short of juice, and up came Hamurah to race to the front. And she didn't run short of juice.

Just galloped straight to victory like I galloped to the tote, to find I had £18/11/ awaiting me at the pay-out windows. Jocular was lost down the swamp somewhere.

Why didn't I realise I should have put everything on Hamurah instead of wasting money on those other expensive creatures!

Well, after losing £2 on Javalot in the next race I snatched another 10/-

each way on the tote on our Sydney horse, Cooranga, in the last race.

She simply strolled in to a profit of seven guineas for my little tote ticket.

I don't know how long this has been going on, but I'm seriously thinking of getting to stay a while in sunny Brisbane. Anyhow, the next week will find me here. It's only Ascot in Sydney next Saturday, so I remain for Doomben.

I'm told the Hamurah people have her coupled in big doubles, up to £12,000, with Autoland for the Doomben Cup, so that's one I'll follow next Saturday.

No way dropping a stable that is in luck. Spearblu I shall back on the tote for a place in the Cup.

The Cup favorite is Spear Chief, but Mrs. Joe Harris told me he might not start, and she ought to know, because last week-end her husband paid £1500 for a half-share in the colt.

Well, if Mr. Harris changes his mind, Spear Chief will be worth a little, too, but, tut, tut, how are we going to pay the hotel bills backing three in a race, even in a Cup.

Boots at our hotel says he's had the whisper from Toowoomba that Bahwing is a good thing to win next Saturday at Doomben.

## Children to Man the Microphone

You'll hear a new station this week—station "KID." This will be 2GB's interesting experiment in the children's hour.

CHILDREN will man the microphone and the turntables and generally conduct the station for two quarter-hour sessions weekly, thus taking an active part in the hour that has always been reserved for their entertainment.

The first of these sessions will be heard on Wednesday of this week, during the children's hour from 5 to 6 p.m.

The young interest in the whys and wherefores of radio will be more than satisfied when 2GB closes down to make all clear for Station "KID."

Station "KID" will then go on the air with a programme run entirely by children.

### Talent Needed

MODERN education believes in giving youth its head. The training of Mussolini's young black-shirts is severe, but it Duca occasionally lets them run things themselves, even Government departments.

He tried the radio scheme on an Italian broadcasting station with surprising results. Here was no "Kiddies' Concert," but a real radio programme conducted properly.

Young Fascists gave talks on foreign affairs and dealt with the news sessions; future singers and instrumentalists entertained, and all the time the child announcer put them on the air.

The control room and technical staff also were youngsters. In the whole organisation there was but one adult, to see they didn't blow the place up. But no mishap occurred, even though these children were dealing with touchy electrical and radio apparatus.

Station "KID" wants to do the same and better.

It wants young announcers, entertainers, foreign affairs talkers, and "effectors" (that's the latest radio portmanteau word).

There are many recruits among 2GB's young listeners, for they conduct their own newspaper in the "Children's Newspaper" session which Charles Cousens puts on the air regularly.

"KID" wants children to apply for these jobs, for they are real jobs, and every week half a guinea will be paid to each of the two most promising recruits of the batch tested.

Children are to apply by letter or to call at the station on Saturday afternoons, when they will be given an audition to draft them into a suitable job in the session.

Station "KID" is on the air only for two quarter hours each week—on Wednesdays and Saturdays—but it is hoped to extend and develop it so that some day we may hear a real children's hour each day—an hour put on the air by children for children.

Children's sessions are being given more thought in many directions at 2GB. The presentation of birthday calls is an example.

Birthday calls were the bugbear of all stations, because they are a message for a few listeners while the station is on the air for everybody.

The calls are handled by "Bimbo," who has brought many new ideas to his session since he rejoined 2GB last week.

### NUMEROLOGY 7

DON'T ACT! Until you throw

The Mystic Dice!!

Calculate your lucky days and your FUTURE PROSPECTS in Love, Marriage, Health, Travel, Finance, Luck, Lotteries, etc. yourself at home!

Send P.N. 3/- for Your Mystic Dice to PLATO, Box 1778K, G.P.O., Sydney.

### The World's Finest Soap Value

SUNLIGHT has always offered the best value obtainable in soap. But now you are getting better value than ever, because despite rising costs the same small number of Sunlight wrappers brings you the same fine-quality gifts. There's genuine economy in buying the best; you'll be sure that the clothes are washed perfectly clean—no hard work on wash day with Sunlight—the world's most popular soap for more than half a century.

**THREE WRAPPERS IN EVERY CARTON**

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

**AND THE BEST VALUE Free Gifts**

**18 Wrappers from 6 CARTONS** Pure Irish Linen GLASSCLOTH 23 x 32 ins.

**36 Wrappers from 12 CARTONS** Bright, Smart, Coloured BATH TOWEL 23 x 46 ins.

**27 Wrappers from 9 CARTONS** Hemstitched, Best Pillow Case 31 1/2 x 21 ins.

**36 Wrappers from 12 CARTONS** Red Striped or White Admiralty BATH TOWEL 23 x 46 ins.

**HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT**  
Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton).  
Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper tops addressed to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

**DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER, BUT FILL IN THIS FORM**

FROM \_\_\_\_\_

(Put a cross in front of gift required)

☐ Glasscloth ☐ Pillowcase

☐ Red Striped Admiralty Bath Towel

☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel

☐ Coloured Bath Towel

ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_

SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS \_\_\_\_\_



ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Set down simply in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned, whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie. Only authentic incidents are eligible.

# Real Life Stories

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life story each week, and 3/- for others published. Write your letters legibly and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

## White Man in Sacred Blood Brotherhood

A white man initiated as a "brother" of a savage New Guinea chief . . . the "blood bath" to which he had to submit himself . . . the eerie, terrifying chanting of the members of the Sacred Blood Brotherhood . . . the fear as the initiate's wrists were slashed with a fearsome-looking knife.

These are the ingredients of the Real Life story that wins the prize of a guinea this week for Mrs. F. J. Maitland, Thomson Road, Revesby, N.S.W. It is a story all the more fascinating because the white man was her husband.

AS my husband, Captain Maitland, of the trading schooner, Tenokoa, helped me ashore at the village of Che-lik, far up the Ramu River, New Guinea (writes Mrs. Maitland), I somehow felt that the lu-lu-hai's invitation to witness the Moon Ceremony was going to provide me with a thrilling experience I should never forget.

This was only natural, as my husband was to take part in the ceremony by being initiated as a blood-brother to the chief of the Uki tribe, Matel.

The mighty grass hut was filled with naked savages, assembled at the Place of Ceremonies to conduct the initiation of a white man into the Sacred Blood Brotherhood of the powerful Uki tribe.

A wide seat was built in the centre of the hut, and white man and brown sat there, both smeared with a scented, greenish-colored ointment and both crowned with wonderful headdresses of Red Superb paradise skina. The white man's left arm was crossed over the right arm of the savage chief, Matel.

"Ya mana neu, ya ma namu nei ya mana . . ." chanted the aweing tribesmen. "El kal mahu? El kal mahu?" drowned the sorcerers, the guttural voices sounding indescribably menacing in that confined space.

"O te per n'gi Matel!" replied the savages. "O te per n'gi te Klap te nei . . ."

I watched the sorcerers creep nearer to the great seat. My husband's wrists were seized. A flashing obsidian blade slashed the flesh . . . blood spurted.

Slowly the sorcerers moved. Then swiftly the two bleeding wrists were bound together with long plaits of Kunel grass.

The guttural voices died away to a mere murmuring, and the clash of sah-gis ceased. The only sound was the weird muttering of a single garamut.

Then suddenly the drums thundered. Native bells tinkled and I heard the clashing of spears and sah-gis.

The savages, led by the sorcerers, danced around the seat like madmen, while through the din came the evil-sounding voices, guttural, and indescribably terrifying: "Ye mana neu . . . O te per n'gi . . . O te Tausada, e te Matel . . ."

"Tom . . . Tom-atom-atom, tom, tom . . ."

I crouched low on the stool they had given me, almost paralysed with fear. I stared at my husband . . . a white blur. I tried to cry out, but only succeeded in making a queer noise that caused a Tul-tul beside me to stare at me curiously.

Then . . . I knew no more until I came to my senses to find my husband grinning down at me as I lay in the stern of our dinghy just about to come alongside the schooner.

My husband still bears the scars of the cruel obsidian knife used during the ceremony.

5/- to Mrs. E. East, 71 Esplanade, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

4/- to Mrs. J. Barclay, 63 Belmont Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

5/- to R. Freak, 3 Sixteenth St., Yowen West, S.A.

5/- to Mrs. A. Brewer, Earnshaw, Innes Road, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

5/- to Charles Maney, 1 Elsey Rd., Reservoir, Vic.

5/- to Mrs. A. Brewer, Earnshaw, Innes Road, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

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"I WATCHED the sorcerers creep nearer . . . a flashing obsidian blade slashed the flesh . . . blood spurted."

## Thunderbolt

RETURNING from Diggers' Rest railway station on a summer afternoon, I was caught in a heavy thunderstorm and sought shelter in a railway culvert. Suddenly a heavy

clap of thunder followed by a blinding flash of lightning revealed a black pear-shaped object which struck the earth about three-quarters of a mile distant, sending up a huge column of dust and setting fire to the grass.

A tremendous rush of air followed, and forced me back into the culvert, almost suffocating me.

A line of telegraph wires about 20 feet in front of me caught the full force of the electric discharge, and 13 telegraph poles were split into matchwood.

For a full minute I was temporarily blinded; a green and yellow glare surrounded me like a wall, and my clothes smelt strongly of sulphur.

Accompanied by my father and two line-repairers we later went to the spot where the bolt fell, and found a mound of dust in the centre of a 30-foot circle of burnt grass.

5/- to Charles Maney, 1 Elsey Rd., Reservoir, Vic.

## Buried Alive

THE scene was the playground of a little bush school in Tasmania. My sister and I had dug a tunnel. My sister and cousin were inside, and when two little boys dashed across the ground the earth collapsed.

Scrambling out, my sister started digging with her hands. "Quick," she said, "Lance is buried."

We worked frantically. At last his hair was showing and soon we had his head free.

"My back," he gasped. Cold terror gripped me. We dug frenziedly, and when eventually we had got him free were relieved to discover him unhurt.

5/- to Mrs. A. Brewer, Earnshaw, Innes Road, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

## Fishing Luck

FISHING from the jetty at Port Lincoln we were not concerned when we saw the Olivebank, a vessel well known in South Australian wheat ports, coming in slowly to her berth.

A sailor on the wharf remarked that she seemed to be carrying rather much sail for the distance she had to travel, but still we went on fishing.

Then in a flash the Olivebank was almost on top of us. One of the sailors gave a yell and we all forgot fishing lines and bolted along the jetty to safety.

In running we were almost thrown off our feet as the Olivebank crashed into the end of the jetty, where only seconds before we had been sitting.

A quickening in the breeze had filled out the sails and sent the Olivebank to her berth at a speed greater than had been reckoned on.

5/- to R. Freak, 3 Sixteenth St., Yowen West, S.A.

## Sleepwalking With a Purpose

ON the first night of a visit to friends near Launceston I awakened in the dead of night to a horrifying sound of someone stealthily moving round the walls of my room.

I lay listening in the uncanny silence, and then heard the whisper of feet coming toward the bed.

A second later two clammy hands touched my face, felt all over my pillow, and then slid down my rigid body to the foot of the bed.

When something heavy landed on my feet and lay still, my hair was almost on end. Gathering my courage I pressed the light switch, and there curled up on the bed was the pyjama-clad figure of the 10-year-old son of the house fast asleep.

Owing to my visit he had been put in a different part of the house to sleep, and, being a sleep-walker, had returned to his own bed.

3/- to Miss G. T. Barnes, Wellington Street, Longford, Tas.

## Fate Plays a Hand

RETURNING from a holiday at Moree with my husband and baby daughter, we intended to travel in the front of the train when we met some friends and decided to share their compartment.

About midnight we had settled down to sleep, when there was a terrific bump, and I was thrown off the seat on to the floor, and buried under a heap of fallen luggage.

My husband sprang up and turned on the lights, and then I discovered I had lost my baby. For a minute I was panic-stricken. Then I discovered her unhurt under the seat.

It transpired that part of a heavily-laden freight train had broken away, and, running back, had collided with the front of our train.

Carriages were telescoped, and in among the wreckage were the passengers, many of them dead, others seriously injured. Their cries and groans in the pitch darkness were something I shall never forget.

Since then all my railway travelling has been done in a carriage at the rear of the train.

5/- to Mrs. J. Barclay, 63 Belmont Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## FLATULENCE

### FIRST DANGER SIGN OF INDIGESTION

When food lies undigested in the stomach the first signs of trouble is flatulence or wind. Sour gases form which distend the stomach and cause heart palpitation and flushing of blood to neck and throat. Let these distressing symptoms warn you of graver danger ahead. The "slight" symptoms of indigestion to-day, if neglected, will become the chronic dyspepsia of to-morrow.

At the very first sign of flatulence or pain after meals, go to your chemist and get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the very first remedy for digestive disorders you can possibly have. One dose gives immediate relief, and even such serious stomach trouble as gastritis will be ended if you will only persevere with this wonderful remedy.

De Witt's Antacid Powder ends indigestion, gripping pains, acidity, because:-

1. On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for meals and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful indigestion Remedy Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6

## Four-footed 'Ghost'

LIVING on a farm I frequently attended dances at the nearest country centre. On one occasion I was accompanied part of the way home by several friends, who turned in at their gate, leaving me with still two miles to go alone.

Allowing my horse to walk I was gazing up at the stars through the gaps in the trees that formed an arch over the track, when suddenly I heard a slight noise behind me. Imagine my feelings on looking round to see a white apparition following me.

Digging the spurs in, I galloped as hard as my horse could go. After seconds that seemed like hours, I looked back again to find that I hadn't gained a foot on the "ghost."

Practically I urged my horse to go even faster and hoped that the ship-rails would be down. But my hopes were shattered when, on rounding a slight bend in the track, I could see they were up. I set my teeth and put my horse to the jump. He hit the top rail, and fell, throwing me to the ground.

Before I had time to scramble to my feet the "ghost" arrived, and to my surprise was rubbing noses with my horse. With a sigh of relief I discovered that the "ghost" was a harmless little pied-bald foal. It had lost its mother, and had followed my horse home.

5/- to Mrs. E. East, 71 Esplanade, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

## Strange Visitor

IN quite the loneliest part of the Cabramatta bush, my husband and I, together with our nine-month-old daughter, set up our "two-roomer."

Visitors were few, so we were glad, one stormy night, to admit a rather pretty woman of about forty. After a hot meal she accepted our invitation to stay the night.

John obligingly stepped on the couch and she turned in with me. Up till then she had been quiet, even morose, but now she became surly.

"I don't like babies. I detest them." That became the theme of her conversation until she got quite excited about it.

Finally, grabbing up baby, she jumped out of bed and ran out into the rain.

"John! John!" I screamed and set out after her. John one way, I another, we screamed our way through the pitch-blackness without result.

Brokenly we returned to our home. There, seated in front of the fire, rocking and crooning to baby, was our queer visitor.

She merely looked up at us, smiled sweetly, and said: "Please come in. You must be cold and tired."

Until her departure at daybreak that woman treated us as a most perfect hostess. But what an eagle-eyed watch we kept on her.

5/- to W. Page, Water Reserve Rd., Canby Vale, N.S.W.



## There's beauty IN THE DULLEST SKIN...



You can bring  
it to the  
surface with  
**Vimard  
VARDIA\***

There's no "magic" in attaining skin beauty. It's there all the time... though neglect or wrong treatment may have clouded it over. Dry or normal skins are immediately enriched by Vimard Vardia. It nourishes the skin tissues, vitalizes lifeless cells and forms a perfect powder base.

Give your skin a chance to reveal its natural beauty... to emerge in all its glowing loveliness and glamour. The daily application of Vimard Vardia banishes every skin-fault and leaves your complexion youthful, velvety, and very, very lovely.

All chemists and department stores sell Vimard VARDIA at 5/- and 3/-.



Vimard Astringent Lotion, 2/- & 4/-  
Vimard Hand Lotion ... 2/-  
Vimard Emolia, 3/- & 5/-  
Vimard Cleansing Cream, 3/- & 5/-  
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### VIMARD

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FOR DRY OR NORMAL SKINS

\* For Oily Skins you will use Vimard EMOLIA

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ARRANGE YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS NOW AND MAKE SURE OF A GOOD TIME

# HOLIDAYS

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BOOK WITH YOUR OWN BUREAU

### THE FAMOUS S.A. GULFS CRUISE

Nearly 3000 miles sea trip with a week in Adelaide. Inclusive cost:  
From MELB. (15 days), £15/10/-  
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### SUMMER IN TASMANIA

Join our parties for an ideal time.  
From SYDNEY, 13 days, £15/10/-  
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Coolangalla ... Riviera of the Sunny North	15 days	£16/-
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Tzwombamba, Brisbane and Coolangalla	18 days	£15/15/-

### COLOMBO AT XMAS

### SPECIAL WOMEN'S WEEKLY PARTY

Leaving Sydney Dec. 15th, Melb. 20th, Hobart 17th, Adelaide Dec. 22nd, Fremantle Dec. 26th.

INCLUSIVE COST WITH STAY IN COLOMBO and Wonderful Sightseeing—

From BRISBANE	£51 5 0	From MELBOURNE	£47 10 0
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Be Wise. Look Ahead. Write Now.

### WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth Street, Sydney. MA4496.

# Books

Stella Gibbons writes a novel without a hero. Its characters are real people, not puppets.

"NIGHTINGALE WOOD," by Stella Gibbons, takes revenge on novelists who have written about beautiful but dumb women by offering us instead of a hero two beautiful but dumb young men.

Most women who read it will see glimpses of themselves in one or other of the women... not always flattering glimpses, at that, for it can also be said that "Nightingale Wood" has no heroine.

The author bolts the bones of a dozen penny novelettes in the water of realism, satire is the spice and kindness the thickening—and the result is a dish is good.

You like the people you laugh at. The story concerns two Essex households.

The Eagles is presided over by two plaster birds on the gateposts and Mr. Wither, whose "chief worry was his money, of which he had some two thousand eight hundred pounds a year.

"He could never be sure what his money was up to. He would wake up in the night and lie in the dark wondering what was happening to it, and during the day he prowled uneasily after it in the financial columns of the Press."

### A Wistful Romance

MRS. WITHER "had married him for what (it is said) is a common enough reason: she feared she would never have the chance to marry anyone else."

Their daughter Madge, 39, large and hearty, "described all the natural development of love between men and women, when its expression passed beyond the handshake, as beastliness."

"It was possible to have a man pal without any slop. In moments of emotion when he had just done something pretty super at some game, you might bang him on the back; in return, he might slap you between the shoulder blades."

Madge's sister Tina is 35. Definitely romantic, she tints her fingernails and thinks a great deal about love.

The beautiful young man on whom her love dreams settle is Saxon Caker, her father's chauffeur, and twelve years her junior.

By some magic of her own, Stella Gibbons invests the unpromising romance with a wistful beauty, but does nothing to prevent you laughing over the painful absurdity of Tina's affair.

### Money to Burn

VIOLA, the fourth woman in the Wither household, provides the link with that other household across the valley—Graumere, where money royally spent flows through the house warmly like the Gulf Stream.

The owner of Graumere, Victor Spring, "treated money not like a tyrant... but as an old pal; he stood it drinks, so to speak, and it stood him drinks in return."

Victor is the richest, dumbest, most handsome, sentimental and successful young man ever to appear in print.

He is a legendary fairy prince of the district, and all the girls there ("local produce" he calls them) see him as bridegroom in their private day-dreams of weddings to be.

Viola, who served in the draper's shop part-owned by her impractical father, before she married the only Wither son, is "local produce."

When widowed at 21, she comes to live at The Eagles, is it any wonder that from its cold adequacy she yearns for the warm abundance of Graumere?

It would spoil the story to tell you whether she arrives there, past the sick, soignée figure of Victor's fiancée, Phyllis Barlow, who "liked her life to be one steady movement towards pleasure" and had "eight full-blown offers of heart, hand and fortune in five years."

"Nightingale Wood" is full of bits you'll remember and chuckle over. There's the appalling garden-party at The Eagles, which, after an unpleasant incident, proceeds "like a house on fire, since something nasty had happened. There is nothing like

something nasty for bringing people together."

Viola goes to town, achieves a new "hair-do" and returns a different being whom people notice.

Breathes there a woman with soul so dead that she has never tried that? Miss Gibbons makes its success plausible.

"One of the minor joys of the rich is that they never know what is in the sandwiches," Miss Gibbons notes at a picnic.

### Foolish Dreams

ONE of the minor characters you'll enjoy is dear old Miss Cattyman, who has served behind the counter of the little draper's shop in Chester-bourne for fifty years.

She remembers the days of endless hours of work, tight lacing, long hair, but she still thinks the past is better.

When the inevitable happens and new ideas sweep her from her place behind the counter she is broken-hearted.

"I always expected to die in harness. And so I should have, if some people hadn't got it into their heads to turn everything upside-down, as though they were the D. of W. himself (though I for one shall always think of him as the P. of W., never could get used to his being called the K., he hadn't the face for it, I always said; ought to have grown a beard at once, and then all this would never have happened). Where was I?"

We have all met Miss Cattyman. At Victor Spring's wedding most of the people in the church are women. All who have dreamed those



MRS. COMPTON MACKENZIE, whose autobiography, "As Much As I Dare," was published recently. Her husband is author of the much-discussed "Windsor Tapestry," and before her marriage she appeared on the stage.

foolish dreams are there. Every Chester-bourne female of any age has come to see the dreams dissolve.

"Their wistful, envious, interested eyes take in the tiniest detail, the finest shade of expression, the last shade of meaning, in everything that happens."

"It is very tiring to be a woman," observes Miss Gibbons.

And while the "Wedding March" trumpets forth, the future is lightly sketched in.

Other authors may think it best to let the gentle reader wonder how Tina and Saxon made out and what happened to the over-polished Phyllis Barlow.

Not so Miss Gibbons. She has the courage of her convictions, and somehow, it is quite impossible to doubt her conclusions.

"Nightingale Wood," by Stella Gibbons. Longmans. Recommended by the Book Society. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

## The Macquarie Players

Present

# "The HOUSES IN OUR STREET"

Written  
by  
William Power

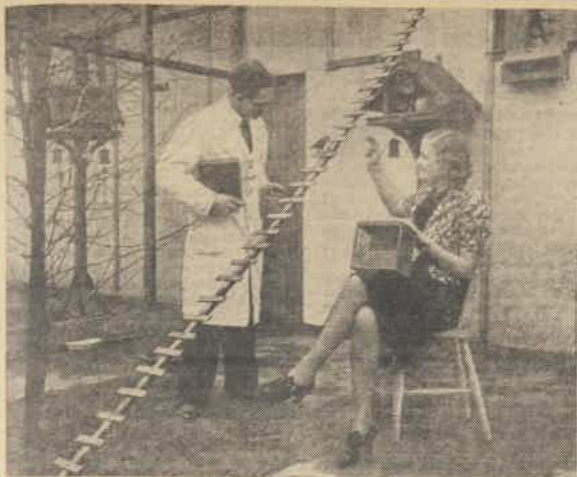


Day by day, as you pass down your street you must sometimes wonder what happiness and joys are being felt, what tears are being shed, behind the house fronts, each so calm and indifferent. Here, then, are the dramas, the comedies, and sometimes the tragedies, being played out in your street, wherever it may be.

SUNDAYS 8 p.m.  
TUESDAYS 8.30 p.m.  
THURSDAYS

# 2GB





**FLYING SCHOOL FOR BIRDS**—When man first sought to conquer the air he turned to the birds for inspiration. But in this flying school it's the man who is the master. Not that the birds haven't learned to fly. They've forgotten how. The birds' flying school is run by the R.S.P.C.A. in England, and to it come tiny-winged prisoners freed from cruelly small cages by the police.

—Air Mail photo.

## WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

**People born under the sign Cancer are all superstitious. They say they're not—but they are.**

**C**ANCER people are rather like the man who refuses to walk under a ladder. He says it's silly to believe that doing so could bring him bad luck, but he doesn't believe in taking the chance.

So it is with Cancerians. They don't believe in tempting fate and taking risks.

Perhaps there is good reason for this element in their make-up, for those born between June 22 and July 23 are strongly governed by the moon, and the moon is very magnetic.

It is the Moon that helps to make these people so sensitive and intuitive, with the result that they can "sense" the atmosphere around them and quickly react to it.

If it is friendly the Cancer-born person will cast off much of that "shell" of reserve and shyness which usually acts as a shield against the upsets and criticisms of everyday life.

But if it is antagonistic the Cancerian intuitively realises that fact and dives into his "shell" with all possible speed.

Like the Crab, which is the astrological and astronomical symbol of their sign, they usually go quietly and peacefully about their own business, after a first cautious survey of the surrounding land and the possibilities of danger or upset.

But at the first sign of trouble the Cancerian loses no time in streaking for safety.

Not that Cancerians are cowards. Rather the reverse, for when really aroused they fight as though they had no idea of the meaning of fear.

But so long as there is a chance of peace and quietness they will do all in their power to preserve it.

They are intensely patriotic, and will give their lives for their country just as willingly as they would give them to protect a member of the family, but they have an everlasting resentment against war and the unhappiness and destruction it forces upon the individual.

Seeing that they are governed by the moon, which is responsible for the tides, it is not surprising that Cancer folk are restless and changeable. They are always wanting to travel, yet, because they are family lovers, they are never really happy until they can return home.

### TRY THIS FOR INDIGESTION

Go to your chemist for a packet of TWIN KOLA and take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN KOLA also gives wonderful relief in treating Acidty, Wind, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, and other ailments. Large packets of TWIN KOLA cost only 1/6 each.

**C**ANCERIANs should wear their fortunate gems, the moonstone and emerald, especially if set in silver.

Their harmonious colors are light green and silver, and their fortunate numbers are usually 3, 6 and 9 or numbers reducing to such.

Mondays will usually prove favorable to them.

Partners of Cancerians should make allowances for this element in their character, and make excuses for many little journeys, especially if they are to the seaside or by boat. These people are essential water-lovers, and whenever possible their homes should be near the water, or command a view of water.

Incidentally the wise wife will see to it that "Home Sweet Home" is more than a motto in her partner's life, for harmonious and pleasant home life engenders love to the full extent.

### The Daily Diary

**TRY** to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly just now, for difficulties are more likely than success. Take no chances on July 4 and 5. Delays and annoyances are possible then.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair for semi-important changes on July 2 and 3, but be cautious on July 6, 7, and 8.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Just fair on July 4 and 5. Routine best.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Work hard on July 6, 7, and 8, for good results can follow. Be confident, progressive, and seek advancement.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 24): Just fair on July 9. Routine best.

**VIRGO** (August 25 to September 23): Small improvements possible from matters which start or culminate on July 2 and 3.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Take no chances at this time, for obstacles and annoyances can upset your plans. Routine wisest.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 21): Be your energetic and vital self this week, remembering only to avoid over-confidence. Work hard on July 6, 7, and 8, asking favors, making changes, starting ventures.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Not spectacular. Routine advised.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Try to guard against separations, losses, opposition, and disagreements, especially on July 4, 5, and 6 (very early). Live quietly then.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Just a routine week. Don't attempt much.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Have the chance you've been trying for, so get busy. Start new enterprises, make changes or journeys, seek promotion or favors, sign documents—or "pop" the question. Make opportunities for such on July 6, 7, and 8. Be confident and cheerful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

# INFLUENZA ABOUT AGAIN



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NICHOLAS LTD.

## 'ASPRO'

*Will Smash a 'FLU' Attack in One Night*

**T**HERE is no quicker or more effective way to smash a Cold or 'Flu' attack than the 'ASPRO' method, but take enough tablets to do the job. You can't expect one tablet to do the work of three. Follow the directions. Take three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and two tablets every three hours afterwards, until symptoms disappear; a hot stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. Some people prefer lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, others mix the two. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful research.



**'FLU' Germs  
Strike Suddenly  
Without Warning**

**If Throat  
is Sore**



**Use 'ASPRO'  
AS A GARGLE**

Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving 3 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. Do not let the mixture stand overnight.

You leave home in the morning as "fit as a fiddle," yet without the slightest warning you contract a sore throat, cold, 'flu', headache or temperature. Contagion is possible anywhere in trains, trams, offices, workrooms, crowded stores or theatres. How to prevent development of sudden attacks is the problem. 'ASPRO' is the answer. 'ASPRO' stops Colds, 'Flu', Sore Throats, and Feverish Attacks at inception, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide, is anti-pyretic (fever reducing), anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. Always take 'ASPRO' according to the directions on the leaflet in the packet.

196/28



## NEW EASY WAY to

CLEAN  
FALSE  
TEETH

No Brushing



Tested and Approved by over 10,000 Dentists

Just shake a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

"Steradent" cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Brings back taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. "Steradent" is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I think 'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried," writes a dentist. "The results obtained from using 'Steradent' are astounding," writes another leading practitioner.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 25c to obtain for trial supply of Steradent (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2315 B.H. G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

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Throat  
SoothingMedicated with throat  
soothing ingredients  
of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS COUGH DROP



## "CONSTIPATION was ruining my health—then I gave ALL-BRAN a trial"

says Mrs. D. Taylor  
of Summergold Kennels,  
Woodville Road, Villawood, N.S.W.

"I want to write and tell you what benefit my husband and I have found in your Kellogg's All-Bran. We used to always have to take medicines, and then one day I read one of your All-Bran advertisements, and I decided to give All-Bran a trial. Now my husband and I are both in much better health, and need take no laxatives. I feel sure that if people only knew of Kellogg's All-Bran, they wouldn't waste time with medicines. Thanking you for such a lovely cereal."

Common Constipation is Caused by Lack  
of "Bulk" in our Diet.

Your doctor will tell you that common constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. Bulk is the fibrous element you get in certain rough grains, vegetables and fruit. Nature needs this "bulk" to exercise the bowels and keep them regular. But, unfortunately, most of the foods we eat such as white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk and butter, contain little or no "bulk."

All-Bran Supplies the "Bulk" Your System Needs. Scientists have proved that Bran supplies the best possible type of "bulk". Acting upon this research, Kellogg's have produced All-Bran—a nut-sweet breakfast cereal which gives you the most effective type of "bulk" in a concentrated form. As All-Bran passes through the system, it forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently cleans the alimentary tract. The peristaltic action of the bowels is resumed in a natural manner.

Order some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day—and you will be free of constipation by this time next week.



**Kellogg's  
ALL-BRAN**  
Cures Constipation  
the Natural Way



"Constipation Was a Real Nightmare Until I Tried All-Bran," writes Mr. A.B. of Ashburton Street, Manly, Sydney. "Towards the end of last year I was nerve, sluggish and always on edge. I saw my doctor and he treated me with laxatives and medicines but they left me worse than before. Now I'm more regular than I've been for some years, and all my sluggishness is gone. Kellogg's All-Bran is my stand-by now—I don't have to take anything else longer."

## North-West Passage

Continued from Page 6

couldn't catch him. Nobody could catch him. He's crazy. He can run for ever."

Crofton, at the edge of the forest, stood up straight and peered at us. When he saw we weren't following, he dropped on all fours again, dug a little, and then, after a final apprehensive glance over his shoulder at us, he passed slowly from our sight, back into the forest.

Something about that strange departure into hell made us take furtive stock of each other in the bright light of the open interval. What we saw wasn't reassuring. I realised for the first time that Rogers was stooped. I had noticed Ogden's stoop some days before, and knew it was due to his wound, but he had recovered from his wound now, and he still stooped. So did Lieutenant Grant. So I realised, did Jesse, Sergeant Bradley, Whip, and most of the others.

And so, it dawned on me, did I. I knew, too, why I did it. My stomach had a peculiar rubbed-together feeling—a sort of knotted tightness that could only be relieved by stooping. I wondered how long I had been doing it. I hadn't been conscious of it before. When I straightened up I had a stomach cramp, so I stooped over again and felt better.

On the 29th we found ourselves in the true Cohase Intervals. In our weariness and stooped emptiness, the labor of climbing up and down those treeless shelves—of going far from the river to skirt gullies and returning only to encounter more—was harder on us, more exhausting, than our travels through the mazes of Lake Memphremagog.

That was the day we lost Bradley. He came to Rogers to say his men were almost dead, and he

thought he'd better hunt a little in the hills beyond the intervals.

He moved off to one side with his detachment; and we expected they'd catch up with us by night-fall, or, at the worst, by next day; but they didn't. At night we reached the fording-place, marked, as Rogers had told us weeks before, by a saddle-shaped mountain. We built a heap of stones in the morning, so Bradley and his men might know where we had crossed; then we floundered through the quick shoal water and clambered up the sandy bank on the far side. From here, looking back, we saw, on the bank we'd left, a scant line of men making their way toward the cairn we'd set up for their guidance.

"Here comes Bradley," Rogers said. "We'll wait for him."

"There's only eight of 'em," Grant remarked.

"Yes," Ogden said, "and Bradley's not one of 'em."

Since Bradley had ten men under him, that meant three were missing.

They made bad going of it crossing the Connecticut River. Those who slipped and fell took a long time to regain their feet; then stood, stooped over, to cough up water. Occasionally, they fell again.

They crawled up our bank weakly, like half-drowned dogs.

"Where's Bradley?" Rogers asked.

"Major," said Kelly, a red-headed Irishman from Suncook, "he went home. He said the Cohase Intervals was just two days from his home in Concord, and the quickest way to get back was to head straight for Concord. He said all of us could have supper at his father's house day after tomorrow if we went that way."

"Concord!" Rogers said. "Where in God's name does he think Concord is?"

"Major," the sergeant said, "the Cohase Intervals are north-west a half north from his father's house in Concord; so he took a right—south-east a half south."

Rogers' mouth twisted. "How'd it happen you didn't go with him?" he asked in a husky voice.

"We didn't like the looks of the mountains," Kelly said. "We told him we'd go our own way. We'd rather follow the Major."

"Who did go with him?" Rogers asked.

"Pomp Whipple and Lew Pote."

Kelly spoke timidly. "Where does the Major think Bradley and them two will be landing up?"

"In the middle of the White Hills," Rogers said. "I noticed that Bradley was wearing a leather hair ribbon and some Indian jewellery. Maybe next summer somebody'll find a strip of leather and a few beads, and be Christian enough to bury what he finds with 'em. Let's get on."

Now we followed, as Rogers had promised, a biased trail; the first we'd seen since the day the path beside the St. Francis vanished in a bog.

It took us high up over the shoulder of the mountain—a crest from which we looked back at a world devoid of life, and forward to a wilderness equally empty. Behind us the Connecticut, like a toy stream, wound back between its intervals; and on all those small drab shelves above the river nothing moved.

Ahead of us was a rugged, wooded valley. We could look straight down it, as along a gun-sight, into the misty distance where our food was waiting.

"There it is," Rogers said. "There's the Ammonoosuc!" He hitched doggedly at the belt of his torn and soggy buckskins, as a man does when at last he's conquered a difficult task.

The valley, when we got into it, wasn't flowing with milk and honey. It was barren and miserable. We forded the rocky bed of the river, returning toward the Connecticut again. The trail, washed out by rains and long disused, dragged at our feet. The best we could do, even down hill, was twelve miles. When men tripped and fell they got to their knees like babies, and pulled themselves up by clinging to saplings or low branches.

That was the 21st of October. Eating nothing at all, we made fifteen miles on the 22nd. And when we tripped and fell, we fell forward, not minding what happened to our faces so that we fell toward the fabulous meals we'd eat at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc. Spurred on by Rogers and by the food that awaited us, we made fifteen miles through a forest stripped of wild life.

We were forced to make camp, that afternoon, while it was still light; for the men were so troubled with hunger cramps that their sense of balance seemed to have gone awry.

I heard Rogers' voice far away; far, far away. I had heard voices like that during a boyhood illness, coming to me from behind a screen at my bedside, faintly, as if they spoke from outside the house.

He was talking about smoke. I heard the word again and again. It woke me.

I rose and crawled forward to where Rogers talked with Ogden, Grant, and Avery.

"I tell you it's smoke!" Rogers insisted. "Open your mouth when you breathe, and breathe easy. Isn't that smoke?"

I sniffed and sniffed, and then I caught it—a faint, elusive fragrance of wood-smoke.

"By James!" Ogden whispered. "I can smell it, Major. Sure as you're born, it is smoke!"

I felt rather than heard Grant laughing convulsively, breathlessly, gasping and gasping for the strength to unleash another convulsion.

Rogers' voice was exultant. "There's only one place that smoke could come from! We're there! We're all right! The food's here! We'll have it by noon to-morrow. I knew we'd make it, by God, and we have!"

We crawled and stumbled down the last three miles of the trail that next morning—the 23rd of October—beneath cold grey skies and against a raw wind that smelted of snow; but we cared nothing for cold or snow when we heard, faint and far ahead of us, a sharp report, followed by two others in quick succession.

There was no mistaking them. They were musket shots, and we had come back again to civilisation—back to a land where there were friends and food; warmth and decent homes.

Rogers raised his arms triumphantly. Holding his musket like a pistol, he fired an answering shot.

Even Jesse Beacham seemed excited. "Here we come!" he said; and he, too, sent a bullet straight upward.

"Put on the kettle!" Avery croaked. His musket spat fire at a solitary crow, high above us. It swerved and increased its speed.

Please turn to Page 38

'But  
surely,  
just a  
scratch.'

Never neglect a scratch—however small. The moment the skin is broken a path for germs is opened.

Use 'Dettol' at once. It is a weapon against infection. Yet for all its high germicidal efficiency, it is non-staining, non-poisonous, even pleasant to smell.

**DETTOL**  
TRADE MARK  
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC



Your Chemist has 'Dettol' . . . price, 2/-  
BECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY

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# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, arrives in America, and, having no money, decides to take a job on the stage. He meets **MARY:** A young dancer, out of work, who tells him she has just been refused a place in a revue being started by

**MR. GRUNTZ:** Theatrical producer. Mandrake determines to help her and himself at the same time, seeks out Gruntz and in his office demonstrates some magical tricks in order to secure a job. The producer is completely bewildered. NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED



## North-West Passage

Continued from Page 36

UP and down the line men called jubilantly in quavering voices, their guns barking in a happy fusillade. McNeal, whose musket had been taken from him by the French, begged the loan of Avery's so to celebrate our safe arrival. He was badly off, and entitled to celebrate. Having no upper garments, he wore Avery's blanket during the day, just as Wansant wore mine. Already the damp blankets had rubbed sores on their shoulders and backs, for the skin was tight over their bones, and therefore tender.

Hungry men can smell smoke enormous distances; and the scent of it now was powerful in our nostrils. We could see, before us, the end of the Ammonoosuc Valley, blocked by the hills on the far side of a greater valley. We had come back to the Connecticut once more, and not only could we glimpse the river itself, swift and turbulent

through the naked trees, but we could see smoke lying against crowded spruces like a veil upon a bride's dark hair.

Rogers, in advance, was shouting hoarsely, thickly-shouting, I supposed, to the men who awaited us with provisions. He must have reached the juncture of the rivers. "Rogers!" I heard him shout. "Major Rogers' detachment, back from St. Francis!" It fantastically occurred to me that we might be taken for a herd of animals from the forest, and shot.

Again he shouted, and now there was something in the sound of his voice that vaguely worried me—a queer uncertainty. I broke into a leaden-footed run, and came out of the forest beside Ogden, Grant, Captain Jacobs, and Konkapot, on a high clearing overlooking a pointed interval, through which the Am-

monoosuc ran to join the broad Connecticut. In the clearing stood a tumbledown deserted fort made of logs from which bark hung in strips.

**R**OGERS, fifty yards ahead of the foremost of the rest of us, slipped down the bank with a sound of rattling stores, sprawled to his knees and rose painfully to his feet. The two Indian boys slid down behind him like little brown skeletons.

On our side of the Connecticut, just below us, was the mouth of the Ammonoosuc, but there was nothing there except water and earth, the interval was empty of any viable human life. But across the Connecticut from us we saw the foamy

mouth of Wells River, entering the greater stream between high banks, and it was from the top of the southern bank of the lesser that the smoke rose, and in thinning layers drifted over the Connecticut to us.

There was nothing near the fire—nothing at the water's edge, no canoe, no bateau, no food: nobody. What was a fire doing, then, burning away with no man near it, where there should have been many men and piled full sacks and boxes and great stores of food. Was something wrong with our starved eyes, that they seemed to see only an abandoned fire, a nightmare ghost of a fire?

There was desperation in the glance Rogers threw us, and his voice was hoarse.

"They've gone and they've taken our food with 'em! They brought it, and then took it away! God knows why!"

He dumped powder in his musket, rapped the butt on the ground, and fired it again.

"Come back!" he shouted downstream. "Come back here!"

My knees and thighs seemed to have turned to jelly; my upper arms to pipe-stems. I got down the bank somehow. I think I fell head over heels down it with a dozen others, and crawled feebly from the heap like an unweaned puppy.

"Fire your guns and shout!" Rogers cried. "Look at the fire! They can't be more than a mile down river! We got to make 'em hear us! We got to get that food back! Oh, God! If only I had a canoe!" He went to the river's edge, and waded in, up to his knees, so to see farther downstream.

We fired and fired; shouted and shouted.

"Listen!" Rogers cried at intervals. Then we'd stand with aching legs and open mouths, listening; but never a sound did we hear save the rollicking, chuckling murmur of the flowing river. One by one the men sank down, seeming to collapse into wasted heaps of rags and bones.

**T**HE rain grew more earnest; came thick, pelting, and icy. Captain Ogden went close to Rogers. "You mean to say some pack of damned dirty rats brought food all the way up here, and haven't waited for us?"

"They did wait for us," Rogers answered haggardly. "They waited clear up to almost now. They waited for us until we heard those shots of theirs a little while ago. They waited until they heard our answering shots, and maybe that's why they left—they thought our firing was from a hostile party. I don't know. Maybe they didn't hear it: the wind was from them. Maybe they were just shooting as they started down river."

"Down river," Ogden repeated. "Gone down river and left us to die here—after what we've been through?"

Abruptly Rogers' face showed an anger that I thought forced. I was watching him wanly, and it seemed to me that although a final bitter anguish had entered into him, he controlled it suddenly, seeing that if he allowed us to despair utterly we should indeed all of us, as Ogden had just said, die.

**"N**O, damn it, no!" Rogers shouted roughly. "Don't be a fool. They're only a mile or so down river! They heard our guns, just the way we heard theirs! They'll be back!"

"Why don't they answer, then?" Ogden cried. "That's the rule—always answer when a man's lost and you hear a musket!"

Rogers caught Ogden's arm and shook it. "I tell you that food'll be back! It'll be back!" He raised his voice. "I guarantee it! It'll be back! Now, Captain Ogden, we'll get all the men up to the fort and build a fire! Get the men on their feet and start 'em toward the fort!"

Not until I saw Rogers dragging and kicking them upright did I realise that his optimistic words had been solely for their benefit; had been spoken in one last effort to save them from giving up.

Rogers sat back on his haunches when we reached the fort and had dug up a few roots. "There," he said. "Those ought to keep us going until we get the raft built."

"Raft?" Ogden echoed blankly. "Raft?"

"How else can I get to No. 4, Captain?" Rogers asked. "That's where our food's gone: back to No. 4 Fort! I've got to get that food; and if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to get even with the rats that never came where I told 'em to come—the mouth of the Ammonoosuc, not across the Connecticut where they left their damned fire! I've got to reach No. 4 somehow, Captain."

"It's sixty miles, Major," Ogden protested. "You'll never make it alone!"

"I thought I'd take Billy," Rogers said mildly, "and maybe a couple of men in case I get hurt—if I can find a couple who'd risk it."

"Well," Ogden said slowly, "I guess I could make it."

"I believe I can too," I said.

I thought Rogers hadn't heard me, for he just stood there, rubbing the back of one of his huge hands with the other. The dirty skin peeled off in little rolls, revealing a star-shaped red mark—an old bullet wound. Then he looked up and grinned at me wearily. "That's good. We'll make a Ranger out of you yet."

The rest of that day and all the next was a dim bad dream. Grey sheets of rain slanted across grey trees and grey mountains; the dirty grey river wound along a brownish-grey trough, through sodden intervals of smutty grey.

We lay in a feeble stupor through October 23. Early on the morning of the 24th, Rogers raked away the fire, unearthed the smoking brown bulbs we had collected the day before, and divided them equally among us. We had four apiece, and I could easily have eaten a bushel. Epicures I suspect, would have scorned them; but none of the epicures I know have ever been almost dead from starvation. If they had, they would know that foods commonly regarded as repulsive by those who have always been well-fed—such foods as dog, horse, snake, seagull, wildcat, skunk, raw fish—are sweeter than ambrosia to men who are truly hungry.

All through the 24th, Rogers devoted his strength to cheering up his men, and when they had swallowed their miserable portions of tawho and katniss, he did a grotesque thing; he made them shave

Please turn to Page 40

## HOW COULD LOVE LIKE OURS FADE SO FAST?



THE ROMANCE IS OVER, PAT! I CAN'T STAND DICK'S INDIFFERENCE ANY LONGER!

BETTY, MAYBE YOU'RE TO BLAME! WHEN WE ROOMED TOGETHER IN UNIVERSITY DAYS YOU NEVER HAD 'B.O.' AREN'T YOU USING LIFEBOUY NOW?



OH, I SWITCH AROUND AMONG THE POPULAR, WELL-KNOWN SOAPS

BUT LIFEBOUY IS THE ONLY ONE OF THE POPULAR SOAPS THAT CONTAINS THE SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT THAT STOPS 'B.O.'



THANKS, PAT! I'M GOING BACK TO LIFEBOUY. I SEEM TO REMEMBER IT WAS GRAND FOR THE COMPLEXION TOO!

NOTHING BETTER! IT'S REALLY VERY MUCH Milder THAN MANY SO-CALLED 'BEAUTY SOAPS'



HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO TAKE CHANCES—ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S SUCH A GLORIOUSLY REFRESHING WAY TO KEEP SAFE!



LATER

DARLING, IT'S GRAND TO BE HOME IN THE EVENINGS! YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST WIFE IN THE WORLD



SHE THINKS

I'LL NEVER DESERT LIFEBOUY AGAIN!



### Use Lifebuoy to guard your skin beauty, too!

**L**IFEBOUY helps bring that clear, healthy bloom of youth to your skin. A leading Australian skin specialist, after making 6,000 tests, says that Lifebuoy is actually milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. In addition to this wonderful mildness you have the benefit of Lifebuoy's special purifying health element. And Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

A LEVER PRODUCT



"Why should I suffer so?"

Mrs. M. L., Liverpool, writes: "I have been suffering greatly each period with agonising pain and came to dread the time each month, but since taking Kalzana there has been hardly any pain."

"It really is quite unnecessary, now that mineral deficiency has been found to be the hidden cause of painful and excessive periods. Kalzana is a mineral food—not a drug—for the body cells on which your entire health depends, and will very soon conquer your trouble. Start taking it to-day. It cannot fail to do you good."

## KALZANA

THE MINERAL FOOD FOR BETTER HEALTH.  
Of all Chemists in this containing 45 and 90 tablets.



# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## DID YOU KNOW—

That Molly Brearley will sail by the *Orontes* for a cruise to Port Moresby this Friday? Molly is the daughter of Dr. E. A. Brearley, of Rose Bay.

## Visitor from Ocean Island

MRS. GEORGE BARRINGTON DANCE, wife of Dr. Dance, of Ocean Island, is very anxious to return to her tropical home after a holiday of some weeks in Sydney. Mrs. Dance is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. J. Abbott, at Vaucluse, and is recovering from a recent illness.

"My home," she told me, "is surrounded by lovely tropical trees and shrubs, including frangipani and rain trees. These are huge trees with foliage like maiden-hair fern and fluffy green flowers. Shrubs are also grown indoors, and almost line the walls from floor to ceiling."

The few hundred Europeans in Ocean Island amuse themselves with golf, night tennis, bridge, and bathing, and their domestic affairs are taken care of by Chinese and Gilbert Island "boys."

A carload of Victorians who will leave for Sydney this Thursday are Mrs. Norman Smith, Mrs. F. Ramsden, Mrs. Dudley Detmold, of Mt. Eliza, and Mrs. A. I. McCutcheon, of East Malvern. Then intend to motor on to Brisbane.

## To Continue Studies

EDNA PEATTIE, the brilliant young pianist who will sail in the *Orontes* this month to continue her musical studies abroad, inherits her musical talent from her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Peattie come from Belfast, as their charming brogue indicates. Mr. Peattie plays the organ and his wife is a singer. Edna will be the principal guest at the party arranged by Mrs. MacDonald Holmes and Mrs. W. S. Dawson at Rose Bay this Tuesday.

Among the guests coming to hear her play are Professor and Mrs. Harvey Sutton, Dr. and Mrs. R. Coupland Winn, Mrs. William Dakin, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Latham, Professor and Mrs. C. E. Pawlitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Arnott.

Mrs. Robert Fowler has deserted her Sydney home for a time and is staying with her parents, Sir Walter and Lady Bruce, in Adelaide.

## Treasure at Collaroy

AN exciting treasure hunt which started at the Harbor Bridge pylon at North Sydney and finished with the finding of the "treasure" at Collaroy was held by the British-American Co-operation Younger Set last Saturday.

The "treasure" proved to be a much-appreciated case of liquid refreshment, and after it was discovered the seekers assembled at Jackson's Road House for supper and dancing.

June Bracken, Florence and Bubs Kerr, Betty Lawrence, Helen Halse Rogers, Gwen Stinson, Dorothy Bowen, Jean Isherwood, Betty Taylor, Frank Bloor, Neville Duncan, and Colin and Victor Matthews were among those who took part in the search. Colin Ashton (president) had the arduous task of arranging the treasure hunt.

## Down for Sheep Show

THE Sheep Show was the reason for the rush of country visitors to Sydney last week. One of the busiest young girls at the show was Margot Body, daughter of the president of the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association, Mr. E. I. Body, of Traralgon. With Mrs. Body they have taken a flat at Hampton Court, and will stay in Sydney until the end of next week.

It was surprising to see Miss Nancy Bird, young aviator, inspecting sheep instead of aeroplanes, but she explained that she became quite interested in the sheep industry when she was flying her ambulance-cum-taxi plane out West.

## Tasman Was Boisterous

THE Tasman was in boisterous mood when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cox, of Wollongong, returned from New Zealand early in the week. They have been holidaying there for several months.

Mrs. Cox intends spending some time at the Queen's Club so that she can see something of her daughter, Ruth Owen, before she sails next month for a holiday in the East.

## Cabled From America

MRS. A. BARRINGTON, of Edgecliff, was thrilled with the cable she received last week from her daughter Joy, whose marriage to Lieut. Stephen Daunis took place in Los Angeles on June 18. Joy and Stephen sent the cable before setting out on their motoring honeymoon through California.

Peggy Murray and Paddy Tebbutt, who travelled across to be bridesmaids at the wedding, have a glorious apartment on the Hollywood Boulevard and are enjoying life immensely. They plan to return home at Christmas time.



A STUDIO PORTRAIT of Pauline Johnson and her brother Sydney, who recently assisted their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, in entertaining at a celebration party given at their Perth home. Both have many Sydney relatives and friends.

Four sisters will be joint hostesses at a dance next month. They are Roma, Pat, Doreen and Lorraine Gedge, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gedge, of Kembla Grange, Rose Bay, where the party will be held on July 25. Roma is away in Melbourne on holidays, but will return home in time for the party.

Alan Crawford, Ian Fliche, Bernard O'Reilly, David Saxby, Tim Jude, and Evan Lewis were others in the cast. Harold Abbott's clever stage settings and the delightful Old-World atmosphere played under the direction of Carl Gotisch helped greatly towards the success of the performances.



## Town Hall Concert

ANOTHER full house at Kirsten Flagstad's concert at the Town Hall last Wednesday. Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Feakes, who heard the famous soprano in New York, were two enthusiastic members of the audience.

Sartorial honors went to Mrs. James Normcople, wearing Schiaparelli's original Gay Nineties model, a black lace gown, strapless, and with yards of material in the skirt. Over it she wore a long coat of pink taffeta with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and her pink suede gloves had little floral bracelets at each wrist.

Three Sydney visitors to Tasmania for the wedding of Pauline Spencer-Parsons to Mr. T. Bowling are Mrs. Fyffe Watt, her daughter, Margaret, and Rosalind Macarthur Onslow. Mrs. Watt is Pauline's aunt, and Margaret and Rosalind will be bridesmaids at the wedding.

## S.U.D.S. Successes

AND here's an orchid worth producer for the Sydney University Dramatic Society. To her many successes she has just added four performances of "The Merchant of Venice," which packed the Great Hall of the University, and will give the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children quite a handsome cheque.

John Bushelle gave an outstandingly good performance as Shylock. Lyndall Barbour was an impressive Portia, and all the other members of the cast gave a good account of themselves. Olive Coppard, one of the seasoned S.U.D.S. players, was quite up to professional standard as Antonio, and Nigel Lovell was a very creditable Bassanio. Rosemary Budge (Nerissa), Hazel Jackson (Jessica), Margaret Dovey, Peter Manzie, Tom Deamer, Alan Crawford, Ian Fliche, Bernard O'Reilly, David Saxby, Tim Jude, and Evan Lewis were others in the cast.

Harold Abbott's clever stage settings and the delightful Old-World atmosphere played under the direction of Carl Gotisch helped greatly towards the success of the performances.



## Bewhiskered Men

WHAT a pity Captain Tony Lawrence was not able to go to the Naughty Nineties Ball at the Australia Hotel last Friday. He had threatened to appear with a long curl down the centre of his forehead and a walrus moustache attached to his upper lip!

The slide-levers and whiskers worn by the men looked much funnier than the naughtiest coiffures of the women, and F. J. Hull and Nuttie Mackellar had great fun peddling their wares of false whiskers. Alexis Albert, Noel Heath, Dick Allen, and Bill Cransting were among the men who caused much amusement "trying on" the whiskers.

The flower-sellers, Heather MacLeod, Nedra Ryrie, Jean Kennedy, and Betty Gosdall, had an easier task disposing of their conventional buttonholes.

## Learnt Spanish on Travels

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Unk White learnt Spanish in London before their sojourn in the Panama Canal region, so it was no wonder they found that part of the world so fascinating. At the exhibition of paintings being shown at the Blaxland Galleries (the opening takes place this Tuesday) there will be many character-sketches and studies from Panama. Mrs. White will wear La Pollera, the fascinating national costume of Panama. The artist is showing pictures depicting life in Heidelberg, Zulu Zee, Costa Rica, Curacao, Malta, Rome, Paris, and London, all sketched while on his recent world tour.

Mrs. D. J. Mackay Sim, of Darling Point, and her daughter, Agnes, will arrive home this week from their trip to the East.

## Valda Aveling at Musicale

VALDA AVELING chose a programme including Bach chorales and pieces by Debussy, Granados, and Chopin for the musicale given in her honor at Elwatan, Castle Hill, the lovely home of Mrs. R. C. Dixon, on Friday afternoon. The young artist looked charming in a frock and coat of turquoise-blue angora and a rust-colored hat.

Among those invited to hear her were Lady Jordan, with whom she is staying, Mrs. Robert Gillespie, Mrs. J. B. Stevenson, Lady Butters, Mrs. Ross Nott, and Mrs. Dowling, from Turramurra.

## Wintery Sunshine

JUST in time for the Governor's arrival, pale gleams of sunshine filtered through the wintry sky at the opening of Parliament on Wednesday. Umbrellas parked near the entrance were hastily hidden before the arrival of the Vice-Regal party. Sartorial honors were divided between the military splendor of Lord Wakehurst, Captain Harding, and army officers, and civilians attending the ceremony.

Our Minister for Health, Mr. FitzSimons, looked very elegant with navy-blue hat to match his navy suit, and Sir Graham Waddell made a late entrance clad in tones of brown from hat to shoes. Walter Pye plumped for navy, and I saw him watching with interest the inspection of the guard.

## Brilliant Perth Party

ONE of the outstanding parties of the winter in Perth was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, of Seafeld, Cottesloe, for their son and daughter, Sydney and Pauline. Pauline, as the legal-seeming summons which served as invitations stated, "first entered an appearance twenty-one years ago," and Sydney was congratulated on his successful completion of the LL.B. course at the Perth University.

Sydney is an Australian Blue for hockey, and both young people and their parents have many friends and relations in Sydney.

## I LIKE—

The boxy cape of navy broadcloth worn by Lola Linton over a moulded gown of navy crepe lacquered with silver pinspots.

## FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If your eyes are rather small—



Don't—

—let your eyebrows grow wild and bushy. They overshadow small eyes, as does too much lipstick, and rouge placed low on the cheeks. Dark eyeshadow makes the eyes appear sunken and they seem even smaller. Heavy bangs must be avoided.

Do—

—tweeze the eyebrows underneath and arch them just as high as possible, still keeping them natural looking. From the outer corner of the eye, pencil a straight line. At the inner corner by the nose, place a dot of rouge—remember your dolls! Use rouge as close as possible under the eyes. Veritable miracles can be accomplished with artificial eyelashes. Experiment with makeup until the desired effect is achieved.

If you are statuesque—



Do—

Do break that monumental silhouette in the full-backed, three-quarter-length coat of pebbly, coarse fabric, and scarf as big as you can afford.

Don't

Don't look tall as a chimney in straight up and down lines.



## "So that's what causes CONSTIPATION"

There is nothing mysterious about the reason why some people suffer from constipation and others don't. It all depends upon the proper working of the muscles of the intestines—and that depends upon their supply of Vitamins.

So deficient is modern diet in Vitamins that doctors will tell you that, to remain fit, you need an additional 200 units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> every day. A tablespoonful of BEMAX supplies you with this.

Do not be lulled into a false sense of security by statements that this or that food contains an "adequate" supply of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>; the actual quantities vary enormously. For example, Wholemeal Bread and "Malt" Foods contain only 10 units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> per ounce, Bran and Milk only 12 units, whereas BEMAX contains no less than 400 units.

Be on the safe side, then, and take BEMAX regularly. It is definitely the safest and most agreeable way of obtaining the extra Vitamins your system needs.

You're bound to benefit from

# BEMAX

200 International Units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in every tablespoonful.

From Chemists and Stores.  
3/4 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

## MAKES SEWING EASIER

Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

**3-IN-ONE OIL**

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## Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than kidney and bladder trouble caused by germs developed in your body during colds or from Blotches or Tonsils or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not find the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs. Germs in the Kidneys and Urinary System may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality-destroying symptoms: Getting up Nightly, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Back Cramps under the Eyes, Dry, Blurred Vision, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching, Itching.

### Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in three ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It acts as a mild, gentle tonic to the Kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.

**Feel 10 Years Younger**

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr.

Stop Getting Up Nights—Sleep Soundly—Feel 10 Years Younger

Stop Getting Up Nights—Sleep Soundly—Feel 10 Years Younger

Stop Getting Up Nights—Sleep Soundly—Feel 10 Years Younger

Stop Getting Up Nights—Sleep Soundly—Feel 10 Years Younger

Stop Getting Up Nights—Sleep Soundly—Feel 10 Years Younger

"I'm going to get food for you, he told them, 'You've got to make yourselves recognizable! I can't tell you apart now; and if you keep on getting hairier while I'm away, why, when I get back here with men carrying food for you, we might take you for catamounts, and shoot hell out of you instead of feeding you!"

It was a task to get some of the men to the river bank, and an even greater task to make them soap their faces—if the soap hadn't a most horrible taste. I think we'd have eaten it long before. The disappointment of the preceding day seemed to have robbed most of them of all their remaining strength. Their razors, unused since September 13, had rusted in spite of the oily rags in which they were wrapped; and their greasy beards, full of pitch, ashes, and dirt, resisted blades painfully.

When that sorry company had washed the blood from their mangled faces, and used their pocket scissors on one another's matted hair, they were startling to see. The cropped heads seemed skull-like; their ravaged faces were so emaciated it seemed shameful to reveal them thus naked. And yet these barbering processes put a little new life into the men. I suppose they were reminded that, after all, they were still human beings. They were even able, when spurred on by Rogers, to hunt for lily bulbs, and to unearth many times the amount we had dug the day before.

He let them go back to the log house, then; and there they lay, half-asleep and half-awake, all through the afternoon, while the downpour still thundered on the roof, and Rogers made loud and hearty conversation.

"Why," he said, talking ostensibly to Ogden, Avery, and Grant, but in reality speaking to the hearing of everybody, "I'll be back here with food in ten days. You can count on it! In the meantime, you can dig lily bulbs; and even if you shouldn't shoot a deer or a moose, you'll have no trouble—no trouble worth mentioning."

Rogers spoke to me. "Towne, you told me, back in Crown Point, that you'd made a study of the Bible. Wouldn't there somebody in the Bible who went forty days without any food at all?"

"Forty days?" I said heavily. "Forty days? Yes, I think somebody in the Bible fasted forty days. Maybe it was our Lord—maybe Moses—maybe Elijah—I think maybe they all did."

"There!" Rogers cried triumphantly. "Do you hear what Towne says, all of you? Towne says even in the Bible there were men that went forty days without the slightest taste of food. Didn't have any good cooked roasts—didn't have any nice hot kettles—didn't have any warm fresh lawns. No, sir, not a damned thing! Not a single bite, did they Towne?"

My brain was stirred into being

H.M. recently wrote:

"For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backaches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 21-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

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You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the only judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Urinary System

## North-West Passage

Continued from Page 38

"I'll be back ten days from to-day," Rogers said. "Ten days from to-day you'll have all you can eat."

He motioned Ogden, the little Indian boy and me to get aboard the raft, edged it into deeper water, and crawled aboard himself. "Push us off," he told Grant.

We moved out into the current. Without a word, without any sound at all, the horde of latidormations, crouching on the bank, watched us go.

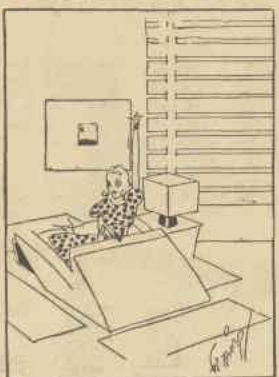
When we passed through riffles, the raft undulated and water splashed between the logs. If we stood, we were dizzy; if we lay down, we were drenched and nearly frozen.

We relieved each other at the steering pole, and on relinquishing it hooked our arms around the uprights of the centre sapling and clung there like dragged, crucified scarecrows. When the current threw the raft toward either shore, we crawled to the edges and plied our flimsy paddles furiously until it was back in mid-stream once more.

"There's cold weather coming," Rogers said. "We'll have to lay up at night; and when we do, we'll tie her in quick water, where she won't get icebound."

We went ashore on a sandy spit when a brook ran in, and anchored by pushing stakes around the craft.

## GIRLIGAGS



"WHEN she seeks beauty in a mud-pack, we might call it the ground work."

there, and then throughout the ruined fort there came the wholesome and saving sound of laughter on the air. The sound increased, grew louder and more voluminous until it finally had body and life to it.

Hell, with such laughter in it, wouldn't be altogether hell, I thought. And after all, the country through which Rogers had led us must have been worse than that through which Moses led the Children of Israel. Moses had led the Children of Israel to safety, and Rogers would do the same for us.

On October 25, the rain stopped and we began to build the raft. The task of rolling the twelve sound logs across the intervals and into the Connecticut seemed, in the beginning, beyond our powers; for at the smallest exertions our muscles quivered and relaxed, so that we could neither grip with our hands nor set our feet firmly against the ground.

Each log resisted us, as might a giant boulder. In the end we learned to kneel before a log and roll it toward us, a few inches at a time—five men to a log that one man, ordinarily, could easily have handled alone.

Those who were weaker cut alder and willow shoots, and dug roots of the red spruce. The spruce roots, knotted together, made lashings as tough as ropes; and the alder and willow shoots, laced from log to log and bound with spruce roots, held the logs firmly.

As a support for ourselves we lashed a spruce sapling across the middle of the raft, leaving a row of branches standing straight up like the teeth of a comb; and to these branches we tied our muskets, powder-horns, haversacks and blankets, to keep them from the water. For paddles we cut young swamp maples, lacing their end-croches with spruce roots.

At dawn on the 27th, Grant and Avery went with us to the raft, while the others hobbled and wavered along behind, straggling like lost sheep. At the water's edge Rogers turned suddenly on Grant. "Repeat your orders."

Grant made an effort to stand straight. "I'm in charge, I'm to keep the men alive till food gets here, I'm to make the men dig bulbs every afternoon. I'm to send out hunting parties every morning." He paused and looked numbly at his feet.

"Whether they want to go or not," Rogers said sharply.

"Yes," Grant said, "whether—whether they want to go or not."

As Rogers had predicted, that night was a bad one—so bad that we had trouble chopping firewood. Our wet clothes were frozen stiff, and we would have been glad for the warmth that comes with hard work, but to swing a hatchet was difficult. By slow hacking—waiting a little and then hacking a little—we felled one tree, a dead one; when it was down, I knew how women feel when they burst into tears after a long trying day's back-breaking over a washbub.

That one tree was gone before daylight. To rise and stamp our feet for warmth seemed beyond our powers. We could only roll ourselves closer and closer to the ashes of the fire, until at last, when morning came, we were lying in them.

The biting cold had held, and next morning, to save ourselves from slipping overboard, we had almost constantly to chip ice from the logs; but we made progress and came disastously to White River Falls in the Connecticut River before noon.

Just how we saved ourselves from going over the falls with the raft, I'll never know. One moment the river was clear and open ahead; the next moment Billy was piping something in a feeble voice, while Rogers shouted, "Push! Push! Left!

Push to the left!" Before us hung a cloud of white mist, boiling upward, and below the rolling vapor there were glimpses of broken and foamy water—downhill stretches of horribly speeding alder.

I splashed with my makeshift paddle until I thought my eyes would burst from my head. I heard straining grunts from Ogden; saw Rogers on his knees, poling like a madman.

The raft trembled, surged, and heaved, spun round in a sinister hurry; and all too close we heard the dismaying great solid sound of a whole river plunging to a lower level. The shore was close, but not close enough. The raft wouldn't go to it.

"Get your guns and jump!" Rogers cried. "Take everything! Take mine! Jump!" He tried to wedge the pole against the bottom. I heard it split.

Ogden and I wrenched muskets, blankets, and powder-horns from the fence of branches in the centre of the raft. I saw Billy, a brown streak, leaping into the brown jet torrent, and then I was conscious myself of the shock of that same cold and speeding brownness all over me, and of uneven rocks beneath my feet; then of being swept under, and of clinging, even so, to a monstrous load of muskets and blankets that I was expected to save, whether I drowned or not.

A hand grasped my shirt and pulled me upright. Rogers had me, and he had Ogden, too. Billy, in the shallows, helped us with the blankets and muskets, and then we were all in the chill mud of the river bank, with the noise of the falls in our ears, and complete anguish in our souls.

"Look!" Rogers shouted, and we saw the raft, midway of the sloping water, rise on edge and turn completely over. It appeared again, broken in the middle, V-shaped, like a cabin roof. A log burst from it and stood upright. What had been a raft became loose logs which rolled and tossed in a creamy smother; hung for a moment on the lip of the falls; then vanished.

"We're lucky," Rogers said. "It looks to me like a good sign, our not staying on that raft any longer."

After we had seen the logs of our raft plunge over the edge of the falls, we dragged ourselves higher up the bank, dropped to the ground, and lay there. Even Rogers was supine for a time—though not for long. He got to his knees. "This is no place to stay," he said. "We can't stay anywhere without a fire. We'd freeze. There'll be wood on the bank below the falls." He stood up, swaying. "That's where we go next," he said. "Come on."

Please turn to Page 41



That's not all! If you use Va-tro-nol at the first sneeze, it PREVENTS many a cold

NOW, it's easy to banish the wretched stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh. Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. The moment you use it, you feel the tingle of Va-tro-nol's keen, stimulating action as it quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and drains the sinuses. It makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

NEXT TIME, don't wait until your nose is all stuffed up. At the first warning sniffle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat where 3 colds out of 4 begin. Used in time, it stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a

cold before it starts. Doctors have proved, in years of scientific tests among 17,353 people, that Va-tro-nol can often help you to escape entirely the days and nights of misery that a cold brings.

Use Va-tro-nol to banish that stuffiness you are suffering now. Then keep it handy, use it early, and prevent your next cold. At all chemists.

More people use it than all other medications of its kind put together.



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL Keep it Handy—Use it Early



## North-West Passage

WE crawled after him; and it was as he said. There was wood in plenty along the shore beyond the falls, though not such wood as would build a raft.

We built ourselves another fence and a roaring fire of driftwood; then stripped ourselves and dried our shredded blankets and our sorry remnants of garments. So tattered and so rotted were those wretched rags that they were next to worthless as covering, and worse than worthless as protection against cold.

We lay beside the fire until the sun had come up to take off the knife-like bite of the air.

"We'll have to eat," Rogers said. "If we don't get something in us we can't stick on a raft."

"What raft?" Ogden asked.

"We'll get a raft," Rogers said.

"I don't know how," Ogden said. "If I try to swing a hatchet I'll cut off my legs."

"Don't worry about that," Rogers said. "I'll get the raft if you'll find the food. Listen!"

Behind us, on the dark slope of the valley, a red squirrel chirped far away another answer.

"There's the food," Rogers said. "There's only one good mouthful to a roasted red squirrel, even if he's hit in the head, but all we need is a few mouthfuls."

"Before you go," he went on, "help me with the wood. There's only one way to get trees for a raft, and that's to burn 'em down."

We stacked piles of firewood at the base of six spruces near the water's edge; then dragged ourselves up the bank, leaving Rogers and Billy crawling from pile to pile, kindling the fires that were to fell the trees we no longer had strength to hack down ourselves.

Ogden and I shot five squirrels during the morning, and found it difficult—not only because we couldn't hurry to a squirrel when we heard one, but because we had to

wait for the squirrels to sit still; then shoot from a nest because of being unable to hold the sights steady unless we did so. Hunger cramps caught us with increasing frequency.

We came back, late in the morning, to find Rogers and Billy still nursing the fires at the bases of the six dry trees.

We skinned and roasted the squirrels, dividing the fifth one equally; and while we picked the meat from their mouse-like bodies one of the trees came down with a crash.

Rogers drove us out again as soon as we had eaten. "Keep on hunting," he told us. "Shoot anything you find. I'll have these trees burned into lengths by the time you get back."

It seemed to me I couldn't drag my legs up the slope of that valley again, but somehow we did it, using our muskets as walking sticks, and leaning frequently against trees. So far as I could feel, my roast squirrel

had done me no good: I needed a side of mutton or a cow's hind-quarter to quiet the aching void within me.

Not far from us a partridge went out of a thicket with a thunderous roar. From the blundering sound he made among the branches, I was sure he had hit at no great distance. Presently I saw a movement at one end of a swelling on the branch of an oak. It was the partridge.

I found a good rest, took careful aim, and let him have it. When he sailed away from the limb on a long slant, Ogden and I stumbled as fast as we could to where he came down.

I went down on my knees and picked him up. He was still warm—the fattest, most beautiful, angelic

partridge I had ever seen. The musket ball had broken his back, and left his breast untouched.

When we returned to the falls, all six trees were down, and under each burned two fires, so as to separate them into proper lengths for a raft. Rogers sat at the edge of the stream, his forehead resting on his drawn-up knees, and beside him lay Billy, asleep.

The Major looked up. He was a sight. His hands and face were black as soot; and his eyes glared at us whitely, looking to see whether we had shot anything. I slipped the partridge's head from under my belt and held it up for him to see.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered. "Let's eat it before our luck changes!"

Before we slept that night the

twelve fires had done their work, and twelve logs lay on the bank, with nothing more to be done to them except get them into the water and fasten them together into a raft. To me, that night, the task appeared about as easy as pushing a porcupine through a musket barrel.

Nowadays, whenever I dream of the building of that second raft, I wake myself up by whimpering aloud, because I've been straining to move a vast log that will not budge, yet must, or death awaits me.

We drove stakes in shallow water, where the bottom was soft. Then we inched a log to the bank, lumbled it to the shingle, and worried it into the stream.

WE couldn't roll it, because we had to leave protruding branches for binding the raft together.

In moving a log we worked however we could; levering it with stakes, sliding it over driftwood; lying on our backs to ease our hunger cramps, and pushing with heels or shoulders, so that from head to foot we were black with soot.

When we had a log in the water we drew it to the fixed stakes, which held it in place while we went for another log. To each one we fastened a hawl switch, so there might be something by which to seize and guide it if it broke loose; and Billy stood guard at the stakes to do what he could in case they gave way.

Please turn to Page 42

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, June 23—

11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins.  
2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, June 30—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, July 1—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, July 2—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 5.30 p.m.: "Hits of the Day."

SUNDAY, July 3—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Vladimir Koning. 6.10 p.m.: "Listening to List."

MONDAY, July 4—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, July 5—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"SURE TO GET IT AT —"

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## North-West Passage

Continued from Page 41

It was noon before we had finished our labors, lashed our muskets and other wretched belongings to the uprights, cut new paddles, and woven a long rope of hazel shoots.

By the time we started poor young Billy, the Indian, had bad cramps, and couldn't even sit upright, so we laid him on some spruce tips in the middle of the raft. With his sharp nose, his closed eyes, his mouth stretched tight over his teeth, and his dusky color, he looked tragically like a mummy without its wrappings.

We worked free of the stakes, poled ourselves slowly into mid-stream, and sank breathless on the raft, regardless of the icy water that welled up between the logs to soak our trembling bodies. Some day, I thought, I must paint a picture of this and call it Purgatory, and then I realised such a picture would have little meaning; it couldn't show the

endlessness of these journeyings—the eternal wetness and shiverings, the aching bruises to soul and body, the everlasting hunger, everlasting toil, and everlasting exhaustion.

Rogers got to his knees, and I heard him say something about falls. The word shocked me into full consciousness. "Falls?" I asked. "More falls?"

"Not bad ones," he said thickly. "Just little falls. Wattoquitchey Falls, seven miles from here. Fifty yards long. Maybe we can ride 'em."

Ogden and I struggled painfully to our feet.

"For God's sake," Ogden said, "why didn't we go there to build the raft?"

"I said 'seven miles,'" Rogers reminded him. "You couldn't march seven miles. And what about him?" He pointed at Billy. "Why, maybe I couldn't even hardly do it myself."

"Can we see these falls before we're on top of 'em?" I asked.

"See 'em?" Rogers said. "We've got to see 'em, haven't we?"

We sighted the falls through thickening snowflakes at three o'clock, and paddled the raft over toward the left bank, so we might have an opportunity to see how they looked.

At first I thought we might indeed possibly ride them, for their total drop was only about ten feet; and the quick water wasn't over fifty yards long. The closer we came, however, the more apparent it was that the raft would never get down safely unless every possible ounce of weight was removed from it. Gouts of foam shot up from the middle of the rapids, proving that the ledges beneath were sharp and dangerous; we could hardly hope to

live if the raft broke up or spilled us in that turmoil.

We let the raft drop down to within a few yards of the quick water, laid one end of it against the bank, and held it there with our paddles. We could see the pool at the bottom—a brown, deep pool, streaked with streamers of foam.

"I don't believe we'd better try it," Rogers said.

"Somebody's got to," Ogden said wearily. "It's the only chance we've got."

"No it isn't," Rogers said. "The best chance is for me to go down to that pool and try to catch her when she comes down."

Ogden, seized with cramp, clutched his middle. "You can't!"

Rogers seemed not to hear him. "That's what we'll do. Take Billy ashore. Take the muskets and the rest of the stuff. I'll hold her while you do it."

Ogden hesitated.

"Captain Ogden!" Rogers said sharply. "You heard me!"

OGDEN moved quickly to obey. We hurriedly collected our rusty muskets, our soaked and tattered rags of blankets, and all our other accoutrements that now were rubbish; then, taking Billy by his pipestem arms, we dragged him to the bank, where he lay all asprawl, no better than a shrivelled little red corpse. At Rogers' orders, we made fast the rope of hazel shoots to the stoutest of the uprights; and Ogden tested the rope while I fastened our paddles to the raft's protruding branches. The rope was firm as a cable.

"Now for God's sake!" Rogers said, "don't let go that rope till I give the signal. It'll take me some time to reach the pool, and I got to undress. When I hold up my arm, turn her loose—let the rope trail. If I miss the raft, maybe I can catch the rope." He fastened his own paddle beside ours, and went ashore.

I joined Ogden, and together we clung to the rope. The raft plucked insistently at it, as if eager to be gone from us.

Picking up his musket, powder-horn, and other belongings, Rogers went slowly from our sight into the dark woods, walking crouched over.

At the edge of the pool the bushes moved apart, and Rogers, a dim figure through the steadily falling snow, could be seen peering along the shore to left and right, seeking, evidently, for a suitable position. Then he went back into the bushes, and reappeared nearer us, crawling out on a flat rock. With agonising slowness he put down his musket, blanket, knapsack, and powder-horn, and painfully undressed.

He crouched at the edge of the rock, staring up at the falls—a lonely, naked, helpless atom in that immensity of roaring white water, drifting snowflakes, creaking forest and towering dark hills. Then he held up his arm and waved.

We let go the rope and floundered to our feet. The raft swung slowly broadside to the current and moved downstream. When it reached the quick water, it bobbed on the white ruffles, flung itself forward.

Rogers lowered himself from the rock. He swam ardently, with awkward jerks, as if his rump strove to rise and force his head under. He stopped once, freed his face from gouts of foam, and rolled on his side to look for the raft, which, again in the grip of the current, moved more rapidly.

He altered his course and swam spasmodically on. He found himself so close to it that he clutched for a log—clutched and missed. He kicked again; got a hand on the raft; another hand. He hung there for a time, his chin on the edge, his legs and body carried beneath the logs by the current; and I, watching him, felt my muscles quake; for I knew that no mere human, with an icy torrent plucking at his starved and weakened limbs, could cling for long to those charred tree-trunks.

As if in answer to my fears, he struggled sluggishly, hitched himself along with fumbling hands, gripped one of the branches we had left as uprights on the logs, and drew himself partly from the water, so that his upper body lay upon the raft—lay so long motionless that I thought he was spent. Then we saw that he was making futile upward movements with his knee. It caught the edge eventually, and he squirmed aboard to lie flat.

"I never thought he'd make it!" Ogden whispered; and I, shaking all over, found that my tongue and throat were dry as chips.

Now Rogers had got to his knees,

"Do You Like Apples?"

I love crisp apples,  
Hard and spilling juice, to  
bite,  
Rich crimson skin  
And then so white, so white.

I love black grapes,  
Long, purpling and sweet,  
I want to say to everyone I  
meet,

"Do you like apples?"  
And "Do you like grapes?"  
Instead of which I have to say,  
"How do you do?"  
Or "What a lovely day!"

—Yvonne Webb.

and we saw him unlash a paddle from the uprights, and begin to work slowly toward shore.

Driftwood from Wattoquitchey Falls warned us and kept us alive that night; and with the first faint greyness of that miserable last day of October—miserable and yet ever-memorable—we put Billy in the middle of the raft, with our blankets under and over him, and pushed out into midstream. The snow had ceased, and had been followed by a wind so bitter that it cut and slashed us like frigid knife-blades.

There were no more falls between Wattoquitchey and Number Four Fort; no more quick water, Rogers said—no, there was nothing but the malignant cold, which seemed determined to finish what the French and the Indians and the evil spirits of the forests and streams had tried so hard to do to us.

"We're going to make it," Rogers said. "By God, I believe we're going to make it!"

It was mid-afternoon when he seized Ogden by the arm. "Look!" he cried. "Look!" He doubled over with a cramp; but thus bent he pointed awkwardly, like an actor playing the part of a hunchback. On the river bank, a hundred yards ahead, two men with axes suddenly stood.

"Why," Ogden said incredulously, "it's people again!" But I don't think Rogers could speak at all, and I know I couldn't.

The two strange, strange figures, men that weren't skeletons, men that were clothed, men that swung axes easily in ruddy strength and health—those two unbelievable men saw us, and came back along the bank hurrying toward us.

"Don't tell 'em anything," Rogers warned us huskily, as we swung the raft in toward the shore. "I'll do the talking. Don't tell anyone a damned thing till we find out all about the dirty skunk that ran off with our food!"

One of the men splashed toward us, caught our rope of hazel switches and drew us to land.

"Where's Number Four?" Rogers asked.

They just stared.

"I'm Rogers," Rogers said.

"Where's Number Four?"


"Rogers!" one of the men said, and a kind of horror was in his face.

"You say you're Rogers?"

"I do!"

"I've often seen you," the man said, swallowing. "It's hard to believe!" He shook his head. "We heard you was dead, Major; and I guess it's true! You was! But, anyhow, you're at Number Four, Major. It's right here, and we'll help you to the fort!"

To Be Continued



Like the  
sands of the  
hour-glass, it  
runs freely and  
evenly to the last  
grain.

**Cerebos**

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admire a lovely complexion! And it's  
really very easy to keep skin smooth and  
soft the LUX TOILET SOAP way."

*Olivia de Havilland*

A Warner Bros. Star in  
"Gold Diggers of Paris"

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*Olivia de Havilland*

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dazzlingly lovely with LUX TOILET SOAP

To women all over the world who see in Hollywood's shining stars the ultimate expression of beauty—to women all over the world who really treasure a lovely skin—captivating Olivia de Havilland gives this beauty secret! It's very simple—just regular use of Lux Toilet Soap—to

keep her complexion flawlessly beautiful, vibrantly clear! And that's the secret of 9 out of 10 of Hollywood's most glamorous stars! Take their advice—follow their example—use Lux Toilet Soap and replace dullness and drabness with clear, youthful radiance!

### Protect softening skin oils . . . use Lux Toilet Soap ~ its Supercreamed

Parched skin, to-day—wrinkles to-morrow! There's the sad story of ordinary soaps that dry up the natural oils of your skin! But Lux Toilet Soap is different—it's Supercreamed! Into each tablet goes a little of a precious skin cream—to guard those vital oils that keep your complexion soft, smooth and supple, without a line in sight!



Make this test—  
and see for yourself

Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now, or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual CREAM you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 2, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## You Must Have Slender... SATIN-SMOOTH ARMS...

And lovely shoulders  
to look glamorous in  
your evening gowns



LANA TURNER, the young Warner Bros. star, never fails to cream her elbows nightly. This helps to keep them smooth and free from roughness and redness.

**WOMEN'S** arms have always been themes for poets, painters, and sculptors.

To be lovely, arms should be firm, slender and well-formed. Scrawny arms with sharp elbows are not beautiful to look at, neither are fat, flabby arms.

Fat, flabby upper arms generally indicate a lack of muscular tone. And exercise is what is needed to smooth away the adipose tissue and to substitute firmness for flabbiness.

The following exercises are guaranteed to make them slender and beautifully rounded if practised religiously:

**Exercise (1):** Stand erect, arms at the sides, legs together. Swing the arms up and down rapidly and forcefully in a forward movement, alternating right and left.

**Exercise (2):** Stand erect, arms at sides. Keeping the elbows stiff, clap the hands overhead. Then, with the elbows still held stiffly, swing the arms downward, and clap the hands behind the back.

### These Are Good

**EXERCISE (3):** Stand erect, legs together, arms extended sideways. Bend the elbows and bring the arms up to the shoulders.

Then stretch the arms straight overhead, and return them briskly to first position again.

**Exercise (4):** Stand erect, legs together, arms extended sideways at shoulder level.

Swing the arms across the body, right arm above, then back as far as they will freely go.

Repeat this entire movement, swinging the arms with the left above.

If your arms pass muster in so far as their shapeliness is concerned, inspect them for skin flaws. Beautiful arms must not only be

shapely, but also be smooth and clear-skinned, you know.

If the skin has become rough and goosefleshy, when taking your nightly bath scrub your arms with a good soap and tepid water, using a small flesh brush.

This will remove any deadened bits of cuticle and will stimulate the circulation in the skin.

Be sure to dry your skin very thoroughly afterwards, for sometimes it is moisture and chapping which cause roughness and redness.

After drying your arms, rub in some cream with firm, rotary massage movements. This procedure will make the skin soft, smooth and velvety.

And here's another tip: Every night when you use your cold cream or skin food on your face, rub it also into your elbows to keep the skin smooth and soft.

When you wear evening dress, rub a little vanishing cream or foundation cream into your elbows and powder over this.

Those troubled with dark, superfluous hair growth on the arms need not fret about it, because it can be bleached this way:

Add one part of peroxide (full strength) to four parts of lemon juice and six parts baking soda.

If necessary, add a few drops of water to make into a paste. Mix well, and apply thickly to arms at night. Allow to dry before slipping into bed.

Wash off with warm water and soap in the morning.

Continue this treatment regularly until hair growth is bleached.

By  
EVELYN



TO WEAR effectively the smart new evening gowns your arms must not be bulky or elbows rough and red, or shoulders scrawny. They should be firm and slender, graceful-looking, with smooth, velvety skin. Note the attractiveness of Claire Trevor's shoulders and Ruth Peterson's arms. Both are Fox film studio stars.

By the way, here is an excellent three-in-one exercise for reducing the upper arms, filling out scrawny shoulders, and keeping the bust firm:

Stand erect near an open window, shoulders well back, heels about three inches apart, arms out at shoulder height, palms upward.

Now twirl the arms twenty times backwards and twenty times forwards, keeping the action in the shoulder joints.

Next breathe deeply enough to raise the upper part of the thorax. Repeat twenty times.

## COMPACTS

A LITTLE dab of rouge beneath the tip of the nose will make it look shorter, and a slight shadow down the centre ridge above the lips will shorten the too-long upper lip. Call attention to your dimpled chin with rouge. A faint smoothing of rouge on the chin also shortens the face.

MANY girls complain of a shiny face even within an hour after making up. So, after you have cleansed your face preparatory to making up, pat it well with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in cold water and skin tonic, as this will close the pores and help to prevent any greasiness.

Then, while the face is still slightly damp with tonic, apply your foundation cream and proceed with your make-up.

WRINKLES round the eyes are due to many things besides age. Even young girls may have them if their eyes are at all strained. Rest your eyes as much as possible, therefore, and pat in a little wrinkle oil each night when you go to bed.

Leave it on till morning, and you will find that the wrinkles will themselves gradually smooth out.

## GET WISE MISS Scrub-Hard



Good brushing isn't enough! To make teeth really sparkle, you need the right tooth paste, too — Pepsodent containing IRIUM. It ends Scrub-Hard disappointment, is the complete formula for beautiful teeth!

**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
Pepsodent gently floats film away — instead of scraping it off.  
— *Thorough!*

**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . . contains NO GRIT . . . NO PUMICE.  
— *Safe!*

**BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .**  
Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome.  
— *Refreshing!*

**PEPSODENT**  
ALONE among dentifrices CONTAINS  
**IRIUM** THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

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4-10-38



## Eyes Right!

Neglect and ill-health  
Mar Their Beauty

**PATIENT:** What causes a sty in the eye? Is there some way of preventing this complaint?

**WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME**  
By a Doctor

**SOME** persons are extremely susceptible to this condition. Others rarely, if ever, suffer from it. This is because of the differences in the resistance to one or another germ.

Some have a temporary or a more or less permanent lowering of resistance, without the ability to ward off an infection.

This lowered resistance is sometimes traced to lack of sleep, overwork, over-exposure to cold, or over-exertion. It may follow over-use of the eyes. Often it comes from exposure to dust or irritating fumes.

Certain glands are found along the margins of the eyelids. These glands are easily contaminated by dirt and germs. In that event it is not long before pus forms.

An abscess soon develops. We have then what is called a sty. The victim notices redness of the eyelid and more or less discomfort. Within a few days the lid becomes puffed and swollen. Soon, on close examination, a small yellow spot will be seen in the centre of the swelling.

The abscess grows larger and becomes more and more painful. It may rupture and permit the pus to escape. When this happens, pain is immediately relieved. But very likely the abscess will re-form and point up at another spot on the lid.



EYES are poetically referred to as the mirrors of the soul, but to your medical practitioner they are a true indicator of health.

It is well to apply hot applications of boric acid solution. Continue these until the abscess is pointed and ready to be opened, which will be done by your physician.

Never squeeze a sty because, like the boil, it may spread the infection if the tissues are bruised.

The hot applications may be continued even after the abscess has been opened. Make sure that you discard the contaminated cotton or gauze. Wash your hands carefully before, and after, applying the wet compresses. Upon arising, clean the eyelids with warm boric acid solution.

## FOR Young WIVES . . . and MOTHERS

BY A TRUBY KING  
EXPERT

**M**ANY young mothers who unfortunately have to give their babes additional food besides the breast milk have written asking for instructions on "Complementary Feeding."

Here are brief instructions on the subject, but the coupon below may be used for additional information is required.

By complementary feeding is meant the making up of a shortage—suspected or proved—of the natural food by a properly modified milk mixture suited to the individual baby's age and need. When successfully carried out, it can be done from the early weeks right up to the weaning period of nine months, or even later, and is a valuable method of feeding.

A proportion of breast milk helps baby to easily digest the artificial food, and it is a safeguard, especially in the hot weather, against any infection, such as "summer diarrhoea," as it gives a greater power of resistance and also a greater immunity to other diseases.

Even if baby gets the proportion of only one-third of breast milk, it is advisable if the mother is in good health for her to persevere with this "mixed feeding."

The following points to observe in making complementary feeding successful may therefore prove helpful to young mothers:

(1) If baby does not seem to be satisfied at the end of the meal, and wakes up about an hour before the next feed is due, and "wines," and

also wakes perhaps once or twice during the night, underfeeding can be suspected as the cause.

(2) It is wise, if possible, to give several test-feeds on reliable scales to see if baby is really going short and to get an indication of how much artificial food to give.

Small gains in stationary weight are also signs of underfeeding.

However, restlessness is also a sign of overfeeding, and it is sometimes rather difficult for an inexperienced mother to know whether she is underfeeding or overfeeding her babe.

In the latter condition there is usually "putting up" just after a feed, or vomiting between meals, as well as frequent large green and curdy motions, restlessness and wind. In underfeeding, however, motions often occur at infrequent intervals.

3. When it is found necessary to give a complementary feed, there must not be haphazard methods of

making the milk-mixture or of introducing it.

Expert advice as to how to modify it properly should be sought, and help is now available to all who seek it.

4. A bottle feed should never be substituted for a breast feed. This is the thin end of the wedge of weaning, as the breasts, not receiving the usual stimulus of the baby's suction at that time, do not secrete so much milk, and the supply tends to fall a little. Both breasts should be given first, and the complementary feed afterwards.

5. The extra food supply should only be given after the feeds at which it is considered baby is going short. Often the first two feeds of the day do not need to be complemented until the supply has diminished considerably.

6. Everything needed for the complement should be ready beforehand so that the bottle feed is given immediately after the breast feed, only waiting to get baby's wind up before giving it.

7. If being given by bottle (and if baby is a young baby it is best given by bottle) it should be seen that the teat is a properly regulated one. The hole must be of medium size.

8. It is better, especially in the first weeks of baby's life, to give a little less complement than too much, or even the correct quantity required, as, if baby is slightly hungry, he will go more readily to the breast and thus stimulate them and help to increase the supply.

9. The aim, especially if the complement is given in the early weeks, should be to try to increase the milk supply, so that the artificial feeding will only need to be given for a short period.

### Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4298YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age .....

Birth Weight .....

Present Weight .....

(without clothing.)

Have you written before? (Yes

or no) .....

Today is the day—  
"THIS TIME I'LL TRY  
IPANA!"

Do something about that dingy smile—heed that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Be modern. Give your gums, as well as your teeth, the special care they need.

**H**AS THE winning, natural sparkle gone out of your smile? Is it spoiled by dingy, unattractive teeth? If that's your trouble then why not remember that modern dentistry suggests and emphasizes that gums as well as teeth need daily care.

Act wisely and act quickly. If you've seen that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Gums deprived of exercise by modern soft foods"—"gums that need more work"—and very often "Gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Get Ipana—today! For Ipana, with gum massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Massage a little Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums each time you clean your teeth. It will help bring a new firmness to your gums—a brighter lustre to your teeth—a gay and sparkling charm to your smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



Let Ipana and massage help improve the brilliance of your smile!



CHANGE TO

**Ipana**  
AND GUM MASSAGE



For the Small Flat . . .

# DUAL-PURPOSE FURNITURE

By Air Mail  
From  
MARY  
ST. CLAIRE  
Our Special  
Representative  
in London.

*New designs show ingenuity in planning... solve the space problems of tiny rooms beautifully.*

**F**URNISHING the small flat is no longer the problem it used to be. That is, if you start from scratch to do it!

It is not the thing to try to fit massive pieces, however beautiful, into small spaces any more, or to cling to treasures that have outlived their day.

The new tradition in furnishing is as modern as its watchword—liveability—and that now includes beauty as well as practicality.



ABOVE: Attractive white birch with darker trim makes a small dining-room smart. In the extreme right-hand corner of the picture is shown a "nest" of tables or benches. Note the design of these—they are worth copying. Observe, also, the narrow design of the traymobile.

—Photos by courtesy HEAL'S, London



HAVE YOU ever seen a smaller dressing-table than the one shown above?

The bed is fitted with spacious drawers for storing personal needs or household linen. And yet it is attractive with its plain circular mirror. Note the wall bookcase in the bed-sitting-room. In this room, the cupboard and desk can be rearranged for variation as they are all of the same dimensions.



HEAL'S, in London, have created the smart folding sideboard and dining-table. When not in use the table and benches close up, simulating a cupboard.

**T**HE small flat growing more and more popular in London, is now as smart as it is convenient.

One of its characteristics is that furniture which lives a dual life now does it with grace. It is no longer necessary to clear the table quickly after having dined on it, so that you can play bridge, or put the lamps back for reading.

The latest method of solving the food problem in a small space is to have a built-in sideboard dining-table which folds up very much in the manner of the old wall bed, except that it then turns into a smart cupboard.

Open, the table lets down and is supported by a straight piece of wood that folds flat when closed again. Benches also let down on either side and are supported in the same way.

Recessed about a foot deep behind the table and benches form cupboard spaces where books, dishes or similar objects may be stored.

Carefully arranged, they form a decorative note when the table and benches are in use. The table has extension pieces if desired, and may be finished in a heat-proof composition which defies the burns of cigarettes or the "rings" left by the strongest cocktail.

If it is not necessary to have this type of folding dining arrangement, there are many other combinations of furniture which solve the small-space problem. Benches, for instance, which can be fitted on top of each other "nest fashion" when not needed, are most useful.

For the small bedroom, or the

bed-sitting-room, there are many types of smart new furniture—plain rectangular cupboards or half-size wardrobes, which, being built in corresponding dimensions, can be rearranged from time to time for variation.

The new "utility" beds are fitted with either drawers or bedding spaces underneath, and afford generous amounts of room for storing linen, shoes, or anything which does not need to be hung up.

The bookcase, of course, is the answer to many a householder's prayer, and it is a good idea always to have it designed to suit the space in question. The combination bookcase and cupboard is not only attractive and popular, but aesthetically desirable as it avoids those ugly, monotonous lines.

One of the most practical bookcases recently devised, and one which could be adapted to any individual space, has been made to fit a corner.

It has a full-length narrow door at one end, leading to a space along the wall, where the bane of the housewife's existence—the bridge table—can be secreted when not in use.

The rounded corner joining this door is used for books or ornaments, and there are more shelves along the front.

## WOMEN

Relieve  
**PAIN**  
Regularly with

Genuine

# VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY—"VINCENT'S"



# We now present the COSIEST, Smartest of HAND-KNITS

IT'S the very latest Continental style of waistcoat cardigan. Subtly designed, slenderising, flattering, it will also keep you snug against the chilliest weather.

EVERY knitting enthusiast will want to make this delightful waistcoat cardigan.

Its smart appearance and graceful, slimming lines will appeal to all well-dressed women. Novel

covered buttons down the front and pleated sleeves add to its charm.

Add a colorful scarf for extra warmth during these cold winter months, and defy the icy blast. In the breast pocket add a bright

handkerchief just for fun.

The directions are very simple and easy to follow, and the pattern is one of the loveliest—yet even a beginner can follow it.

So buy your wool and start it now! Knit anywhere—trains, boats, buses, in the home—any time. You will not be very long making it, and when finished you and the cardigan will be the centre of many admiring friends.

**Materials:** 7oz. 2-ply wool (Angora, if liked), 1 pair needles No. 10, 1 spare needle, 10 button moulds, 1 medium crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 21 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; c. cross.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

## THE BACK

**COMMENCE** at lower edge. Using No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. (k. into the back of cast on sts.), p. 1 row. Then work in pattern as follows:

**1st Row** (right side of work): \* k. 1, p. 2, cross the next 2 sts. to form a cable as follows: Slip the first st. on to a spare needle and hold it to the front of work, k. the next st., then k. the st. from the spare needle, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Knit the sts. that were purled in the preceding row and purl those that were knitted.

**3rd Row:** \* k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 2. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**4th Row:** Repeat 2nd row. These 4 rows complete pattern and are repeated throughout. Continue in pattern and dec. 1 st. at each end of the 18th row and every 2nd row following 3 times.

The back now measures 21 inches and the waist has been reached. Inc. 1 st. each end of the



THERE IS SOMETHING very distinctive about this slenderising hand-knit, and yet it is practical and suitable for so many occasions. It is worked in 2-ply wool. Imagine how cosy it would be in Angora! The knitting instructions given below can be followed with easy confidence.

## For Beginners

HERE is the way to join wool: For 4-ply wool, knit to within 3 inches of the end of your wool. Unravel it and break off two of the four strands. Repeat at the end of the new ball and wind the two ends together.

For 3-ply, take one strand from one end and two from the other and wind together.

For 2-ply, leave about 2 inches and start the new ball, leaving the same amount. When the work is finished, darn both ends neatly into the work.

If any pattern is to be embroidered on to the garment, as is often the case with baby clothes, always embroider the design on after pressing and before making up.

Change to pattern and work as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of the 10th row and every 6th row following until increased to 108 sts.

Work even in pattern until sleeve measures 21 inches; shape top by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

Then k. 2 tog. at each end of the next row and every 3rd row following 3 times.

Work 8 rows, k. 2 tog., at each end of next 10 rows, then every 3rd row 4 times. Then k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

PRESS with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, pleating at shoulders as shown in illustration.

Stitch the pockets into position. Work 1 row of double crochet around neck and along front openings.

Cover the button moulds with knitted squares, and sew on to left front to correspond with buttonholes.

Work 1 row of double crochet along the top of pockets.

Turn back ribbing to form cuffs.

## Pond's Two Creams bring to women the active "Skin-Vitamin"



LADY  
IRENE CRAWFORD  
says:  
"My skin  
is smoother."

"I've been using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin' and the improvement in my skin in just three weeks is marvellous. The pores are much finer. My skin is smoother. Lines are gone. And my skin glows with color."—Lady Irene Crawford.

## More direct aid to Skin Beauty

ONLY four years ago doctors had just learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, actually healed skin quicker in burns and wounds. Then Pond's began to study what this vitamin might do for skin if put in Pond's creams. Today—you can have its benefits for your skin in Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream.

**POND'S COLD CREAM**—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths. Put it in brisky to invigorate the skin, fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

**POND'S VANISHING CREAM**—Removes roughness; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin." And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.



Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old-looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Listen to "Your Cavalier" 2CH at 11 a.m. every Tuesday, 2KY at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday, 3DB-CK at 7.30 p.m. every Tuesday, 3AW at 3 p.m. every Thursday, 4BK-AR at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday, 5AD-MU-P1 at 10.30 a.m. every Monday and 5ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

## FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams.

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel), Light Cream (L.), Rose Cream (Natural), Dark Brunette (Sylvian), J., Rose Brunette (Natural).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
POND'S DEPT. X25, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne.



HERE IS SHOWN a close-up of the attractive stitch which features a very fine cable. The pattern and design of this waistcoat cardigan are certainly flattering to the figure. It will appeal to smart women everywhere. Remember, directions are very easy to follow.

25th row and every 9th row following 11 times.

Work even and when back measures 12½ inches shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Work even until armholes measure 7½ inches.

Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

## RIGHT FRONT

AS may be seen from the illustration, the lower part of the centre edge runs diagonally.

Commence at the lower edge. Using No. 10 needles, cast on 53 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), p. 1 row. Then work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at centre edge

of the 3rd row and every 2nd row following 15 times, at the same time dec. 1 st. at seam edge of the 18th row and every 2nd row following 3 times.

Then increase 1 st. at seam edge of the 34th row and every 8th row following 10 times.

Make the first buttonhole in the 39th row as follows:

**39th Row:** Work 4 sts. in pattern, cast off 4 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

**40th Row:** Work in pattern to last 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 4 sts. Continue in pattern, and make another buttonhole in the 53rd and 54th rows and every 14th and 15th rows following 8 times.

When work measures 12½ inches, shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge at beginning of next row, then cast off 2 sts. at armhole edge at beginning of every 2nd row 3 times.

Work even at armhole edge, and when the 16th buttonhole is completed work 4 rows, then shape neck by casting off 7 sts. at neck edge of next row.

Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 36 sts. remain.

Work even in pattern until arm-



hole measures 7½ inches; shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times.

**Left Front:** Using No. 10 needles cast on 53 sts., and work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes.

**Pockets (large 2):** For each one of the lower pockets cast on 30 sts. (which should measure 4 inches), and work in pattern for 11 inches. Cast off.

**Pockets (small 2):** For each one of the breast pockets cast on 21 sts., and work in pattern for 11 inches. Cast off.

## THE SLEEVES (both alike).

USING No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts., work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2, for 4 inches.



# REGAL Beauty of GLADIOLI

Grow them for garden glory as well as for indoor decoration, but mass them for spectacular success . . .

—Says the OLD GARDENER

**G**LADIOLI will adapt themselves to almost any soil, and under most conditions will give a good account of themselves.

This beautiful type of flower has been improved of late to such an extent that it seems impossible for the hybridiser to make any further improvement with it.

The Australian types of gladioli have surpassed many of the imported varieties, and to-day can hold their own against the imported bulbs.

All they require is a little care, good soil, and plenty of water during the growing period, and then they will produce those beautiful long spikes of blooms which are the admiration of all flower lovers.

Main seasons for planting are June, July, and August, then again in February, or the planting even can be commenced in the middle of January.

Of course, with the January and February planting, climatic conditions must be taken into consideration. Where there is a likelihood of early frosts it would not be advisable to plant. In that case, a planting can be made in December, then the flowering period will have been completed by the time early frosts make their appearance.

Of course, along the coastline, gladioli can be planted all the year round, but to have the choicest blooms, June, July and August are the best planting months.

The right type of soil is a medium loam, with a fair amount of body in it. The finest soil is that which has been heavily manured for a previous crop.

On no account must fresh manure be used at planting time.

When the spikes begin to make their appearance, then is the time to pour in plenty of liquid manure—little and often being the rule.

## Liquid Manuring

**T**HOSE who are thinking of growing gladioli for exhibition purposes should keep this in mind. The correct time to apply liquid manure is when the buds begin to form.

This applies to all flowering plants. If your soil should be of a sandy or light nature, build it up by adding good, loamy soil, or plenty of well-decayed cow manure. But should the soil be of a heavy nature it will need breaking down with either horse manure, well decayed, or course, sand or peat moss.

This valuable material, peat moss, which is being largely used of late, has certainly become an acquisition to the garden. Not only is it a fertilizer, but it possesses water-holding capacities.

Another splendid fertilizer to use where animal manure is scarce is blood and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal parts.

Scatter a good double handful to the square yard and fork lightly in.



TALL SPIKES of loveliness . . . These easily-grown gladioli are worth an honored place in every garden. Plant them now.

corns of one variety planted in groups makes a pleasing display, much better than a group of mixed varieties.

Last year I saw a bed planted in mixed colors, and although there were some splendid blooms among them their beauty was lessened because of the mixed planting.

Groups of one color here and there throughout the large gardens are very pleasing to the eye. In small gardens, two or three of the one color attract.

Another point in favor of group planting: Each variety will flower simultaneously, whereas in haphazard planting one seems to bloom long after the other, for all gladioli do not flower together.

Long, narrow beds are ideal for group planting, as the blooms can be gathered from either side without trampling on the beds.

## Depth of Planting

**T**HE large bulbs must be planted fairly deep, say from four to six inches, according to the nature of the soil—light soils deeper, and heavy soil not so deep, say three to four inches.

If the bulbs, or corns, be small, three to four inches is sufficient, according, of course, to the nature of the soil.

After planting has been completed, the surface can be brought to a very fine tilth, but be sure to mark the position where the groups of bulbs are planted.

Then the whole of the bed can be planted with phlox Drummondii, peonies, or any other small plants.

This manner of planting will reward you with a splendid splash of color. Moreover, the phlox, peonies, etc., act as a mulch during the hot weather, and so help to conserve the moisture.

Gladioli should be lifted and stored when the foliage has died down, and not before.

The foliage left to die on the bulb helps it to store up life for the coming year. If dug too soon it is weakened.

Store the bulbs in a cool, airy room or shed. Too much heat will shrivel and so destroy the bulbs.

The gladioli will suffer with three diseases if care is not taken to check them.

The bacterial scab seems to have a good hold in many districts, and appears as a red-rusty to a brown or purple spot on many leaves, and beginning on the lower portion of them. The infection spreads rapidly in warm weather.

Hard rot is another trouble, first showing in a reddish-brown on the bulbs, which later dry into a hard, wrinkled state.

Sometimes the leaves develop a spotty appearance, the base of the plant becomes dwarfed and it dies, failing to produce any blooms whatsoever.

Dry rot is another fairly common trouble.

To control this trouble, clean and disinfect the bulbs thoroughly. Calomel, which is known as mercurous chloride, will give very good results,

## WHEN TO CUT BLOOMS

**T**HE BEST TIME to cut gladioli for indoor decoration is when the lower buds are about to open. They will then last much longer in water, and every bud growing up the stem will gradually unfold in all its delicate or rich, exotic beauty.

and does not injure the bulbs. Use four to six ounces of calomel to one gallon of water. The bulbs should be dipped in and out of this solution until they become coated evenly all over.

Or you can soak the bulbs in corrosive sublimate, making the strength 1 in 1000. Leave for about two hours, then drain off and plant immediately.

Spraying the plants from time to time during their growing period with bordeaux mixture is also helpful.

Thrip also makes its appearance very often. This pest hides in the buds and leaf sheaths, and sucks out the plant juice. Thrip is usually a pest during hot, dry weather. To control this, burn all rubbish around the garden, and deep-dig the plot where the bulbs are to grow.

## Excellent Spray

**A** SPRAYING during the growing season with a solution made from one level tablespoon of paris green and 2lb. brown sugar, mixed in three gallons of water, is good. Another good spray is one part of pyrethrum, or nicotine sulphate, to 200 parts of water.

When storing the bulbs, place in paper bags, allowing 1oz. of flakes of naphthalene to every 100 bulbs, and before planting the next season submerge them in one part of corrosive sublimate to 1000 parts of water. This will keep them free of thrip.

The names of some of those worth growing: Yellow Perfection, Sultan, Pearl of California, Rose Ash, Sheila, W. H. Phipps, Victor, Silverheaven, Purple Glory, Waratah, Rameses, Wolfgang Von Goethe, Alpheus, Odalisque, Nimrod, Pallas, Mother Machree, Kiata, Laidley, Morocco, Melessa, and Alda.



"—and so the poor dog had none"

The remains of yesterday's joint was made into "To-day's special," with "GRAVOX." It makes "left-overs" into tasty dishes and provides rich gravy for ALL DINNERS.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS instantly. Send 1d. stamp for FREE SAMPLE.



## Mother

has Heartburn

For swift, sure relief from Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Flatulence and other digestive troubles, you will find DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA never fails. It is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is so safe, so reliable. DINNEFORD'S is also the most natural of laxatives. Now obtainable in Tablets, as well as the original Pure Fluid. You know so well. Made only by Dinneford & Co. Ltd., London, England.

Get the DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

D.N.Z.24

## Is it fair to give your child disagreeable laxatives?



## Make sure of PLEASANT TASTE—GENTLE ACTION

No matter how carefully you watch your youngsters' food and see that they have proper rest and exercise—they will suffer occasional upsets which call for a prompt and thorough intestinal cleansing. Just remember this, advice your own doctor would give you—

The right laxative for a youngster is a child's laxative—not something intended for grown-ups. When a child fights against taking such doses, he probably has good cause. The taste may be offensive, or the action harsh and disagreeable.

So, for your youngsters' sake, try "California Syrup of Figs"—"Califig."

It's a real child's remedy. In flavour, as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And in action, just as gentle as mild vegetable ingredients can make it. Doctors, knowing this about "California Syrup of Figs," recommend it to mothers. This same pleasant effectiveness also makes it suitable for others in the family—your own old, especially for women—with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher laxatives.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Califig" on the package.

**'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'**  
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

New Frocks not needed NOW

BUT THEY SHOULD—WASH THEM IN RINSO AND SEE HOW BRIGHT AND OAY THE COLOURS STAY

IF RINSO DOES THAT, I'LL BE USING IT EVERY TIME FOR MY COLOURS.

**RINSO for brighter—clearer Colours**

Make rich, lukewarm Rinsos and give silks, woollens and all coloured things a few minutes' gentle run-through. Squeeze and wring around to loosen and remove the dirt. No rubbing, twisting or wringing. Rinse well and dry in the shade.

4.246.25

A LEVER PRODUCT





# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

New, Arresting Styles for  
Business, Holiday, and Im-  
portant Social Occasions

PATTERNS AVAILABLE NOW

## YOUTHFUL OVERALLS

WW2304. — Well-cut, tailored overalls, useful for holiday and country wear. Sizes, 8-14 years. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 16d.

## PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



**IDEAL FOR BUSINESS**  
WW2302.—A very smart style for day wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



**JUMPER SUIT**  
WW2303.—Charming jumper suit, with unusual cuttings on jumper. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



## COSY CAPE

WW2305.—Cosy and chic, this cape will be simple to make. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## GIRL'S MODE

WW2306.—Dressy, becoming style for the little girl 6-14 years of age. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 16d.

## EVENING MODEL

WW2307.—Slim-fitting hipline, flowing skirt and unusual back are lovely notes to this charming evening gown. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## SWAGGER COAT

WW2308.—Swagger coat with wing collar, ideal for sports occasions. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 3½ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



## SMART CONTRAST

WW2308.—Double Peter Pan collar and new shaped pockets are features of this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. 1 yard trimming. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Fronts, Collar and New Sleeve

Five Charming Ideas for  
Winter Smartness

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three fronts, sleeve, and collar and bow as illustrated at right.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office. Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust. Material required, 36 inches wide.

No. 1, SLEEVE, requires 1 yard. No. 2, FRONT, requires 1 yard. No. 3, FRONT, requires 1 yard. No. 4, FRONT, requires 1 yard. No. 5, COLLAR AND BOW, requires 1 yard.

## Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," in any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 366A, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE.—Box 499F, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY.—Box 4200Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 113 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 2/7/38





## Needlework Notions

# GAY LINENS for YOUR HOME!

*This zinnia set, traced all in readiness for your embroidery needle, is designed to bring new charm and vivacity to your sideboard and dining-table.*

THE very young beginner and the woman who wishes to make something beautiful quickly will find this zinnia set a joy to embroider.

The linen pieces are easy to handle and may be picked up during leisure moments throughout the day and worked quickly and well.

You may purchase a four-piece set for sideboard and dining-table (note illustration at right) or a nine-piece or thirteen-piece luncheon set, or buy any one piece at the prices stated hereunder.

You can choose between white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green linen; you may have the design traced on black poplin or a good-quality crash.

Here are sizes and prices:

Four-piece set comprising one 18 x 18 inch centre, one 12 x 18 inch centre and two 9 x 9 inch side mats.

Linen or poplin, price 5/9 set; crash, price 5/- set.

Nine-piece linen luncheon set comprises one 18 x 18 inch centre, four 9 x 9 inch place mats, and four 5 x 5 inch glass or cup and saucer mats.

Price for the set, 5/9.

Thirteen-piece set, for the luncheon or dinner table, traced on good quality linen, costs 7/9. The set comprises one 18 x 18 inch centre, six 9 x 9 inch place mats, and six 5 x 5 inch glass or cup and saucer mats.

11 x 11 inch serviettes to match set 1/- each.

THOSE who delight in needlework are reminded that fresh supplies of the ready-to-be-worked rugs, cushion cover, tea-cosy and door-slip, featured in our issue of June 18, are now ready, and may be had at the prices quoted from our Needlework Department.

Purchased separately the pieces cost:

Linen, 18 x 18 inch centre, 2/6; 12 x 18 inch centre, 2/-; 9 x 9 inch mats, 1/-.

In crash, the 18 x 18 inch centre costs 1/9, the 12 x 18 inch centre, 1/6, and the 9 x 9 inch mats 9d.

In black poplin the 18 x 18 inch centre and the 12 x 18 inch centre cost 2/- each, and the 9 x 9 inch mats 1/-.

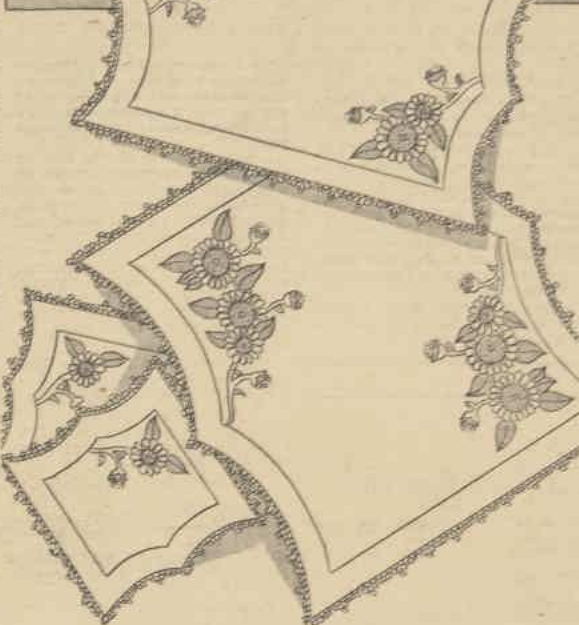
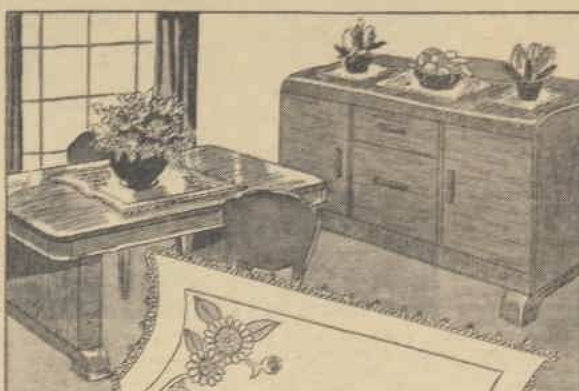
Postage is free.

This lovely zinnia design may be worked in white or ecru thread, in tones to harmonise with the existing color scheme of your room, or in gay colors to brightly contrast with your scheme.

The flowers and leaves are worked in satin-stitch; also the stems. French knots may be used for the spots.

Note that the edges of each piece are spoke-stitched for crochet or lace finish.

All these linens are obtainable from our Needlework Department.



SKETCHES showing our needlework expert's new and swiftly worked zinnia set for sideboard and dining-table decoration. See prices for these happily-designed linens on this page, which may be had on application from our Needlework Department.

## Flower-decked Towels for Your Guests

Send for the set of three and work them in white or pretty pastel tones.

At left is shown a close-up of the three pretty little designs in guest towels.

These are traced all in readiness for quick stitching on silk huckaback, cream linen, or good-quality white huckaback.

Please note that you may obtain the silk huckaback in pink, blue, or yellow pastel colorings.

The borders of the little "Victorian Pansy" and "Daisy" towel are finished with spoke-stitching for crochet or lace finish as you desire.

By the way, these little towels will make such charming and inexpensive gifts for a bride's linen tea, or for a home-lover's birthday gift.

## So Easy to Work

WHEN they have been wrought with the giver's own needle these dainty and colorful towels carry an even more sincere wish than usual—and they are so easy to work.

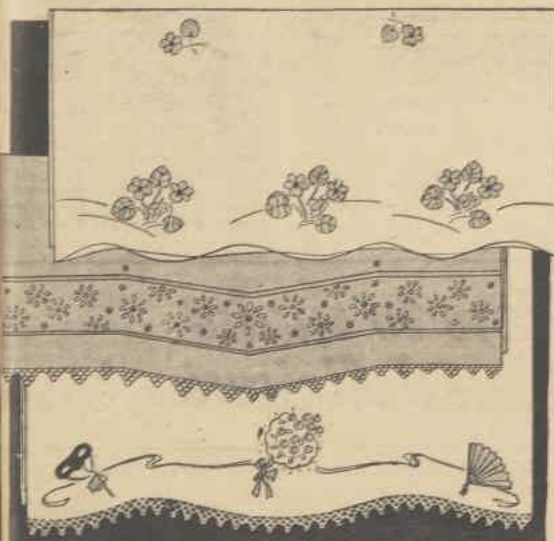
The stitches used in all three—the violet, Victorian pansy, and the daisy border towels—are satin-stitch, stem-stitch and lazy daisy.

The price of the towels in linen, silk huckaback or high-grade white huckaback is 2/3 each.

Postage is free.

Note the illustrations of the three designs, and order all three or one or more of any design.

When ordering, ask for the violet, the Victorian pansy, or daisy border.



HERE you are shown a close-up of the sweetly-designed guest towels, which are traced ready for working on cream linen, silk huckaback or white huckaback. They cost 2/3 each, post free, from our Needlework Department. Full details at right.

**FOR ALL EMBROIDERY**

use **CLARK'S fast color ANCHOR EMBROIDERY THREADS**

AVAILABLE IN A WIDE SELECTION OF SHADES

Choose your design from the large range of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your needlework shop.

ANCHOR



GOLLYUS-NEE & CO. MULHOUSE (FRANCE)

**D·M·C**

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

**pearl cotton**

for embroidery & crochet

**the pioneer**

a most satisfactory very brilliant lustrous cotton thread for general embroidery and crochet. Easy to work. Supplied in 5 sizes and in an extensive range of fine shades. A D·M·C ball or skein of pearl cotton ensures complete satisfaction.

**high quality fast colours**

can be found from all art and craft stores

**By Far Too Fat and Flabby**

**OVERWEIGHT, CONSTIPATED PEOPLE**

The longer you suffer constipation the more unhealthy fat you are likely to put on. When digestive wastes are not absorbed regularly they get absorbed into the blood stream. Flabby fat forms, and you wonder why you look and feel bloated and unfit. Fermenting food poisons cause flatulence, sick headache, biliousness, pimples, bad breath, vague pains and depression.

For correcting constipation you cannot take a more pleasant and gentle laxative than Pinkettes. Besides strengthening and exercising the digestive tract, these tiny pills help the liver to keep a proper supply of bile flowing, which is essential for the easy, regular evacuation of food wastes.

Get a 1/2 bottle of Pinkettes to-day, and see how effectively they dispel constipation, unhealthy fat, pimples, bad breath. At all chemists and stores.



**"Every Room in My Home is 'Just Like New' yet I've only spent a shilling or two"**

EVEN though you have very little money you can still improve and beautify your home. NADCO DYES help you to work wonders in brightening those drab curtains, cushion covers, bedspreads, loose covers, table runners and covers. The smaller your means, the more NADCO can help you. Why worry because you can't buy new articles when you can bring new charm and attractiveness to those you have already? Give your home a brighter, happier appearance — with the aid of NADCO DYES! NADCO — in the wide range of 30 shades enables you to express your own taste in colour schemes for each room.

Nadco Dyes are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

**NADCO**

30 MODERN — SHADES

**FAST HOME DYES**

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 154-156 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



# EVERY RECIPE a Winner!

Cash prizes are given away every week in our Cookery Competition. Enter your favorite dish!

If you have a really fine recipe do enter it in this competition.

It is open to all our readers, and costs nothing to enter beyond the effort of writing out clearly your recipe, attaching name and address, and sending it to us.

Every week £1 is awarded for the best received, and consolation prizes at 2/6 each are given for the next best.

Here are the results of this week's contest:

## HOT MILK DRINKS WITH VARIOUS FLAVORS

(1) 1 quart milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, 2 cloves, rind of orange.

Add orange rind, cloves, cinnamon and sugar to the milk, bring gently to boiling point, strain into a jug, mix and serve. A little brandy may be added to this drink, if occasion warrants the inclusion.

(2) 1 quart milk, 2 tablespoons honey, rind of a lemon, 3 sprigs mint.

Heat milk, lemon rind and mint, strain, sweeten with honey. Serve hot with thin slices of preserved ginger.

(3) Place 1 or 2 strong peppercorns in a cup of hot milk, stir till dissolved.

(4) 1 quart milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon malt, 1 dessertspoon honey.

Boil milk, add cocoa mixed with a little cold milk, simmer 1 minute. Cool a little. Whisk the egg well, add cocoa, malt and honey. Whisk again, and serve.

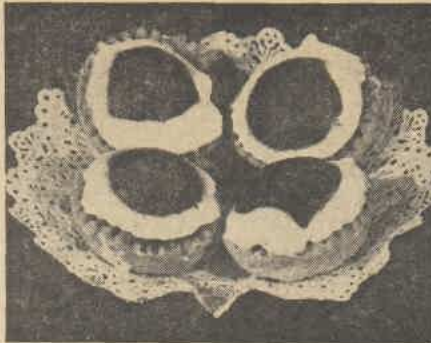
First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Alice Prentice, 4 Edith St., Caulfield, Vic.

## ONION ROLY POLY

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup grated suet, 2 large onions.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in grated suet and mix to paste with cold water. Roll out, cover evenly with onions, sliced finely, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll up and tie in floured cloth. Boil 1½ hours in the same pot as corned beef, which gives it a delicious flavor. Serve roly poly with corned beef and white sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Riseborough, Audley St., Narrandera, N.S.W.



WE WANT your recipes for small cakes—plain and decorative. Send your best recipe to us.

## BAKED BANANAS WITH JELLY SAUCE

Twelve bananas, 1 level tablespoon arrowroot, 1 cup crushed macaroons, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Loosen a section of the skin on each banana. Arrange bananas on a baking-dish and bake in hot oven until banana skins become discolored and pulp soft. Peel bananas, keeping them whole, and roll in macaroon crumbs. Dissolve the arrowroot with the cold water in a saucepan, add red currant jelly, and the boiling water mixed together. Stir over heat for a few minutes, then add butter and lemon juice. Serve this sauce with the baked bananas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolswin, Qld.

## APRICOT OYSTERS

Six ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. cornflour, 2 eggs, dried apricots soaked for four hours.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-



DURING winter sausages are favored in many households. Six savory ways of serving them are given below.



HERE IS pictured the novel party cake called "Miss 1788."

beaten eggs, cornflour and sifted flour. Mix, roll out and cut for biscuits. Place half an apricot in

centre of dough with 1 teaspoon sugar. Press another biscuit portion on top, shape roughly like oysters, and bake in moderate oven ten minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 13 Thomas St., Ft. Pirie, S.A.

## "MISS 1788"

### A NOVEL PARTY CAKE

Cream 1lb. sugar and 1lb. butter by hand, beat in 8 eggs, 18oz. plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sherry. Beat all thoroughly with hand. Divide into 5 portions, color 1 chocolate, 1 green, 1 pink, 1 violet, and leave 1 plain. Grease an enamel or aluminium bowl, 9 inches across top, put spoonful of each color in bowl and scoop away from centre. Cook 2 hours in moderate oven. Fill a small enamel bowl with top rim just the size of bottom of big bowl with mixture. This only takes 1 hour to cook.

When cold, join small cake on top of large cake with coconut icing. Make this way: 1 cup icing sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg. Almond flavor to taste. Work with hand to paste, adding more egg or icing sugar as required. Now take 9d. size celluloid doll, cut off at waist, stand this on top of cake and cover with almond paste to shape of dress. Cover cake with almond paste. Allow to set, then, with pale green royal icing, ice from neck of dress to hem. Pipe pink roses around hem, festoons of pink roses round skirt, neck and shoulders, a pink sash, and wreath of roses around head. Mark centres with small silver cachous.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

"My Goodness! —  
no wonder I'm healthy"



HAPPY, healthy children are those whose regular daily beverage is delicious "Ovaltine". Long experience proves that "Ovaltine" is without equal for giving and maintaining robust health, sound nerves and abundant vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It provides, in a correctly balanced and easily digested form, every nutritive element required for building up strong, healthy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing just as good. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

# OVALTINE

Prices 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. All Chemists and Stores.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

O13-18-18

## THIS WEEK

# Sausage Dishes

HERE are several different ways of serving sausages and sausage meat, recipes for which have been sent in by our readers.

As you will note, they are easy to prepare and cost little to serve.

## SAVORY SAUSAGES

One pound sausages, 1½lb. flour, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, little salt.

Put eggs in a basin and beat in by degrees flour and milk. Season with salt and pour into a buttered tin or dish. Skin the sausages, cut in pieces and put into the batter. Bake in moderate oven for about ½ hour. Serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, 16 Gilderbush Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W.

## LUNCH SAUSAGES

Boil the required number of sausages for 10 minutes. Drain, then coat each with very stiff mashed potato into which an egg has been beaten. Dip into egg-glazing, then breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat till golden brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Clarke, 56 Oakview Street, East Melbourne.

## SAUSAGE RICE CAKES

Mix well together 1½lb. sausage meat, 2 cups boiled rice, 1 egg (unbeaten), pepper and salt to taste.

Form into flat cakes, and fry in boiling fat. Cook slowly, about 20 minutes. Serve with mashed egg on top of each cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Pease, 14 Council Street, Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## BREADCRUMB SAUSAGE PIE

Put 1½lb. sausages in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, a little salt and pepper, and simmer (without cutting apart), ½ hour over slow heat. Add 1 tablespoon zucchini, 2 tablespoons coconut and a little brown coloring. Simmer another ½ hour and add 1 dessertspoon (heaped) flour mixed to a smooth paste, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Skim off fat, transfer to a fireproof dish, and pour over the top a batter made with 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 beaten egg, and sufficient milk to make it a flowing consistency. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven till a golden brown. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Stafford, Victoria Street, Balmoral, Brisbane.

## FORK SAUSAGE SAVORY

One pound pork sausages, 4oz. lean bacon, 2 tomatoes, 1 small tin baked beans.

Skin and halve sausages and roll in flour. Remove rind from bacon rashers, and roll a piece around each half sausage. Butter a casserole and lay in half of the sausages. Cover with 1 sliced tomato and half the baked beans. Add another layer of each. Place lid on casserole and bake about an hour in moderate oven. Served hot on a cold night, this is a very appetizing dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Henderson, 185 Cowper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

## SAUSAGE AND PARSNIP SAVORY

One pound sausage meat, 1 large parsnip, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon parsley (chopped), 1 onion, 1 pint milk, 1oz. butter, thick slices dry toast.

Stew parsnip and onion in milk, season with salt and pepper. When quite tender, drain. Cut parsnip into slices, lay a slice on each piece of toast. Mash onion, mix with

sausage meat, and form into flat cakes. Place a cake on top of each piece of parsnip and bake in hot oven till sausage meat is cooked.

While this is cooking, melt butter in milk in which vegetables were cooked; thicken with the flour, mixed to a paste with water. Add parsley, boil five minutes, and pour over the savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

# How to make delicious gravy

It is all so easy, just get your cook to put one good teaspoonful or more of Bisto into a basin and mix thoroughly with a half a pint of warm (not boiling) water.



Pour the mixture into the meat tin, from which the fat has been strained. Stir well and boil for a few seconds.



The result is a delicious, rich gravy, free from lumps and welcomed by all. A gravy that will make your roasts far more appetising and make the meat go further.



# BISTO

for delicious gravy

Distributed by Carbox Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney



# Banana Delicacies



Here are some new and delicious ways of using this wholesome, nourishing fruit

As well as being a delicious fruit bananas are most adaptable. For instance:

They make a really good vegetable dish, especially for the cold weather. Serve them sliced and cooked with a good curry sauce, and they and the remainder of yesterday's joint will rapidly vanish!

For important occasions they should be peeled, rolled in bread-crumbs, and sautéed in butter until brown all over. Cooked like this, they make a splendid accompaniment to grilled chops, steak, or chicken.

Fry bananas with the breakfast sausage, or roll in a rasher of bacon with rounds of fried bread. Bake in oven until bacon is crisp.

## BANANA FLUFF

Beat up 1 egg-yolk with a well-mashed banana until frothy, add sugar, and essence to taste. Now add this mixture to half a pint of milk and whisk in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Chill and serve.

## BANANA CANAPES

Six fingers of toast, 2 tablespoons cream cheese, 2 bananas, lemon juice, shredded lettuce leaves, cayenne.

Spread toast with butter, then cream cheese. Peel bananas and cut in three. Roll in lemon juice, drain, then place on the fingers. Sprinkle with cayenne or paprika. Serve on small plate garnished with shredded lettuce.

## BANANA CUP CAKES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 egg, small teaspoon mashed banana, blanched almonds, little milk.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, then the banana. Mix in well. Mix with beaten egg and milk. Put spoonfuls in well-greased patty tins, prick a blanched almond in centre of each. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out carefully. Serve hot or cold.

## BANANA TARTS

Six bananas, juice 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, shortcrust.

Peel bananas and mash well. Add the sugar and lemon juice. Make the shortcrust. Roll out into a thin sheet. Cut into rounds with a fluted cutter, and line deep patty tins with the rounds. Half fill with the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve at once with custard.

## BANANA SALAD

Slice in halves, lengthwise. 3 bananas, lay in dish cut side up, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Lay round slices of orange and quarters of seeded raisins, dates, or pines, with cubes of pineapple.

## BANANA PIE

Shortcrust, bananas, yolks 2 eggs, sugar to taste, 1 cup milk, vanilla, 2 whites eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Line a pie-dish with a thin layer of pastry, half fill with sliced bananas. Beat the yolks, add the sugar and milk. Mix well and pour over the bananas. Place in moderate oven and cook slowly until the custard is set. Heap the meringue roughly over the top. Return to oven to brown slightly. Serve either hot or cold.

## FRIED BANANAS

Bananas, egg glazing, bread-crumbs, frying fat, sugar, slices of lemon.

Peel the bananas; if large, cut in halves. Dip in the egg-glazing, then cover with the crumbs. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown. Drain well on paper. Serve at once on paper d'oyley as a sweet with lemon and sugar, or with grilled chops, steak, or chicken.

## BANANA FRITTERS

Four ounces self-raising flour, heaped teaspoon custard powder, 9 tablespoons milk, bananas.

Make a batter with the flour, custard powder, and milk; beat well. Peel the bananas. Cut in halves or quarters according to the size. Completely coat with the batter. Fry in boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve on paper d'oyley sprinkled with sugar and decorated with slices of lemon.

## BANANA BUTTER

Four ounces butter, 10oz. icing sugar, 2 bananas, vanilla, 2oz. ground nuts.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and beat well. Add the well-mashed banana and essence with nuts. Use as sandwich or cake filling.

## BANANA FOAM

Whites 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 bananas, lemon juice, sponge fingers, nuts, glace cherries.

Whip whites and add sugar, then fold in two well-mashed bananas and the lemon juice. Slice the remaining bananas and put into four individual dishes. Cover with banana foam. Serve very cold with the split sponge fingers, and garnish with nuts, glace cherries, or any berry fruit.

## BANANA CREAM TART

Shortcrust, jam, thick custard, meringue.

Make the shortcrust, roll out, and line fireproof plate evenly. Cut the remainder into small rounds and overlap all round the edge. Prick the centre of pastry. Bake in hot oven till a pale straw color. When cooked, spread with jam, then with custard. Heap the meringue over the custard and place in slow oven to set meringue. Decorate with rounds of bananas. Serve hot or cold.

TOP LEFT is shown banana fluff, a light wholesome drink, and at left banana salad.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

## BANANA SCONES

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 ripe bananas, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then mashed bananas. Mix in sifted flour and add milk last of all. Roll on floured board, cut into rounds, and place on greased tin. Glaze and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

## BAKED BANANA PUDDING

Bananas, apricot jam, sugar, slices bread and butter, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Line a buttered pie-dish with strips of buttered bread. Fill dish with layers of sliced bananas, sugar, and jam, pour over the sherry. Cover with buttered bread or meringue, and bake in moderate oven until brown. Serve either hot or cold.

HERE you see banana cream tart—one of the most delicious sweets ever made.



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# Pennycooks in Paradise

By ...  
NORA  
KENT



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



# Pennycooks In Paradise

## By NORA KENT



ON a Sunday morning towards the end of October Mr. Pennycook set out upon the round for the last time. It was raining—not merely a gentle drizzle, or a sudden flurrying shower of the kind that disappears in ten minutes with a tatter of clouds and a glimmer of blue beyond—but a good steady determined down-pour.

Mr. Pennycook, who had done the milk-round in all weathers for more than thirty years, was no fonder of being wet through than anybody else, but this morning, for once, he welcomed the rain because his present discomfort lent an added zest to the thought of the leisureed existence that awaited him in the immediate future. After to-day the old life of early risings and dark mornings, difficult customers and slippery, frozen pavements, can-cleaning and forgotten orders, would be dead as if slain by a sword. Look carefully at Mr. Pennycook, for after this morning neither you nor I nor any of the other citizens of Meldon will ever see him pushing a milk-pram again.

He had always made up his mind that if ever he should have a fortune left him he would amuse himself, and incidentally pay off a number of old scores on his last round, by telling the more objectionable of his customers precisely what he thought of them. Now that he actually had had a fortune left him—or if not exactly a fortune, at least a comfortable sum of round about seven thousand pounds, he felt himself overflowing with generosity and goodwill towards the whole world—yes, even towards his arch-enemy, the abominable Mrs. Prentiss, of 17, Manor Road—and then he pulled himself up short, remembering that Mrs. Prentiss was no longer one of his customers. He had been rash enough to pick a quarrel with her on the very day on which he had inherited old Timothy Padgett's legacy.

Now, in the blended soberness and beatitude of his present mood he forgave Mrs. Prentiss, with great magnanimity, all her fault-finding, her simpering affectations and airs of exaggerated refinement and culture. You cannot harbor resentment against a ghost, and as far as Mr. Pennycook was concerned Mrs. Prentiss had been nothing more for the past fortnight. After to-day all the other customers in his round-book would be ghosts, too.

He had been fortunate enough to dispose of the round almost at once to one of his son's friends, a young fellow named Tom Ford, who lived only a few doors below the Pennycook's own little house on Saxon Hill. Young Ford had been out of work for a long time, and having a little capital

of his own had been glad enough to buy the round immediately he knew that it was for sale. For the last week he had been going round alternately with Mr. Pennycook, and Mr. Pennycook's man, Huggett, in order that he might familiarise himself thoroughly, not only with the Deansgate portion of Mr. Pennycook's daily itinerary, but that of Greyfriars as well.

This morning Mr. Pennycook was doing the Greyfriars part of the round alone, while Huggett and Ford were to deal with the customers in Deansgate; and for this he was glad, for his own solitude would allow him to take a formal and sentimental farewell of an existence which, uncongenial as he had frequently found it, was already beginning to be faintly gilded with the glamor of the past.

He went lingering meditatively upon his way through the windy, empty streets, where drenched yellow leaves stuck to the pavements, and the rain streamed down the blinded windows of the closed shops. The church bells were ringing, and he was frequently passed by little groups of people in their Sunday clothes, walking as sedately as the wind would allow, and struggling in a very un-Sabbatarian fashion, with wet umbrellas, which threatened to turn inside out at any moment.

Quite frankly, Mr. Pennycook's one desire now was to finish the job as quickly as possible, and get home to his wife, a change of clothes, and the Sunday joint—or, to be accurate, it would have been his one desire if it hadn't been for Miss Romain.

Miss Romain was one of those customers in whom Mr. Pennycook had a more than ordinary interest. She was a little, elderly, maiden lady, who lived at Walwers Cottage, a small, rather dreary-looking house at the back of the printing works in Walwers Lane, one of the numerous twitters that climbed from Paston Street to Silver Hill. In normal circumstances even Mr. Pennycook's incurable romanticism would have found it hard to have made any sort of picturesque figure out of Miss Romain, with her knitted cuffs, her thin, knucky hands, and straggling hair that always looked as wild and untidy as a bird's-nest, but the fact that her sister, Mrs. Burdekin, had died after a long illness, on the very day of old Padgett's funeral, had definitely fixed her in Mr. Pennycook's memory. He knew that both ladies had been, for a long time, pitifully poor, and he had chosen the day of Mrs. Burdekin's death to indulge in the gallant, if expensive, gesture of releasing Miss Romain from the necessity of paying him her long-standing account. He had thought of her more than once since then, and wondered, with some considerable anxiety, exactly how she proposed to manage. He knew from hearsay that she owed money to various other trades-

people in the town, and she was so obviously unsuited to any kind of a battle with the world that Mr. Pennycook occasionally found himself becoming quite worried about her. Two or three days ago, having reassured himself as to the state of his bank-balance, he had, without saying a word to Susan, enclosed a crisp Bank of England note for fifty pounds in an envelope, and sent it to Miss Romain, care of her solicitors, with strict instructions that they were not to reveal his name on any account whatsoever.

He served two or three mean little houses in Paston Street, and then climbed up to Walwers, and let himself into Miss Romain's garden by a little postern in the wall. There was nothing in the garden but a small tangled grass-plot, with a statue of Pan in the centre, a few chrysanthemums dragged by wind and rain, and a vast number of broken flower-pots. Mr. Pennycook advanced to the side-door and knocked, to be answered immediately by Miss Romain, with a jug in one hand and three coppers in the other. This morning it seemed to Mr. Pennycook that she was more cheerful and loquacious than at any time since her sister's death.

"OH, dear, Mr. Pennycook," she cried, as soon as she caught sight of him, "what a morning, isn't it? I always say it never rains but it pours. Yes, that'll be a pint this morning, please, as usual. I've got the money just right, for once. Do come in and have a cup of cocoa. The kettle's nearly boiling."

She led the way into the kitchen, Mr. Pennycook following. He had one or two customers who did sometimes offer him lunch, and although he knew that Miss Romain was far too poor to be able to afford to give away cups of cocoa, or anything else, he accepted readily, because he knew that it would hurt her feelings if he had refused.

"Now, do sit down, Mr. Pennycook," she said, handing him a steaming cup. "Never mind about making things wet. I've been wanting to ask you—what in the world do you think happened to me yesterday?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Mr. Pennycook mendaciously, looking hard at his cup of cocoa. (Yes, it was coming. He'd have to be very careful, or he'd end by giving himself away.) Miss Romain's eyes shone, her hair looked at every moment more and more wild and birds'-neaty, and in her excitement she stressed all her more dominant words, as though they had suddenly blossomed into the importance of beginning with capital letters.

"Of course," she said, apparently deprecating her own foolishness, "it's very silly of me to ask you to guess, because you



couldn't possibly guess an out-of-the-way thing like that. Nobody could. Mr. Parkinson, my solicitor, came to see me. Somebody—I can't imagine who it can possibly be—has sent me a Bank-note for fifty pounds! Mr. Parkinson was so tiresome he positively refused to tell me the person's name! He only said that his client preferred to remain anonymous."

"Well," cried Mr. Pennycook heartily, trying hard to look as un-selfconscious as possible, "that's all right for you, isn't it? There must be somebody about with a bit of money, even nowadays. Now I wonder who that could have been."

"I don't know at all," said Miss Romain, looking with her little thin plain face and large nose, and shining eyes, more pathetically earnest and excited than ever. "I wish I did, so that I could thank them. It only goes to bear out what I always say—that there is such a thing as Providence, even though it doesn't always give you things just when you think it's the time for them—and it is Providence, Mr. Pennycook, isn't it, that that money should have come along just now, just as I've made up my mind to let—because, though, of course, they're quite nice rooms, they do need doing up—and that fifty pounds will just tide me over until I can get a start. And if you wouldn't mind recommending me, Mr. Pennycook, when you get a suitable opportunity—you see such numbers of people, and I thought perhaps—"

"Of course I'll recommend you," said Mr. Pennycook eagerly, relieved that the conversation had, at last, taken a less embarrassing turn. "Be very pleased to. But I shan't be doing the round any more, after to-day. I've sold it to be a young man, a friend of my son's, named Ford, who'd be very glad if you'd let him serve you. I'm giving up—I've got a little put by to fall back on, and it's just possible, later on, that I may be leaving the town."

"Well, Mr. Pennycook," she said, twisting her bony fingers together in her concern. "I am sorry to hear that. It'll seem funny without your calling every morning, and I'm sure I shan't be the only one that will miss you. Meldon won't seem like the same place without you."

"It's very nice of you to say so," said Mr. Pennycook modestly, setting down his cup, and feeling a trifle overwhelmed by this genuine tribute. "I'm afraid now, if you'll excuse me, I shall have to be getting on. Always seems to take longer to get round in wet weather."

"Yes, I'm sure it does," said Miss Romain eagerly, "and this is such a downpour, isn't it? Well, good-bye, Mr. Pennycook, and I hope you get on all right." She extended a cold and knuckly hand, which Mr. Pennycook shook warmly, at the same time thanking her for the cocoa. He went briskly back down the lane to Panton Street, where he had left the pram, and continued his meagre progress towards Greystrears.

On this wet Sunday morning the shabby streets in the neighbourhood of the railway station appeared at their dreariest. Mr. Pennycook trudged on, head down, his drenched socks squelching ominously against the soles of his inundated boots. To-morrow he intended to realise an ambition which he had cherished secretly and hopefully, in the face of all obstacles, for the past twelve years. He was leaving the bosom of his home and family—this, in itself, an unheard-of proceeding for a man of his business ties and unvarying habits—to spend a fortnight in the Lake District.

To persons accustomed to travel more or

less regularly for health and pleasure this may possibly seem a small achievement—so insignificant, indeed, as to be hardly worth chronicling. To Mr. Pennycook, accustomed for more than thirty years past to rise at five in all seasons and all weathers, to traverse the same streets delivering approximately the same quantity of milk to the same customers at the same houses, and upon returning to wash the same cans and pore over the same ledgers, his contemplated journey had all the qualities of an immortal Odyssey. No explorer, setting forth to the distant Pole, no intrepid adventurer, daring the hazards of the jungle or voyaging over uncharted seas in quest of buried treasure, could have felt his pulses bound with any greater enthusiasm than did Mr. Pennycook, as he tramped through the rain, manfully striving to minimise his present discomfort by dwelling upon the glories awaiting him on the morrow.

It was past midday before he served the last customer, and turned his pram towards home, through colorless gleaming streets, haunted by the good smells of roasting joints and boiling cabbage, and peopled by sedate groups of townsfolk on their way home to these same joints after their morning's devotion in church or chapel. He found Huggott and Ford waiting for him at the bottom of the hill, and having collected their empty cans he trudged away up to the shed opposite young Ford's house where he kept the pram. Since Ford had undertaken to wash the cans there now remained only the actual material details of the transfer, which could be dealt with in less than no time after dinner.

The round was finished. Mr. Pennycook realised, with a slight quickening of the heart, that he had broken the habit of practically half a lifetime, and the realisation, in that first moment, struck him as stupendous, almost appalling. He felt a curious sensation of lightness and detachment, as of one floating in a vacuum. He thought vaguely, "I still can't really believe that I've done with it for good," and, oppressed by this solemn and weighty reflection, he went on his way towards Susan and dinner, undecided whether to feel glad or sorry.

ON this particular Sunday morning Mrs. Pennycook was too busy to have time to entertain either regrets for the past, or misgivings concerning the future. She was an extremely practical woman, possessed of a downright tongue, an even temper, and a lively, if occasionally devastating, sense of humor. Albert had proposed to her on the evening of November the Fifth, 1889. Although Mr. Pennycook had since become the father of a grown-up son and daughter, Ted and Christina, he still held firmly to the opinion that Susan was the most charming, capable, and understanding woman in the world.

Susan, in her turn, accorded Albert a warm and genuine affection, and as much expression of it as she considered good for him. She didn't hold with all these romantic ideas he'd got into his head about adventure and travel—she supposed it came from those historical novels he was always reading—and why on earth any man of his age, that had just had a legacy left him that would make it possible for him to settle down in comfort, should want to leave his home and family to go tearing off to a place like the Lake District, where, as likely as not, he'd get pneumonia from sleeping in damp sheets, or break one of his legs falling down a mountain side, Mrs. Pennycook was unable to imagine.

Still, if Albert liked that sort of thing, she supposed he must have it. She liked a bit of fun herself as well as anyone, and she never had been one to interfere with other people's enjoyment, so long as it was harmless.

This morning, as she bustled about, first into the living-room to make up the fire so that Albert would be able to dry his clothes when he came in, then out to the gas-oven to baste the mutton, and from there into the kitchen to mix the vinegar and sugar for the mint sauce, and after that back to the scullery to reassure herself that none of the saucepans were in danger of boiling dry, she was far too busy, too pleasantly exhilarated to want to put a damper on anyone's pleasure. Mrs. Pennycook, in short, was preparing to give herself over to an orgy of hospitality. Ted was bringing his young lady to tea that afternoon, and as none of them had yet made her acquaintance Mrs. Pennycook was naturally anxious to create the best possible impression.

This particular young lady, it may be mentioned, was not Ted's first, but Mrs. Pennycook, in her relief that he had transferred his affections from that fast, made-up little busy, Poppy Lower, with whom he had been going out for the past nine months, was prepared to lavish the half of her domestic kingdom upon his present fancy, who couldn't, anyhow, be worse than Poppy, and sounded as though she might be considerably better. Mrs. Pennycook couldn't quite get to the bottom of that affair, though, owing to the fact that Ted's sudden and inexplicable change of mind had taken place on that same memorable Saturday as old Timothy Padgett's funeral, she had been unable at the time to give the matter the consideration it demanded.

She remembered that Ted had taken Poppy to Brighton that afternoon to see some film or other at the Savoy. Only that same morning he'd got that good new job at Marple's Engineering Works, in Quince Street, and she had been haunted by an apprehensive dread that he intended to propose to Poppy on the strength of it. At the early hour of seven in the evening he had returned, in a taciturn mood, and declined for conversation. Mrs. Pennycook had found it impossible to get out of him what had happened, beyond a statement to the effect that he'd "gone off" Poppy, having come to the conclusion that "she wasn't his sort," and with this Mrs. Pennycook's maternal curiosity had had to be satisfied. "Though I'm bothered," she said to herself, as she chopped the mint, "if he was long getting off with a fresh one! I never dreamed that Saturday night when young Ford came up for him to go off on that breakdown what it was going to lead to."

She might well have been surprised, for in that one day—the day that would evermore be marked in white in the Pennycook archives—Ted had fallen out of love with one girl, and before midnight had found himself no less strongly attracted to another—the house-parlormaid of a retired country doctor, who had invited him and his fellow-mechanics from Jupp & Greenwell's garage into his kitchen for supper and a hot drink after their exertions in clearing up the debris of a wrecked car to the driver of which the doctor had previously rendered first aid. Mrs. Pennycook did not really know much about the girl, beyond the fact that her name was Ruth Garland, and her parents lived in Meldon in one of those little new houses at the foot of the Race Hill. Ted had never been the sort to talk much



# PENNYCOOKS IN PARADISE

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

about his affairs, but his brief, awkward description of Ruth—her gentle good-humor, her bright eyes and rosy cheeks and love of domesticity—had warmed Mrs. Pennycook's heart towards the girl in advance, so that already she was preparing to express her welcome by means of a vast spread involving the best china, a tremendous amount of bread-and-butter cutting and washing of jam-dishes, and the laying out of her choicest afternoon cloth and hand-crocheted d'yleys.

She reflected happily that they would be quite a full house to-night, for Stephen Woodreeve, Christina's young man, was coming from his father's farm at Barcombe.

"No sooner get Albert home again," thought Mrs. Pennycook, "than there'll be Tina's wedding to see about." She chopped the last of the mint in one final furious onslaught, and went back into the scullery to reassure herself that the potatoes were browning as they should. At the same moment the back-door opened, and Mr. Pennycook entered—a strangely silent entry for him, accustomed, as they both were, to the clang and rattle of milk-cans being bumped down three brick steps, and deposited with a crash in the middle of the floor. Mrs. Pennycook started by the phenomenon, turned sharply round from her inspection of the oven. "Mersey me, Albert, you did give me a start, coming in quietly like that! I forgot about the cans. I wasn't prepared to have you come creeping in like an undertaker."

"I don't feel like an undertaker," said Mr. Pennycook jovially. "Never felt less like one in fact. My word, that dinner smells good!"

"I hope it'll be all right," said Mrs. Pennycook. "I put the mutton in at eleven o'clock, like you said. Have you got very wet?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Mr. Pennycook untruthfully. "I think I'll just run up and change before dinner. My socks are a bit damp. I'll leave my coat down here. Perhaps you wouldn't mind putting it to the fire."

He took off his boots in the kitchen and padded off upstairs, leaving a trail of wet footprints behind him.

By the time he came down again, washed, and dressed in his best grey Sunday suit, with his thinning hair brushed and flattered with just a trace of brillianine, Christina had come in from church, Ted had returned from Marple's garage, whither he had been summoned an hour before to work upon an emergency repair job, and Mrs. Pennycook was just putting the last of the dinner on to the table. They sat down in their accustomed places—Ted with his back to the fire, and Mr. Pennycook's steaming coat, Christina opposite him, under the needlework picture of the Woman of Samaria. Mrs. Pennycook back to the chiffonier, and Mr. Pennycook facing her, his little ragged moustache and bowed shoulders only just visible above the enormous shining meal-cover that concealed the joint. Beyond him the window revealed a view comprising several yellowing trees, the chimney-pots of the houses below in Riverside Street, a couple of vast gasometers, and far away beyond the railway sidings a glimpse of the distant hills. "I do believe," cried Mrs. Pennycook, regarding this vista intently through the steam rising from the vegetable dishes, "that it's actually left off raining at last."

"It has," said Ted. "There's a bit of blue sky over there. Ruth said she'd meet me if it was fine, so that we could have a walk before we come back to tea."

Mr. Pennycook nodded approval, beginning to carve the mutton.

AS soon as dinner was over they all dispersed to their various affairs—Mrs. Pennycook to the scullery, where she did the washing-up with the assistance of Christina, Ted, armed with a jug of shaving water, to his bedroom, there to expend much time and thought over the choice of a tie and socks to wear for his meeting with Ruth, and Mr. Pennycook to Ford's house, lower down the hill, burdened with ledgers, milk-bottles, cardboard discs, and a heavily laden cash-box—in short, all the paraphernalia belonging to his erstwhile detested business.

He had to make three journeys before the transfer was completed, and by the time he returned from the last one, after spending a good three-quarters of an hour in explaining various professional details to his successor, he found the house sunk in the usual calm of a Sunday afternoon—a faint smell of roast mutton lurking in odd corners, the kettle standing filled on the gas-stove, ready for tea, every pot and pan scoured and in its place, and a fire beginning to snap and crackle in the trim little sitting-room on the other side of the staircase. The fire in the living-room had been banked up to last for the afternoon, and Mr. Pennycook sat himself down beside it, and began to scan the pages of the Sunday paper.



HE looked at the news items, the cartoon, the double page of pictures, and the week's competition, feeling very superior because he had now a ready-made fortune of his own, and need no longer rack his brains in an endeavor to solve the problems of those silly little pictures with the dotted lines underneath in the vain hope of some day winning five hundred pounds. He was just about to turn to the football news when Susan came down from changing her dress, and stood before him in all the glory of her best mulberry satin blouse, and cameo brooch. "There, that's done at last!" she said. "I'm going to have a bit of a sit-down now in the other room before I have to start seeing about the tea. With company coming it'll make it seem a short afternoon."

"All right, my dear," said Mr. Pennycook mildly. "I think I shall go upstairs, and have a bit of a rest." This was his invariable practice on Sunday afternoons. He would scramble up hastily at tea-time, with tousled hair and an unbuttoned waistcoat, ready to discourage any suggestion that he might possibly have been asleep. To-day, as always, he went up to the little front bedroom, that he shared with Susan, pulled the blind half-down, removed his slippers, and disposed his pillow and the eiderdown conveniently for slumber.

But he now found himself far too excited to do anything of the kind. After spending some fifteen minutes in a whirling contemplation of his tremendous adventure, he opened his eyes, threw off the eiderdown, and for the hundredth time took from a drawer a much-thumbed booklet, issued by Crum's Tours, Ltd., and adorned on the cover with a pictured representation of a liner, an aeroplane, a motor-coach, a railway train, and a coach-and-four, all striving in valiant competition within a few yards of landscape. This volume, finding itself in

his hands, and evidently knowing what was expected of it, fell open immediately at the description of Tour 973—"Ambleside. In the heart of the Glorious Lake Country. With three excursions and accommodation at good-class private hotel overlooking Lake Windermere. Extra charge for second week, £3/13/6."

Away went Mr. Pennycook's imagination, galloping like a runaway horse down the winding colored lanes of romance, recklessly overleaping all prosaic barriers of time and fact. His heart was beating quickly from sheer pleasure, his lips were smiling, his eyes dim with visions.

Down below in the silence, the house suddenly woke to life. The door-bell rang, the fire-irons clattered, tea-cups clinked, and the rooms were full of people laughing and greeting each other, and taking off their hats and coats. Mr. Pennycook, leaping the length of England and a couple of centuries in his stride, returned to reality with a profound sigh of regret. He neatly replaced the eiderdown and pillow, re-buttoned his waistcoat, tidied his hair, and went downstairs to make the acquaintance of his son's sweetheart.

WHEN Mr. Pennycook, still a little bewildered by the suddenness of his transition to the present, entered the sitting-room, he received the impression that it was full of people. Actually, however, there were no more than five persons present—Mrs. Pennycook, who was on her knees, getting out the best tea-set from the chiffonier cupboard, a tall, lithe young man with a sunburnt complexion and very red hair, who was standing before the fire, looking down at Christina in an armchair, as though he considered her the most charming and wonderful young woman in the world, and, seated on the couch, Ted and a small, bright-eyed, quiet girl, with their heads very close together over an album of anaplasts. As Mr. Pennycook entered everyone stopped talking and looked towards the door. "Here's father at last," cried Mrs. Pennycook. "I was just beginning to think I should have to run up and call him."

Everyone laughed, and Mr. Pennycook realized that it would be quite useless to point out that, for once, he had managed to keep awake on a Sunday afternoon, because no one would believe him if he did. "Good afternoon, Mr. Pennycook," called out Stephen, above the general merriment. "how are you? I'm afraid I'm taking up all the fire."

"No—no," responded Mr. Pennycook, "that's all right. I'm not cold." And indeed he was not. He was still glowing from the excitement of all that visionary riding and plotting and duelling, with which he had been entertaining himself above stairs.

Most certainly it would not be Mrs. Pennycook's fault if anybody got overlooked or went short. It was a long time since the little house on Saxon Hill had seen such a gathering at a Sunday tea-time, or witnessed such a flood of tea, such mountains of bread-and-butter, such stacks of plum-cake and plain cake, of lemon cheese-cakes and lead buns. It was as Ted was heard to remark in an aside, "something like a spread," and from their combined onslaught upon it one might have imagined that there had never been such a thing as hot midday dinner or Sunday joints in the world. Ruth ate daintily like a little bird, but, urged on by Ted's continual solicitude, contrived to make quite a good meal, nevertheless, and if Stephen did not care much for cake he managed to make up for it by consuming an immense amount of fish paste and celery and



bread-and-butter. Christina, who had a weakness for sweet cakes, put away three iced buns with an air of ladylike detachment that prevented anyone from noticing what she ate, and Mr. Pennycook, who was far too happy and excited to trouble himself much about food, helped himself to one thing and another in a condition of joyful absent-mindedness, and drank three cups of tea. "I suppose," said Stephen, addressing him, "that you'll be well on your journey this time to-morrow," and Mr. Pennycook responded, with an air of great importance, "Yes, I ought to be getting along by now. I shall probably be somewhere in Staffordshire." There was a respectful pause, and everyone looked at him with a new interest. None of them had ever been to Staffordshire. Mr. Pennycook puffed out his chest, and began to feel himself a pioneer, indeed.

Towards the end of the meal there fell a lull. Not even Mrs. Pennycook's blandishments could persuade anyone to eat any more. The tea had dwindled to a mere trickle of colored water, the table presented a ravaged vista of cake-crumbs, empty dishes, and one or two pieces of bread-and-butter that lingered on like survivors after a holocaust. The spate of conversation had degenerated into a rill, and for a few retrospective moments this, too, petered out. Everyone was full and comfortable and happy, and the world had become for them a very pleasant place of good food and drink, firelight and bright colors, and a general satisfying abundance. Christina, her hand clasped in Stephen's under the table, was feeling in the future the vision of her married life in a picturesque old farmhouse, with latticed windows and rickety-bottomed chairs, and low-pitched rooms mellow with candlelight. There would be apple-trees and a row of beehives. The oil lamps would be the kind that would never smelt, and neither the fruit trees nor the potatoes would ever be afflicted by blight. Later on, after a discreet interval, there might even be one or two dimpled, adorable infants, who would be always rosy and always clean—the kind who would never play with matches, or suffer from teething troubles, or fall into the duck-pond, or eat anything that disagreed with them. Thus Christina's dream of the coming Paradise.

As for Ted, on the other side of the table, the very touch of Ruth's work-roughened little hand had carried him clean away into a Paradise every bit as magical and satisfying as that of Christina—a world where he was managing his own garage, where delightful little labor-saving houses could be picked up for a song, drinks and cigarettes were all free, illness, anxiety and matrimonial differences had ceased to exist, and every football coupon and sweep ticket turned out a winner. Even Mrs. Pennycook, who was old enough to know better, was carried away by the general atmosphere of optimism, and was beginning to expect the most wonderful things, not only of her holiday, but of the whole future, while Mr. Pennycook, at the bottom of the table, was quite lost in a dream of his own—a dream of packing, of guide-books, of writing luggage labels, of romantic bustling termini, and of an incredibly adventurous journey through colored glittering towns not to be found in any Bradshaw. After thirty years of humdrum labor his true life was actually beginning at last—for this moment, although they don't know it, was really the end of the old

life for them all. We leave them sitting round the table, looking forward, with shining eyes, into the glorious future.

At a quarter-past five on the following morning Mr. Pennycook woke up suddenly in a panic, and began groping for his clothes. Bemused as he was with sleep, one fixed idea still persisted in the midst of his bewilderment—he would be late starting the round!

A short laugh from Susan reassured him. Immediately, in the twinkling of an eye, he was broad awake, his clothes and the candle had jumped back into their proper places as if by magic, and he remembered everything. It was early morning of the day of his departure. His luggage was standing, ready packed and labelled, under the dressing-table, and the round was no longer his to worry about.

He would never have to get up early for it again. He could lie in bed, taking his ease, and rise like any gentleman of leisure, at the conventional hour of half-past seven. "I'm sorry, my dear," he said humbly to Susan, "I must have been dreaming." The realization that he had, at last, escaped from the rut was so stupendous so overwhelming, that he was not at all sure that he was not dreaming still; and long after Susan had fallen asleep again the excitement of the thought and the prospect of the day in front of him, kept him, by an ironical trick of circumstance, lying wakeful when he might have been spending those precious extra hours in slumber. He got no more sleep, apart from a couple of silly little catnaps filled with absurd dreams, from which he presently awakened to find Susan gone, and the pale light of a frosty morning creeping in under the blind.

He sprang out of bed, horrified to discover that it was actually a quarter to eight. Ted must be up already, and he could hear Christina beginning to stir in her room. What on earth would Susan think of him? If he didn't hurry he would never catch Ted to say good-bye to him before the boy went to work. Mr. Pennycook shot into his shirt and trousers, rushed downstairs, begged a jug of shaving water from Susan, who was already performing miracles with eggs and rashers and a frying-pan at the gas-stove, and took what he intended to be an impressive farewell of his son, who, at top speed, was just consuming the egg remains of his second rasber. "Well, so long, Dad," said Ted light-heartedly, and apparently not at all impressed, "hope you have a good time. Look after yourself—and if you can't be good, be careful," to which conspiratorial sentiment Mr. Pennycook returned a broad and doggyish wink, as though to imply that he was a man of the world, a regular blade, the very devil of a fellow, possessing all kinds of secrets which he could never dream of divulging to Susan.

He went blithely back upstairs humming a song that he had heard the night before on the wireless.

The very day had a peculiar atmosphere, more like a Bank Holiday than anything else. He had grown to associate Monday mornings with soapuds, piles of steaming clothes, and the characteristic smell of Susan's copper fire, but this morning the scullery was preternaturally neat, and all the washing had been sent, with unprecedented extravagance, to the laundry. "I shan't trouble about doing much this morning," said Susan comfortably, as she poured out his coffee. "There won't be time to do more than just tidy the place up a little before we have to start for the station."

It had been her own idea that she should accompany him as far as Euston, and Mr.

Pennycook, while sturdily asseverating his independence, felt a secret and shameful relief that he would not be launched quite unaccompanied into the maelstrom of the metropolis. He had protested insincerely that he didn't like the idea of Susan's crossing London alone on the return journey, but Susan herself had soon disposed of that.

As soon as breakfast was finished he felt a passionate desire to start and get it over. There was nothing for him to do—and even if there had been he could not have done it, wearing his best clothes. Christina was finishing a job of dressmaking in the sitting-room; Mrs. Pennycook, who had done the grates before breakfast, was washing the china in the scullery, making the beds, whisking round the living-room with a duster. Mr. Pennycook wandered forlornly about from one room to another.

Just at the last time seemed to telescope, so that before he knew where he was quarter-past ten was treading on the heels of half-past, and half-past was hurrying on to catch up a quarter to eleven. He went back into the living-room, and found that Susan was downstairs, arrayed in her best hat and coat, and waiting for him. "Come along, Albert," she said, "whatever have you been doing all this time? I've just heard the taxi turn the corner at the bottom." And to prove the truth of her words the taxi-driver, at that very moment, knocked at the front-door, and demanded Mr. Pennycook's luggage. "Well, good-bye, my dear," said Mr. Pennycook, kissing Christina, who was hovering, smiling in the offing, while Mrs. Pennycook dealt with the suitcase. "I'll send you some postcards," and Christina, who knew, perhaps, better than any other member of the family what a great day this was for him, said fondly, "Good-bye, father. I hope you have a nice time."

She followed him out to the doorstep to watch the departure. Mr. Pennycook walked down the hill with Susan, to where the taxi waited by Ford's house at the bend, turning round at the last for a final wave to Christina. He handed Susan into the taxi almost with a flourish, and sank into his place beside her just as the driver slammed the door. His brand-new suitcase, standing on the floor of the car, gay with Messrs. Crum's striped blue-and-gold labels, seemed already strange and unfamiliar, as though it did not belong to him. The driver climbed into his place, and started the engine. They were off at last!

UPON arriving at the station Mr. Pennycook bought two tickets—a cheap day return for Susan, and a single for himself—and by this action felt himself definitely committed to his adventure. He could not help wondering, as he and Susan settled themselves comfortably in their corner seats, exactly what old Padgett would think if he could see them now—and from this his mind turned, naturally enough, to his long-cherished project of following his old friend's example, and starting a bookshop. Until Timothy had retired a year or two previously he had had a little bookseller's business in the Old Steine, Brighton, and Mr. Pennycook knew that he had made a good deal of his money from profitable speculation in first editions. Mr. Pennycook, who realised his own limitations, knew that he could not hope to excel in such risky ventures—he had no flair for "spotting" literary treasures—but he did know that, if he could have had his time over again, he would never have bothered himself about a milk-round, but would have risked all the little capital left him at his father's death by starting a bookshop.



Still, it wasn't too late. A man, in these days, could not consider himself finished and done with at fifty-two, and with Timothy Padgett's seven thousand pounds at the back of him he saw no reason why, given a suitable partner, who possessed the necessary experience to supplement his own ignorance, he should not develop the ambition which had been germinating in his mind since his first meeting with old Padgett seven years ago.

At this point, having arrived by the same well-trodden mental path at the same satisfactory destination which he had reached a hundred times before, Mr. Pennycook, now feeling perfectly calm and collected, abandoned all thoughts of work or business and began to take a traveller's interest in his surroundings. Now that the first frost and mist had cleared it was going to be a beautiful day.

THE train ran into a tunnel. Mr. Pennycook hastily leaned forward and pulled up the window lest the snouts should damage Susan's new hat. In the further corner opposite a large lady opened a newspaper. As the journey progressed, Mr. Pennycook watched her, fascinated. He had never seen a newspaper so maltreated before, and all his instincts of tidiness and fair play made him feel that he must pluck it from her, and protest. Finally she tore it in several places, put her foot through the piece on the floor, and rose triumphantly from the wreckage just as the train ran into Victoria.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Pennycook eagerly, and his tone implied that he alone was personally responsible for their safe arrival. He trotted up the platform beside Susan, breathless, exhilarated, and a little bewildered. It was years since he had been to London, and the smoky air, the feeling of spaciousness and bustle and organisation went to his head. "Well, that's that!" said Mrs. Pennycook briskly, as soon as they were past the barrier. "Now what we want is a 44 'bus"—and she said it, moreover, in the tone of a woman who was determined to have a 44 'bus, and was not going to be put off by a 25, or a 17, or a mere 11A. Mr. Pennycook marvelled afresh. Where on earth had Susan learned it?

"They were on the 'bus. They were jolting past Hyde Park Corner, and Mr. Pennycook was craning his neck to catch a glimpse of the Artillery Memorial of which he had read in the papers. He was also trying, at the same time, to keep an eye on his suitcase, which was the top one of a pile of other suitcases outside on the platform, and which looked as though, at any moment, it would be dislodged by the vibration of the 'bus, tumble off into the middle of Piccadilly, and be lost to him for ever beneath the oncoming stream of buses, cars, cycles and taxis.

Immediately Mr. Pennycook, with Susan beside him, passed through the sombre entrance of Euston Station there fell upon him the most lamentable inferiority complex. The whole place had the air of a large, grimy, but tremendously impressive hotel. They went into the grill-room, and sat down at a table in the corner, where Mr. Pennycook, after some hesitation and a little guidance from Susan, finally ordered fried sole, with Sauce Tartare, and cabinet pudding to follow.

Their wants were supplied by a ponderous elderly waiter, the very father of all waiters. Mr. Pennycook felt that he had probably been there since the station was built, but he looked after them in a very

kindly and thoughtful fashion, and Mr. Pennycook, enheartened by his successful crossing of the metropolis, and happy again in the possession of an appetite, began to enjoy his lunch. "This is very good sauce, my dear," he said to Susan. "We might have it sometimes at home if you could find out how to do it."

"I'll look it up in Mrs. Beeton when I get back," said Susan. "I expect she gives a recipe for it. I suppose you've got your tickets and everything all right?"

Mr. Pennycook took from his pocket a small cardboard folder secured by an elastic band. "I'll just go through them once more," he said, "to make sure." He need not have worried, however, for they were all there—his third-class tourist ticket from Euston to Windermere and return, his voucher entitling him to transport of himself and luggage from Windermere to Ambleside and vice versa, his hotel coupons, his tickets for motor coach trips (always provided, of course, that it was not too late in the season for these to be running)—all was in order. Mr. Pennycook snapped the elastic band back into its place with a deep sigh of mingled apprehension and relief. "The next part of this business," he thought, "is going to be the worst."

In this suspicion he found himself entirely justified. He and Susan had no sooner arrived upon the departure platform, which proved by a disquieting coincidence to be Number Thirteen, than there fell upon them one of those painful and self-conscious pauses which inevitably occur during the process of being "seen off."

Even Susan's usual genial volubility was temporarily eclipsed, so that they were a sober and subdued couple as they paced the long platform beside the waiting train.

Mr. Pennycook now saw, to his relief, that the greater part of the luggage was in, and that there was only another five minutes to go. "There I was getting in," he muttered, bestowing upon her a rather self-conscious kiss. "Good-bye, Susie, old girl. Hope you get back all right. Have a good time in the island, and don't forget to remember me to Madeline. I'll send you a wire the first thing to-morrow morning, and write later on." A porter came past them, banging doors, the guard was unfurling his flag. "We're just off," cried Mrs. Pennycook. "good-bye." The last thing he saw as the train began to move was Susan's fluttering handkerchief. Everything was slipping backwards now—Susan, the round, the splendid, colored, hurrying amoky confusion that was London, the long grey platforms, the porters, the luggage barrows, Mr. Pennycook was hurtling forth, like a shot arrow into the blue, fairly launched at last upon his tremendous adventure.

FOR the first part of the journey he felt less like a sped arrow than a man who has just leapt from an aeroplane, and feels uncertain, in the first sickening moment of the drop, whether his parachute will open or not; but before long his interest in the fresh scenery, and the stolid ordinariness of his fellow-travellers combined to restore some measure of his self-confidence.

After Crews, things, surprisingly, began to brighten. Whether it was because he had managed the hazardous business of changing without mishap, or whether it was due to the increased liveliness of his fellow-travellers, and the fact that he, himself, was beginning to become accustomed to his fresh environment, Mr. Pennycook could

not have told you. The fact remained that he felt definitely more cheerful, more self-confident, more enterprising and disposed for adventure. As the train drew farther north his fellow-passengers became more friendly. There was none of that stiffness and self-consciousness, that air of "keeping oneself to oneself," that one noticed in the south. Mr. Pennycook began to feel himself a member of a large, chatty, good-humored family, and although his natural diffidence kept him from proffering any remark himself, his heart warmed in sympathy towards his companions.

Finally, after he had almost given up hope that the journey would ever end, the train ran into Windermere Station. He dragged his suitcase from the rack, and tumbled out on to dimly lighted empty platform, to meet an icy breath of mountain air that made him turn up his coat collar. It was a dark night with neither moon nor stars, but there seemed to have been no rain here, for the platform was dry. Mr. Pennycook discovered, to his alarmed surprise, that he was the last person on the train, and he was greatly relieved to find the bus waiting just outside the station entrance. He produced Messrs. Crunn's coupon for the inspection of the conductor, requesting at the same time that he should be set down at Aldersmere Private Hotel, Waterhead, half a mile from the village. The conductor, having scrutinised his coupon suspiciously, handed him a return ticket in exchange, jerked the bell-cord, and the bus jolted upon its way.

With the exception of a young couple in hiking costume, who sat in the back seat and held hands throughout the journey, Mr. Pennycook was the sole passenger. "Upon arrival at Windermere," Messrs. Crunn's brochure had promised him, "visitors will be conveyed through glorious scenery to their hotel." Mr. Pennycook, huddled in his seat, benumbed with weariness, reflected bitterly that the "glorious scenery" had apparently to be taken for granted. He could see nothing but the reflection of the bus lights in the windows, and beyond them was the darkest night he had ever known. What he was going to do when the bus stopped, if the hotel was not immediately discoverable, he had not the faintest idea.

At that moment the bus did stop. "Waterhead," called out the conductor, looking at Mr. Pennycook severely, as though wondering why on earth anyone should want to come to a place like Waterhead at that time of night. Then, noticing the little man's forlorn aspect, he relented to the extent of offering him a few directions as to the best way of finding the hotel. "It's on what they call the Esplanade," he said grudgingly, "you want to go down a bit of a slope, and through a gateway—see?" Mr. Pennycook did not see, but was afraid to say so, lest the man thought him stupid. He alighted by the side of a country road, and the bus jolted onward into the night, leaving him groping and bewildered in the darkness. He took a step forward and found himself on grass, took several more steps, lost the road, stumbled over some obstruction, and became stricken with panic. There was no sign of the hotel, and he had no idea of how to set about looking for it. It was ten o'clock at night, he was three hundred miles from home, and to crown all he was, for the moment, most hopelessly and fantastically lost.

Mrs. Pennycook awakened on the morning prior to her own departure full of a happy fury of energy. The slight depression occasioned by her parting from Albert had proved to be as short-lived as her fits of depression usually



were. "If he isn't old enough to look after himself now," she told herself, "he never will be." The anxiety she had formerly felt for Mr. Pennycook was now transferred to Christina, who, for the next ten days would be left at home to keep house. Mrs. Pennycook somewhat distrusted her daughter's housekeeping.

Mrs. Pennycook bestowed on her daughter a loud hearty kiss, took a firm grip of her umbrella, and prepared to follow her luggage to the station, whither it had already been removed by a little old out-of-work man, an acquaintance of the Pennycooks, who was glad enough to earn an honest penny by occasional odd jobs. She reflected, with her accustomed thrift, that it would never do to go riding about in taxis two days running. She hadn't got such grand ideas as Albert. Besides, if she turned up at the station in a taxi Madeline would probably start being snuffy and passing remarks. You never quite knew where you were with relations-in-law, and Albert's sister was a funny-tempered woman at the best of times.

Not, mind you, that she, Susan, had anything against Madeline. They'd been quite friendly as girls, and she and Stanley's two sisters, Lena and Hetty Purkiss, had all been bridesmaids at Madeline's wedding. Madeline's husband, who was four years younger than she was, was a wispy little man, with thinning hair, a small ginger moustache, and the look of a scared white rabbit. He kept a small haberdashery's shop in the High Street, and always referred to his petty traffickings in cotton vests and ribbons and buttons importantly as *The Business*, in the same way that he liked to think of the shop as an Emporium, and the elder of the two young lady assistants as the Head Saleswoman.

According to Madeline, Stanley had had great ambitions as a young man, but unfortunately they never seemed to have got him anywhere. Mrs. Pennycook had no great opinion of Stanley, and privately considered him very small beer. Indeed, but she did now remember gratefully that if it had not been for him she probably would not have been setting off to the Island at this moment. Stanley had got it into his head that Madeline was run down and needed a change, and he had gone on to suggest that, now Albert was independent and able to get away, it would be nice company for Madeline if Mrs. Pennycook could leave home at the same time, so that they could go to Sandown together. At the last moment the party had received an addition in the person of Master Harold Purkiss, who was just over chicken-pox.

Mrs. Pennycook entered the station booking-hall in a mood of adventure and high optimism to find her sister-in-law waiting for her by the indicator. Madeline Purkiss was a thin, peevish, anaemic woman, with a shrill voice, a querulous manner, and a fur collar so much too large for her that her face dwindled to the merest pale silver by comparison. She carried under one arm an immense bulging handbag of imitation leather painted with naive panels, and was leading with her free hand a small bullet-headed boy, peering belligerently through steel-rimmed spectacles. Mrs. Pennycook felt herself assailed by faint doubts at the sight of this unpromising couple, but she thrust her misgivings to one side, and firmly took the initiative. "Well," she cried gaily, "here we are again! How are you feeling, my dear?"

Mrs. Purkiss, being one of those peculiar people who "enjoy" bad health, looked vaguely reproachful at this happy-go-lucky greeting. She felt that Susan was not taking her afflictions with sufficient seriousness. "The doctor says I'm better," she returned grudgingly, "but I still can't fancy my food." She lowered her voice, and bent mysteriously towards Mrs. Pennycook. "Everything does repeat so," she added in a gloomy whisper, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it didn't end in ulceration."



IT WAS, of course, impossible for any of them to take seriously the short run between Meldon and Brighton, where they had to change. Both Mrs. Purkiss and Mrs. Pennycook "ran into" Brighton so often to go to the pictures, or to have a sea blow on the pier, or to do a bit of shopping, that neither of them considered that their journey had really begun until they found themselves moving out of the vast murky cavern of Brighton Station in a train bound for Portsmouth Harbor. Both ladies now felt that they could relax without fear of interruption. Mrs. Pennycook took off her gloves and folded them neatly away in her handbag. Madeline removed her hat and placed it in the rack. They had the compartment to themselves, apart from two elderly working-class women, who sat together on the farther side of the carriage, indulging happily in an intimate and intricate conversation, which seemed to centre round funerals, obstetrics, deaths by violence, and the more complicated major operations.

At the risk of being thought unsociable Mrs. Pennycook deliberately erected a little barrier of silence between herself and her fellow-passengers, and entertained herself behind it with reminiscences of the honeymoon journey that she and Albert had taken together years ago on this very line. They'd had a reserved carriage, and held hands most of the way, and made merry at Portsmouth over cups of tea and large shiny buns. If only, she thought, with one of her rare lapses into sentiment, they could have done the same trip again together. It didn't seem right for the family to be all broken up and scattered as it was at present—Albert miles away in the North of England, Tina and Ted in Meldon, and herself chasing off down to the Island. She wondered exactly where Albert was, and what he was doing. Having afternoon tea, she supposed, in his swaggy hotel overlooking the lake. All she hoped was he'd be careful about climbing, and not go trying to scramble up any of those steep rocky places it showed in the guide-books—the sort that were all loose stones and scree, with nasty black-looking tarns at the bottom. Slide down into one of those, and you'd be done for, thought Mrs. Pennycook, remembering uneasily that Albert couldn't swim a stroke.

With the first hint of early twilight Madeline dragged the straw basket down from the rack, and produced tea. There was bread-and-butter, and a steaming thermos, and chocolate, and bananas, and some unwholesome-looking little biscuits covered with violently pink icing. "No-

thing like a cup of tea for putting fresh heart into you," she said conversationally, and Mrs. Pennycook agreed. On the whole it was a cheerful meal. They ate and drank, and talked about *The Business*, and Harold's chicken-pox, and Christina's approaching wedding, so that it seemed no time at all before they found themselves running into Portsmouth above lighted streets with shops and trams, and large hoardings plastered with gaudy advertisements of music-halls. "Ere we are!" cried Madeline, as the train came slowly to a standstill beside the platform of the Harbor station. "Good old Pompey!" It was the first sign of enthusiasm she had shown, and Mrs. Pennycook felt quite relieved that she was apparently beginning to forget her afflictions.

The two ladies stepped out, and were immediately plunged into a fine confusion of sailors, porters, mountains of luggage, milk-churns, tea-waggons, and a vast crowd of people, all struggling down the covered incline that led to the boats. "Ere, Eruld," said Mrs. Purkiss, fumbling in her glove for the tickets, "you keep close to me." Mrs. Pennycook said nothing, only clasped her umbrella a little more firmly, and took a deep breath of the fresh wind that blew from the sea. She felt now that her holiday was really beginning in earnest. When the little steamer chugged out across the narrow strip of water, and she saw the lights of Ryde growing nearer and brighter, and the grey shapes of battleships looming ghostly against a burning, smoky sky, and heard the slap of miniature waves against the vessel's sides, a feeling of adventure took possession of her, only second to that of Albert. Everything was going to be all right—of course, it was going to be all right. Her thoughts went skipping and dancing ahead of the boat to a future full of leafy chimes and golden sands, day trips and visits to the pictures, a smiling landlady and rooms that beamed a welcome to you, snug evenings over a fire, and fish-and-chip suppers. She was quite sure that all three of them were going to have the time of their lives!

But therein she reckoned without Mrs. Spriggett.

THE journey from the station was made in a rattling and antiquated taxi, that finally deposited them outside a small, genteel-looking house standing on the corner of two quiet roads just off the main street. It was too dark for them to be able to discern much of the surrounding scenery, but they could see that most of the houses stood in their own gardens, and by the glimmer of the street-lamps Mrs. Pennycook could make out a flourishing palm-tree on the opposite side of the road. "Quite like the tropics," she said brightly to her sister-in-law, who was not in the best of tempers after bargaining with the taxi-driver; "so nice and central here, too. We're close to the shops, and yet right out of the noise of the traffic."

Madeline, with a slight snort, as though enured by this cheerfulness, said grudgingly that she supposed it would be all right, but she wanted to see the room, and to this end she seized the door-bell of "Seaholme," and rang it vigorously. There was a pause of a full minute before her onslaught had any effect, and then the door opened, inch by inch in a distrustful fashion to reveal the person of Mrs. Priggett framed in the aperture. She was a small, skinny woman with a pert manner, a gaudy overall that was none too clean, and dark shingled hair, cropped at the



back to the stubby aggressiveness of a blacking brush. She looked the visitors disparagingly up and down, and sniffed. Only later were they to learn that Mrs. Spriggett had a whole gamut of sniffs—defiant, suspicious, haughty, and dejected. This particular sniff was the sniff defiant. "Hphm!" said Mrs. Spriggett. "you're late!"

Beneath the chilliness of this welcome Madeline wilted. Mrs. Pennycook, who had taken an immediate dislike to Mrs. Spriggett, was not, however, going to be subdued as easily as that. "Nonsense!" she said, planting herself at the head of the little party in a manner that suggested she was ready to die in the last ditch in defence of their interests. "we can't be more than a few minutes late. The train left Hyde exactly to time. You'd better let us come in. We can't talk standing out here."

Mrs. Spriggett opened her mouth to make a retort, but noticing Mrs. Pennycook's combative aspect, thought better of it. In a sulky silence she led the way into a prim and chilly sitting-room, papered with a design of blue birds nesting in groves of crimson fuchsias. There was no sign either of a fire or supper. A music-sheet on the piano informed them all that There Was A Good Time Coming, but Mrs. Pennycook personally felt doubtful of it.

The bedrooms were a little more inviting than the sitting-room, but not much. Mrs. Pennycook looked, with a critical and disapproving eye, at the lumpy mattresses, the leoprotic mirrors, worn oilcloths, and scrubby little towels, noting, with relief, that the rooms were, at least, clean. "I suppose," began Madeline, in that tone of pseudo-refined authority frequently employed by ladies of no particular social status when dealing with other ladies of a similar position who happen, for the moment, to be subservient to them. "I suppose we can have supper when we've finished unpacking and we'd rather like to have a fire lighted. It's not very warm to-night."

"YOU can't have a fire," said Mrs. Spriggett determinedly, and her tone implied that they were taking undreamt-of liberties, that she'd never heard of such a thing, and had no idea what the world was coming to. But Mrs. Pennycook was too old a hand to be intimidated by this wifely lack of hospitality. "And why not, pray?" she demanded truculently, before the more plaintive Madeline could think of a suitable riposte. "Why can't we have a fire, that's what I want to know?"

Mrs. Spriggett bestowed on her a kind of subdued glare, and sniffed.

"Because my husband's a Buffalo, and this is one of 'is Lodge nights.' And then she added, as though conscious that her statement required amplifying. "You can't have a fire to-night because it's not laid, and I haven't any coal in. My husband always carries the coals in for me. I can't do it myself—it brings on my palpitations."

"Oh, well!" Mrs. Pennycook made a gesture of resignation. "I suppose we can't, then, if that's the case. We've brought some food with us for supper and we'd like to have it as soon as we've unpacked—that'll be about eight o'clock."

Mrs. Spriggett folded her arms across her flat chest, and recited, in a kind of litany: "Breakfast at nine, dinner at one, tea at five, supper at seven, and nothing cooked 'ot. Those are my meal hours. I don't reckon

to serve nothing after seven o'clock, but I don't mind obliging you to-night because it's your first night."

IN the days that followed Mrs. Pennycook's capacity for making the best of things was taxed to the uttermost. If any great tragedy had befallen them—say, for instance, if Madeline had eloped with a married man, or Harold fallen over a cliff, or the house, with Mrs. Spriggett inside it, been swallowed up by an earthquake—she felt that she could not only have borne it, but even have derived a certain amount of satisfaction from putting things to rights afterwards. Nor was it the quietness of the place, supervening on the departure of the summer visitors, that dismayed her. She'd worked hard all her life, and was glad of a brief rest. She enjoyed going to the pictures, and looking at the fresh shops, and on mild days she was quite content to sit out of doors in some sheltered spot with a piece of crochet, or a novel from the library. What she wanted, above all else, was a respite from the company of Madeline and Harold, and this, it seemed, was impossible to obtain.

There had been a time, and not so very long ago, either, when she had thought Madeline not at all a bad sort, and quite entertaining company for a tea-party, or an afternoon in Brighton, but things were different when you had to live with anybody. She had discovered, quite early in their association, that most of Madeline's symptoms were entirely imaginary, and merely existed "in a vague hypothetical fashion, like a Greek chorus, created to bolster up her own self-importance. One wet day, and she was "crippled with rheumatism." If she lay awake for half an hour, aroused by a rattling window or a flapping blind, she "hadn't had a wink of sleep all night."

Her nerves, she declared, with melancholy pride, were "all to pieces." When she was not nagging Harold, or peevishly lamenting the idiosyncrasies of Mrs. Spriggett, she was continually dosing herself with patent preparations from the local chemists. If Mrs. Pennycook ventured to suggest that these remedies were unnecessary, Madeline would become violently affronted and talk "at her" in a pained and refined fashion for the rest of the day.

Nor could Harold be said to add very largely to the gaiety of the occasion. He had no respect for his grandmother, having long ago seen through her weak pretence of authority, and despised it; and he made it abundantly clear from the beginning that he disliked Mrs. Pennycook, who privately considered him one of the most sulky and objectionable children it had ever been her misfortune to meet.

It was war to the knife between him and Mrs. Spriggett from the moment the Purkisses set foot in the house.

With Mrs. Spriggett herself neither Madeline nor Mrs. Pennycook could do anything at all. Confronted by any unexpected request, or asked to cook any dish that was strange to her, she had one un-failing, baffling rejoinder which never failed to confound them. "I can't do that, my dear. I never heard of that before—never seen it." Despite the fact that she appeared to be younger than either of them she "my deared" them both, a habit which infuriated Mrs. Pennycook, who shrewdly suspected that Mrs. Spriggett's incredible ignorance was merely a cloak to conceal her unwillingness to put herself to any extra trouble. Another source of friction was Mrs. Spriggett's refusal to allow any gleam of sunshine to enter the sitting-room. On

days when all the outer world was golden in sunlight she insisted on keeping the curtains drawn, and the blinds down, lest the sunshine "took that lovely magenta out of the fuchsias." Madeline grumbled a good deal at this edict. "Talk about an everlasting funeral," she complained peevishly, and Mrs. Pennycook, for once, was inclined to agree with her.

The Sunday of their stay was a dreadful day. From the time they rose in the morning nothing went right. Madeline broke her top plate on a piece of Mrs. Spriggett's fried bread at breakfast-time, and had, of course, to wait till the next day before she could get it repaired. It rained all day without ceasing. The joint was cooked abominably, though, as Madeline said tartly, that wouldn't trouble her, since she was able to eat nothing but bread and milk. Harold, who was in one of his most difficult moods, grumbled at everything, was rude to Mrs. Spriggett, spit his gravy over the clean table-cloth, and broke a vase. "Another day like to-day," thought Mrs. Pennycook, as she climbed into her uneven bed on Sunday night, "and we shall all be clean off our crumpeets!" And with the thought there sprang into being her definite determination to have one day away from Madeline and Harold, one day, in which, at the risk of being branded as unsociable, she would be able to call her soul her own.

She announced her resolve at the breakfast-table on Monday morning. "If it's all the same to you," she said, "I think I'd rather like to run into Hyde to-day, and have a look round some of the places Albert and I saw together when we were on our honeymoon." She added generously, "And if you like, I'll take your teeth down to be mended on my way to the station." Madeline, herself vaguely sentimental in a conventional fashion, raised no objection to this programme. "Well, why don't you?" she said fretfully. "I can't go out, anyhow, looking like this," and Mrs. Pennycook hastened to prepare for her departure, before Madeline could suggest that she might as well take Harold with her.

At eleven o'clock she found herself in Hyde, hunting eagerly, but with only partial success, for the old familiar scenes of her wedding-trip. She was disappointed to find how greatly the town had changed in those twenty-seven years. The little pastrycook's in the square, where she and Albert had bought brandysnaps, had been demolished, and in its place was a large china shop. The livery stables, from which they had hired a shabby little cab, smelling of straw and beer, in which to make a sight-seeing drive, had been turned into motor garages. Even the "Three Crowns" Family and Commercial Hotel, where they had eaten roast lamb and cherry tart on their wedding-night, had been transformed, by the march of progress, into a high-class drapery establishment, with immense plate-glass windows and shimmering wax models.

Mrs. Pennycook, her disappointment keener than she would have believed possible, told herself severely that she must have been stupid to have imagined that the place would look exactly the same after more than twenty years. Silly of her to have come to Hyde at all! If she wasn't careful she'd be getting as soppy and romantic as Albert.

Still in this mood of self-scorn she passed on to the pier, looking for a sheltered spot in which to eat her sandwiches. She finished her lunch in a leisurely fashion and



began to get on with some lace she was crocheting for a tray-cloth.

She became aware that someone was looking at her, and, glancing up from her work, she saw, sitting near her, a trim, dark, smartly dressed little woman, who was pretending to be engrossed in a small, mysteriously shaped piece of knitting. At this moment, either by accident or design, she contrived to drop her wool so that it rolled almost to the feet of Mrs. Pennycook, who felt obliged, in common courtesy, to bend down and pick it up. "Oh, thank you," cried the little woman, flashing upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, "so good of you to trouble."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Pennycook politely. One had, naturally, to be careful with strangers, but she had taken a liking to this woman in the first glance. "I see you're like me," she said, "fond of fancy work. I should be lost without a bit of crochet when I sit out of doors."

"I prefer knitting, myself," said the little woman, with a bright, deprecating smile. "It's very rude of me, but I've been admiring your beautiful crochet ever since I sat down, after which, of course, there was nothing for Mrs. Pennycook to do, but to spread the lace out on her knee, and invite her companion's further inspection, which was immediately forthcoming. "My name's Ruskin," said the little woman. "I'm just sitting here, waiting for my husband. We're staying at the Royal Osborne Hotel."

"Really!" said Mrs. Pennycook, and despite herself she felt impressed. The Royal Osborne Hotel on the sea-front was one of those large, imposing white-and-gold palaces of hospitality. Only a comparatively wealthy person could afford to stay there for long. Mrs. Pennycook felt a little light-hearted quiver of the pulses, as though the real adventure of her holiday was beginning at last. "My husband," she said carelessly, unable to resist the very human temptation of making a splash, "is staying in the Lake District."

"The Lake District!" cried the little woman, now more vivacious than ever. "But that's just where Tom wants to go. Ever since we landed in England he's been crazy to see Wordsworth's cottage, and that other place—you know, where Robert Southey lived." Mrs. Pennycook did not know, but she was far too interested to hang up the conversation by admitting ignorance. "You see," continued little Mrs. Ruskin, rattling on as though they had known each other all their lives, "we're Americans—at least, Tom is—and we've lived in the States ever since I married him. I met him when he was over here on business six years ago, but now he's made a lot of money in real estate we've come to England to live. We only landed at Southampton last week, and we're just looking round. I'm quite English, myself—my people came from Tewkesbury." And now Mrs. Pennycook was quite sure that she was genuine, because no one could possibly have invented Tewkesbury on the spur of the moment. "I don't know that part of the country at all," she said, feeling that one display of confidence deserved another. "I've spent all my life in Sussex."

"We're going on to Sussex after we leave here," said Mrs. Ruskin, whose Christian name, it afterwards transpired, was Violet. "Tom's great-grandmother was a Sussex woman from Pevensey, and he wants to see the place where she's buried. We've got rooms booked at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne."

"Well, fancy that!" cried Mrs. Pennycook, who, with all this talk of travel and hotels, now began to feel that she was moving in exalted circles indeed. "My husband's brother, James, lives in Eastbourne. He

very often drops into the lounge at the Grand for tea. You might happen to meet him."

"I'm sure Tom would be delighted," said Mrs. Ruskin. "He's great on meeting fresh people. You're not in a hurry, are you, because, if you can spare the time, I'd like to introduce you to him. I thought he would have been here before now." It was evident that she was very much in love with Mr. Ruskin, for, encouraged by her companion's sympathetic interest, she plunged into a eulogy of his virtues as a husband and a business man, stressing his deep attachment to England, his admiration for English literature and English scenery, his money-making abilities and his idealism, which last quality, Mrs. Pennycook thought, sounded suspiciously like Albert. Mr. Ruskin, according to his wife, was convinced that English literary standards were far too low, and that the population needed, for its soul's good, to re-discover the beauties of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer, no less than to develop a proper appreciation of the outstanding productions in current literature. Mr. Ruskin, who had, it appeared, owned a book-selling business for some years in Boston, Mass., prior to "going in for" real estate, had now conceived the idea of settling in England, and starting an experimental bookstore along his own peculiar lines, to be followed, if successful, by a chain of book-stores throughout England, all pursuing the policy of his original inspiration.

It was at this point in Violet Ruskin's discourse that the little glimmer of an idea suddenly sprang into being in Mrs. Pennycook's mind, flickering and darting among her thoughts like a candle-flame in a draught. At first her own daring in conceiving such a scheme nearly took her breath away, and when she had regained it she saw at once any number of pitfalls and difficulties. She readily realised that, after all, her first impression might turn out to be at fault, that these people might merely be out for money, and that she might be the victim of a gigantic "hoax," but, on the other hand, if the Ruskins were genuine—she looked up, roused by Mrs. Ruskin's cry of pleasure, and saw advancing towards them a tall thin man, wearing large, loose clothes, and horn-rimmed glasses. The stage was set for great events, but there was as yet nothing to warn Mr. Pennycook disporting himself with almost bachelor freedom in the wilds of Westmorland, that destiny was walking into his life and into Susan's at that moment—a destiny that was to give them all a shaking-up and twisting round preparatory to setting them down in a fresh town altogether.

WE left Mr. Pennycook stranded in darkness beside a country road, appreciating, for the first time in his life, the profound truth of Stevenson's statement, that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. We find him again, dazed with weariness and bewilderment, but already quite thirty yards nearer to his goal than when we left him. He has found the Esplanade more by good fortune than anything else. He discovered that Aldersmere was the end house of the row, but he had no sooner approached it than two small dogs, like animated chrysanthemums, flew at him out of the darkness, barking furiously. Mr. Pennycook knew an instant's panic in which he trembled for the safety of his trousers, but he was reassured to find that the animals had apparently no designs upon his person, and the very commotion had the desired effect of bringing a member

of the hotel staff to his assistance. Mr. Pennycook stumbled over the threshold, relinquished his luggage, and requested that he should be shown immediately to his room. He felt that he could not—simply could not—face meeting any more strangers to-night.

But in the morning all was different. As he lay waiting impatiently till it should be time to get up—for not even his long day's journeying and his muddled night in an hotel bed had been sufficient to break him of the habit of waking early—he leisurely reviewed his impressions of the previous night—strange voices talking and laughing behind a closed door, Mrs. Mackereith, the proprietress, a dumpy little woman, with black eyes, hard as Cumberland granite, the climbing of endless stairs, a yawning chambermaid bringing him hot milk on a tray, his excited discovery from his bedroom window of a light hanging apparently between heaven and earth, and his exasperated impatience because it was too dark to see the mountains. Soon after daybreak he got out of bed and looked out of the window.

HE stood by the window till an icy little draught, curling contemptuously about his bare ankles, drove him unthinkingly back to bed, where he beguiled his time with a book until the arrival of his hot water, which arrived simultaneously with the last page of his novel. Then, for all the world as though the brisk cup of the chambermaid's knuckles upon the door were a trumpet-call rousing him to action, he leapt eagerly out of bed, and began to shave and dress. The Adventure, for which he had waited, sometimes almost hopelessly, for the past twelve years, was now close up on him. On the other side of his closed door there waited for him Heaven knew what glories, perils, friendships and excitements. He finished his toilet, and took a last look at his image in the mirror, like a man saying good-bye to his old self. He opened the door. He was on the other side of it, feeling curiously unprotected and shy. Strange that the thought of eating his first meal among strangers should make such excessive demands upon his courage. "This is ridiculous!" he said to himself. "Perfectly ridiculous!" He gave himself a little mental shake as he reached the hall, and mustering all the remains of his confidence, entered the dining-room.

He saw immediately, to his great relief, that only a few of the tables were occupied. There was a honeymoon couple who murmured endearing phrases to each other over their bacon and eggs, and appeared happily oblivious of anyone else, even the waitress. There were also two business men, finishing off a quiet week-end before going on to a trade conference at Glasgow (though Mr. Pennycook naturally did not know this at the time), and a young man in shorts and spectacles, who read a guide-book audaciously all through the meal.

When breakfast was over he followed the spectacled young man into the lounge, and made an attempt to get into conversation with him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but could you—tell me the best way to set about seeing the Lakes? I don't know the district at all—I only came last night."

The young man lowered his guide-book, and looked at him.

"Well," he said, in the tone of one who not only wished to be helpful, but to show off his own superior knowledge at the same time, "in the first place you want a map."

Mr. Pennycook felt apologetic.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that that's just what I haven't got. I could get one, of



course," he added hastily, fearful lest he should have lost caste in the eyes of one who appeared to be an expert.

"I should," said the young man. "In this country you're lost without a map, absolutely. If you're going to walk. You do walk, I suppose," he added earnestly, apparently afraid that he might be about to waste a great deal of specialised knowledge on one who weakly preferred to do his sight-seeing from motor coaches and buses. Mr. Pennycook said hurriedly that he thought he was really a fairly good walker, "though, of course," he added modestly, "I've never done any of this new-fashioned hiking."

THE young man, delighted to have found a willing novice promptly unfolded his own map, thereby obliterating the greater part of the writing-table and about half an armchair, and offered to make him out an itinerary.

The young man's enthusiasm made him good company, and Mr. Pennycook was sorry when he folded up his map, strapped in his rucksack, and prepared to depart. "I only hope," he said, "that I've been of some help to you," and Mr. Pennycook assured him gratefully that it had been very kind of him to trouble, that he was sure he would soon get the lie of the land, and that he felt keen enough to start off at once. But the Fates had decreed that he was to do no sightseeing that day.

When he set off to the village to send Susan's telegram he noticed a little cap of mist on the crest of the Langdales. The first brightness of the morning, which had clouded over almost imperceptibly during his conversation with the young man, had now given place to a lowering greyiness and as he emerged from the post office he felt on his face the first drops of the coming rain. By the time he reached the outskirts of the village the first sprinkle had become a steady fall, and before he arrived at the hotel this, in its turn, had developed into a teeming deluge. Mr. Pennycook, who, as we have seen, had a wide and varied experience of almost every kind of weather, had never in his life seen such rain. It was rain on a gigantic scale drowning, with a kind of magnificent impartiality, houses, trees, hills, lakes, boulders and meadows. The mountains veiled themselves in steaming vapors, and then disappeared altogether. Earth and sky was a streaming greyiness, and every beck and rattle and waterfall shouted for joy in the murk. Mr. Pennycook, who had walked in the rain too often from necessity to want to do so for pleasure, went forlornly back to the empty hotel. There was no arguing with a downpour like that. It would have stopped even a war for the time being.

By the end of the fifth day he was desperately homesick, but in spite of this weakness he stuck doggedly to his set programme. He had spent a good part of that first drenching twenty-four hours in drawing up a marvellous time-table of walks, with the aid of Guide to the Lake District which he had found in the lounge; and the weather, rather surprisingly, after that initial display of hostility, settled down to a sequence of pale, glittering autumnal days, with frost in the air and the first snows white on Helvellyn and the Pikes, so that Mr. Pennycook was able to undertake all that he had planned. The round had done one thing for him, at least—it had turned him into a walker. He bought a map and a stout ash-stick, and formed the habit of soaping his socks, but these

things were merely incidentals. What the round had not done for him was to give him the temperament of a pioneer and explorer.

After the departure of the honeymoon couple two days after his arrival he found himself the only guest for the rest of the week. He dined every night in splendid isolation, surrounded by a wilderness of empty tables. After he had dined he retired to the lounge to write a naive and truthful account of the day's sight-seeing in his diary. He did everything that visitors to the Lakes are supposed to do, and to this catalogue he frequently added some devastatingly honest impressions of his own. He walked to Hawkshead, where he tasted, for the first time, a peculiar kind of teacake called a wigg, and flavored with caraway seeds. He walked to Conistone, and played "Rule Britannia" on the Musical Stones in the Ruskin Museum. He ate rum butter in a stone-floored kitchen at Grassmere, and because he knew it was expected of him he tried to become enthusiastic over Dove Cottage. Actually his only impression of Wordsworth's former dwelling was that the kitchen had a remarkably small sink, and that Dorothy must have found it most inconvenient for washing-up. He said as much to two scandalised American ladies, who thought the poet's works and everything pertaining to him "poetical," and their horrified expressions afforded him one of the most satisfying moments of his entire stay.

The climax of his homesickness came on the day of his visit to Wadalehead.

He had decided before leaving home that he could not possibly return from the Lake District without having seen Wastwater and the famous Scree, and although, owing to the lateness of the season and the lack of organised excursions, he found the prospect hedged about with difficulties, he did not rest until he had succeeded in chartering a small private car, in co-operation with three other persons—an elderly superannuated schoolmistress, a small studious man, interested in geology, who had come to the hotel during the week-end, and a stout Yorkshireman, named Royds, a retired provision merchant from Bradford, who was staying at the Vale View Hotel, Ambleside. Accompanied by these three worthies he set off at nine o'clock of a chilly and overcast November morning.

He, himself, had nothing to say about Wadale. To use his own expression, it "floored" him. To speak at all, even in a low voice, made him feel like a man creating a disturbance in church. The rest of the little company split up and wandered off in various directions, the spinster schoolmistress and the Yorkshireman to the hotel, there respectively to purchase post cards and indulge in a double whisky, the studious little man to pursue some vague geological explorations of his own.

Mr. Pennycook, thus deserted, wandered forlornly about, exploring the church, reading the inscriptions on the graves of rock-climbers who had been killed on the neighboring heights, and longing passionately for the luncheon hour to pass, so that there might, at least, be some prospect of a return to civilisation. He sat down upon a boulder, took out his sandwiches ("a packed luncheon will be provided on all-day trips"), and tried, without much success, to formulate a few sentences with which to describe the day's experiences in his diary, but the mountains and the silence, combined with that sinister-looking waterfall, depressed him so much that he was a lonely and miserable little man indeed.

A wave of nostalgia rolled over him, swamping him. His very heart and brain and marrow ached for the little house on Saxon Hill, Susan bustling to and fro over her cooking, the round, the jingling cans, the lighted shops in the Cliffe on a Saturday night. "I don't care!" said Mr. Pennycook defiantly. "It's beaten me, and I don't care." (He didn't! He was, at the moment, too wretched even to feel ashamed of himself.) "I don't believe," he added slowly, "that I'm really an adventurer at all. Everything's so—so much bigger than I thought it would be. I can't very well go home till next Monday, anyhow, and to-day's only Thursday. I'd give anything to be going home to-morrow."

But this, of course, was out of the question. To return home ignominiously before his due time, to meet the sarcastic gaze of Susan and parry her too-understanding questions, was an ordeal from which even Mr. Pennycook's newly found humility shrank. He would have tackled Great Gable single-handed first! No, there was nothing for it but to stay and stick it out. After all, he could always go into Kendal or Windermere if his isolation became too absolute.

Let him but once get out of this appalling valley, where the very trickle of a stone down the mountain side sounded in the stillness like a miniature avalanche, and he would be content to stick to those villages that were, at least, served by a bus route.

"Get hold of you, does it!" thought Mr. Pennycook bitterly, remembering the rhapsodies of the Lancashire man whom he had met in the train. "Well, they can keep it, as far as I'm concerned. No more last outposts of civilisation for me; but, in spite of his bitterness he looked back over his shoulder more than once as the car jolted back along the lake-shore on the return to the main road. After all, Wadale was unique. He would probably never see the place again and now that he was leaving it he felt a kind of belated satisfaction in having seen it at all. It would, at any rate, be something to talk about on his return.

WHEN he got back to his hotel he found waiting for him a surprise. Whenever he returned to Aldersmere after a day's outing his first action was always to look on the hall table to see whether there were any letters for him. He did not really expect anything to-night, for he had only heard from Susan on Tuesday, but he was quite unable to help glancing in the direction of the table, and was most agreeably surprised to see there an envelope addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. He carried it eagerly into the lounge, and sat down beside a glowing fire to read it.

MY DEAR ALBERT.—(Susan had written.)

I expect you will be surprised to hear from me again so soon when I only wrote to you on Sunday, but I went into Ryde Monday to have a look round, and met some people there on the pier that I think might be useful to you in the way of starting the bookshop. Their name is Ruskin—a married couple, both middle-aged, but seem very nice. I got into conversation with Mrs. Ruskin by accident, through picking up her knitting-wool, which led to us having quite a pleasant little chat. I naturally didn't want to intrude on strangers, but she insisted on me staying to meet Mr. Ruskin, who, it seems, is an American, and very keen on starting a book business in England, now that they have come over here to settle down. Of course,



directly I knew that I told him about you, and he was so interested that nothing would do, but that I should come up to their hotel with them, and have afternoon tea in the lounge, which I did, knowing it would be one for Madeline, if nothing else, as she's always fancied herself. It was quite a change, I must say, for me to be having tea in a swaggy hotel like the Royal Osborne, but the Ruskins seem nice and homely, and I should think quite gentle-people, though, of course, you never can tell nowadays. They are going on to the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, when they leave here, and I thought if you could drop a line to James later, arranging for him to meet them—you know how often he drops into the Grand—he would be able to sum them up, and let you know his views, because, as you know, James is pretty shrewd at judging people, and I don't think would be very likely to be taken in. Mr. Ruskin says he would like to meet you, and although it seems, at present, rather like a shot in the dark, you never know what it might lead to.

They have promised to let you know as soon as they think of making a move, which may be any day now, and while not wishing to spoil your holiday I have been wondering whether it would not be better for you to come back a day or two early, so that you would be on the spot in case anything turned up. (Oh, artful Susan! Little did Mr. Pennycook guess how accurately she had read between the lines of his careful letters!) I thought if you could come home on Friday we should both be back on the same day, and could have a good talk over things.

M. is waiting to go out, so will save all news till Friday, unless I hear from you saying you have decided to stop on, when will try and get in another letter. It is queer weather here to-day, blowsy and showery. I think M. is better for her stay, but it's a job to tell, as she always imagines herself worse than she is. It would do her good to get down on her hands and knees, and do a day's scrubbing. I don't say much to her, as it is no good making unpleasantness. Take care of yourself, and when you come home don't forget to ask about changing at Crewe.

Your loving wife,  
SUSAN.

Immediately Mr. Pennycook had read this communication he folded it carefully, placed it in his pocket with an air of great importance, and rang the bell. He had the illusion that the world was full of cosy light, and that several brass bands were playing "Home, Sweet Home" very loudly in unison, but he kept his head. His ring brought to the lounge an astonished domestic, who was a chambermaid at the beginning and end of the day, and a house-parlormaid in between. Her astonishment was due to the fact that, at this hour of the evening, all properly constituted visitors were dressing for dinner, but it made no impression at all on Mr. Pennycook, who merely inquired of her whether it would be convenient for him to see the proprietress. As soon as Mrs. Mackereth appeared he informed her with magnificent firmness and aplomb that he would be leaving by an early train on the following day, having been recalled to the south on urgent business.

At dinner that evening he casually contrived to inform both the schoolmistress and the geologist of the same fact, and with every repetition of the information his business became automatically more and more mysterious and important till he really began to feel himself, that he might be an

international financier enjoying a quiet holiday under an assumed name.

At the last his disposal of his affairs was Napoleonic. His luggage he had packed overnight, and there only remained to label it. He had planned a complete schedule of his journey, and arranged with Mrs. Mackereth for a sandwich lunch that he could eat in the train. He gave half-a-crown to the versatile domestic, who was, at the moment, acting as chambermaid, another half-crown to the waitress, and a shilling to the boots, expressed his complete appreciation of all that had been done for his comfort, and more from politeness than from any real conviction, even vaguely hinted that at some future time he might come again. By eleven o'clock he was safely aboard a through train for Euston, flying southwards to a reunion with his family, and his first meeting with Mr. Thomas Ruskin.



ON the eve of Mr. Pennycook's disappointing excursion to Walsdale, Ted, in his little back bedroom at 18 Saxon Hill, was preparing for an equally exciting venture of his own—no less an occasion, in fact, than his first meeting with Ruth's people. She had her weekly half-day on Wednesday, and although Ted, owing to the fact that Marple's did not close till half-past five, had been unable to go to tea with the Garlands, it had been decided that he should spend the evening with them instead, remain to supper, and have the privilege of escorting Ruth to her bus afterwards.

Christina's life that day had been made a burden to her by Ted's constant demands for her to act as valet.

It seemed to him of vital importance that he should impress Ruth's people favorably, but so much depended upon them. He'd always thought of himself as being a jolly, sociable sort, the kind of chap who could get on with most people, and be the life and soul of any kind of social function from a billiards tournament to a meeting of the Oddfellows, but if they were going to be standoffish, and look down their noses at him he would feel annoyed with them, and perhaps show it, and that would upset Ruth, and then the evening would be a wash-out. By the time he arrived at the Garlands' small brick box of a house—one of a number of other cheap new houses, situated at the farther end of the town—he had worked himself up to a tremendous pitch of trepidation and speculative anxiety, and this was not so much due to the prospect of meeting Ruth's people, as to the thought of what he intended to ask Ruth herself.

He found the house with some difficulty, for the new residential district was, as yet, dimly lighted, and some of the roads had not been properly made up. It was a small, semi-detached dwelling, with a long narrow piece of garden at the back, containing two clothes-poles, a wireless aerial, and a sanitary dust-bin. The front of the house, vaguely discernible in the misty starlight, appeared to be slightly more impressive. There was a porch over the door, a double border of white stones flanking the path, and the electric light in the living-room shone with a welcoming glow through some very

"arty"-looking curtains of golden rep. Ted walked up and down for a few moments, gathering his courage, and fingering his tie to make sure that it was straight. Reassured on this point, and a little contemptuous of himself for having delayed (thereby wasting precious moments, which might, more profitably, have been spent with Ruth), he marched boldly up to the house, and rang the bell, which was immediately answered by Ruth's younger sister, Joyce, a romping child of sixteen, with wavy bobbed hair, and a little short nose with a fascinating undulation in the middle of it.

"Oh," said this damsel, with tremendous assurance, as Ted stumblyingly introduced himself, "so you're Ruth's young man! She said you were coming. She'll be down in a minute—she's just doing the hot-water bottles. Come in, and meet the family."

She led him into a small living-room, which seemed very full of solid, dark-brown furniture. There was also the inevitable Jacobean sideboard and dining-table, valiantly upholding a pretence to genuine oak, and from the wireless set a voice of tremendous volume and heartiness was announcing the passionate desire of its owner to go down to the sea again. There were two people in the room—a little round-faced man, with a frizz of dark hair rising above his baldness like a ground mist, who sat contentedly by the fire doing a cross-word puzzle, and, dominating the whole scene, a stately, rather faded woman, who had the air of being a Duchess in reduced circumstances. These individuals were respectively introduced to Ted as Ruth's father and mother, but it was Mrs. Garland who claimed the greater part of his attention.

He had known for some time that Ruth's mother objected to her daughter working as a house-parlormaid, and now that he was actually face to face with Mrs. Garland he found it easy to believe it. She was like a pathetic shade, who had strayed from some world of ghostly aristocrats into the hard, matter-of-fact milieu of the lower middle-class. She, poor lady, had never in her life moved in any circles more aristocratic than those of Peckham Rye, where she had first met Mr. Garland, but she had never been able to forget that her mother had been a distant cousin of Admiral Sir Baddeley Broke, and that, at one time, her people had been very well off. She was now, in her desire to honor the memory of past glories, more aristocratic than any member of the Upper Ten would have known how to be.

"How do you do, Mr. Pennycook?" she said, graciously extending a hand to Ted, "Sit down, won't you, and make yourself at home."

At that moment Ruth came in, and Ted at once forgot everyone else in the room. She had put on a new jumper and her best silk stockings, and her brown hair had been brushed till it shone. She was even prettier than she had been at their last meeting, and there were two new freckles on her nose that seemed, to his infatuated gaze, to put the finishing touch to her attractiveness. Her welcome was murmured in such a soft little voice as to be almost inaudible, for the ordeal of meeting him for the first time before her family



had made her shy. With her arrival the first constraint was relaxed, and they all disposed themselves about the room—Ted and Ruth together on the couch, the younger sister on a fireside cushion by the hearth, Mrs. Garland, very erect in one of the pseudo-Jacobean chairs with her mending-basket, her husband beside the fire with his cross-word puzzle. Puzzles of all descriptions were, it appeared, Mr. Garland's hobby.

Ted did not wish to prejudice Ruth's parents against him at the outset, but the slight stiffness that crept into Mrs. Garland's manner at any mention of his occupation led him, out of sheer perversity, to make as much as possible of his work at Marple's.

Ted was fully resolved upon one point—he was not going to say a word to any of them—except, of course, Ruth, who knew already—about old Padgett's legacy. If they weren't prepared to take him as he was, he was haughty if he was going to bolster up his cause with his father's money.

A casual remark of Mr. Garland's to the effect that the weather looked like setting in for frost, and his wife was not only lamenting the fact that it would ruin the hunting, but in the same breath, going on to describe how handsome the dear Admiral, her mother's cousin, used to look in a pink coat, and what dreadful language he had used when he had broken his collarbone when hunting with the Pychley in '97. Desperately Ted tried to drag the conversation round to his mother's holiday in the island, but the proximity of Sandown to Cowes was too much for Mrs. Garland, who was immediately off again into a happy jumble of yachts, luncheon-parties, marchionesses and dukes.

In the end Destiny unexpectedly came to his rescue in the person of Mr. Garland, who winked at him, knocked out his pipe, and said jovially, "Now then, Ma, that's enough about your viscous for to-night. I wager young Ted's got something better to think about than royalties and banquets—and, talking of banquets, what about supper? Getting on for time, isn't it? Ruth don't want to miss her bus. 'Ere, Ted,' he turned a round rosy face upon his embarrassed guest, "you run out and give Ruth a hand getting supper. Bless 'er heart, don't you mind us old fogies! I've been young myself, and I know what it is." He shook a fat finger at them as they sauntered towards the door, and added an impressive rider, "There's only one thing—don't get so busy getting on with it you forget the beer. That kipper I had for tea has made me so dry I could drink a barrel."

Ted, blushing, had a last vision of Mrs. Garland's scandalised eyebrows before he found himself standing beside Ruth in the darkness of the hall. He sensed that she was almost as bashful as he was himself, and to hide it she turned to him, and said quickly, "Come on—I'll show you where everything is. It's going to be rather a spread to-night. That's for you because you're company."

Ted grinned self-consciously, and said that he was honored. "Better get the beer out first, hadn't we," he suggested, "and make sure of it? Your father seems a bit anxious."

"That's only his fun. Dad's an old dear, really. He's taken a fancy to you." They were jostling each other in the dark and restricted limits of the pantry. Ted, fumbling among the glass dishes, contrived—or it might possibly have happened by accident

—to touch his hand against hers. "I'm jolly glad," he said, "that your father's taken a fancy to me. I hope the rest of the family 'ull do the same." The psychological moment was upon him, but he'd have to be quick, because they hadn't got much time. "This," he thought, "is where I shove her into top gear, and blind straight ahead." "I always think," he said meaningly, "that it's better to be on good terms with your in-laws if you can manage it—even if it does sometimes take a bit of doing."

"In-laws!" said Ruth. Her small face was now as roseate as the cherries in the salad dish. "And who told you my people were going to be your in-laws, I should like to know! Why, we've only known each other just over three weeks!"

"Long enough for me," said Ted. (If only he could find some place where he could stand the beetroot! He'd need both his arms in a minute.) "Look here," he said seriously, "I cottoned to you from the first minute I set eyes on you, when you poured out the cocoa for me that night in old Hollins' kitchen. I knew then that we—were belonged to each other, and I was ready to stake any money that you felt the same. You did, didn't you? Come on, now, own up!"

He heard her give a small, startled gasp beside him in the darkness.

"I knew it!" cried Ted triumphantly. "I knew it all along." He set the beetroot down on the shelf with a bang. "And I know something else, too," he added, with the air of one possessing unlimited knowledge; "you're the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl I've ever set eyes on, or want to! And there's no sense in waiting any longer, is there, if we both feel like that about it?"

Ruth slipped one trembling little hand into his, and told him, in a whisper, that he was a darling, that she'd marry him whenever he wanted to, and that if her mother didn't like him, it was all the same, she'd have to put up with him. He held her to him very tightly in the darkness, and they soared together into a glorious world of roses, fountains, and silver stars, the whole width of the universe removed from such earthly matters as buses, relations-in-law, and supper. Their feet no longer rested upon the cold bricks of the pantry floor, but upon golden clouds, among which they floated together in unimaginable splendor.

In the sitting-room Mr. Garland knocked out his pipe for the second time, and looked meaningly across at his wife. "They've been gone some time," he said, "to fetch that beer."

THERE was one person in Meldon that evening who was not floating upon golden clouds, by any means—no less a character, in fact, than Miss Poppy Lower, the young lady with whom Ted had been walking out before his meeting with Ruth. To put it quite simply, Miss Lower was, to-night, in a vile temper. This in itself, was not remarkable, because all the female Lowers according to Mrs. Pennycook (who, as we know, was a reliable woman), frequently indulged in cattiness, recriminations, and outbreaks of tantrums. This particular temper was a special one, which had been working up to a full head of fury for more than three weeks. It had begun with dejection and sulks on the evening of Ted's sudden and inexplicable slackening of interest on the Palace Pier; after that it had progressed through tears, loveless heartburnings, and excusable feminine curiosity (this after she had discovered from the gossip of an acquaintance that he was walking out with another girl), and finally it had arrived at passionate

jealousy and a burning desire, not only for reprisals, but to see Ted, and "have it out." The fact that Miss Lower had to-night been kept late at the office, after being "told off" by the manager over the little matter of an error in her shorthand and the discovery of a lipstick in one of the letter-baskets, had been as petrol poured on the flames of her fury. She had bounced angrily into the house, quarrelled with her mother, refused tea, and finally flung off upstairs to her bedroom, banging the door behind her.

There was the new number of her favorite magazine, the "Fanny Popular Weekly," lying on the dressing-table. She hadn't had time to look at it yet, thanks to that old beast, Battersey, at the office. Might just as well glance through the Answers to Correspondents, and see if there was anything to suit her own case. Cheer her up, anyway—some of the letters the girls wrote were a scream. She reached out for the magazine, and flipped over the pages till she came to the Correspondence Column.

"Lotus Flower—" she read, "'As you say you are rather an Oriental type, use very little rouge, a rather bright-colored lipstick, and dark rachel powder. Darken the eyelashes with a little brown mascara. Your hair will look more attractive if left unwaved and well brushed with just a trace of brilliantine.'" She assimilated that with a view to future conquests, and passed on to "Anxious Violet," whose case seemed to be somewhat similar to her own. "No, dear, I am afraid I cannot tell you why your boy should suddenly have cooled off. Perhaps there is another girl, or it may be that without knowing it you have offended him in some way. If I were you I should have a frank talk with him, and if he cannot give you a satisfactory explanation have nothing more to do with him." "Yes," thought Poppy, "that's the stuff. That's the way he wants serving."

She made up her mind there and then to engineer a meeting with Ted that very evening if it were possible, and to that end she scrambled down from the bed, and began to make a somewhat sketchy and highly-colored toilet. Like her mother she had her own private sources of information regarding the movements of her friends and enemies alike, and having learned that Ruth had her half-day on Wednesday she knew that Ted would, in all probability, be spending the evening at the Garlands' house on the New Estate at the foot of the Race Hill. It was likely enough that he'd come down with Ruth later in the evening to see her to her bus. She'd go up the High Street and hang about near the bus office until she saw a chance of tackling him.

All the time these thoughts were running in her head she was diving about the room, splashing water into the wash-basin, taking the toes out of her best snake-skin shoes, slipping into a fresh frock, anointing her nails with a vivid scarlet polish. She ran downstairs with a flick of her skirts, condescended to drink a cup of lukewarm tea, and munch a couple of chocolate biscuits to satisfy her mother, dabbed a little more color on her lips, and went out into the mists and damp of the November night, primed, both mentally and physically, for the coming battle.

It was unfortunate for Poppy's belligerent intentions that upon this particular evening Ted had never felt less like quarrelling in his life. His heart was full of beatific contentment and gon-



eral kindness and goodwill towards all mankind. He felt, indeed, as Ruth said, like "Christmas in advance," whereas Poppy was in the mood for a seasonable November the Fifth conflagration of fury, full of explosions of injured pride and hissing squibs of sarcasm. That Poppy might be a definite factor to be reckoned with in his future scheme of things never entered Ted's mind.

After those snatched moments of heaven in the pantry Ruth had returned to reality while Ted was still in cloudland. There had been no time, then, for any prolonged discussion—both of them had felt that, at any moment, their paradise might be shattered by Mr. Garland's shouting to inquire what had become of the beer—but Ruth, in an urgent whisper, had made him promise to say nothing to her people, at any rate, for that night.

Later, as the young people walked down to the bus office through a November darkness full of lamplight and a thin, smoky fog, they outlined their future plans. For the present they agreed that their respective families should be kept in ignorance. Their engagement would have to be a lengthy affair, in any case, for although Ted was earning good money at Marple's he had not saved anything like enough to marry on, and, as Ruth said wisely, it was no good rushing into things head-over-heels. With equal firmness Ted refused to entertain the idea of sponging on his father. But they would manage all right—of course they would manage.

They talked household finances with complete happiness and absorption till it was time for Ruth to catch her bus. Ted stood on the edge of the pavement, watching her being borne away into a blue darkness, full of fog and twinkling lights. The whole world was full of twinkling lights to-night, just as his mind was full of impudent, bewitching fragments of tunes, any one of which might, at any moment, set both his feet capering crazily on the pavement from sheer happiness. He stood gazing sentimentally into the darkness for some moments after the bus had departed, then, turning with a sigh—the sigh of one whose cup of beatitude is wellnigh full to overflowing—he found himself regarding no less a person than Poppy Lower—and Poppy, moreover, in almost as bad a temper as that in which we found her earlier in the evening.

"Hello," she said shortly. "I've got a bone to pick with you."

Ted came back to the present, and grinned. He didn't bear her any ill will. After all, it wasn't her fault that she wasn't the right girl for him.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "What's the trouble?"

Her scarlet lips pouted sulkily. She answered him pointedly.

"You ought to know that."

It was impossible for him to mistake her meaning. He came slipping down from the shining heights to find himself on the verge of a sordid quarrel—a quarrel, for which, looking at the matter from her point of view, he was bound to admit there was a certain amount of justification.

"Look here, Poppy," he began. "I'm sorry if there's anything I've done—"

"Anything you've done!" she repeated sarcastically, tossing her head. "Ooo, I like that! I might as well ask if there's anything I've done to account for you throwing our friendship up, like you've done the last three weeks. You didn't ought to have treated me like you did that night on the

pier—you know you didn't—really! I don't think much of a chap that makes up to a girl one minute, and comes over all stiff and starchy the next, and looks at her as though he loathes her!"

Ted, embarrassed, self-conscious and inwardly furious with her, with himself, and with the whole situation, made a blundering attempt to set things right.

"I don't loathe you," he said. "It isn't that at all. It's only—"

He was going on to explain that he had come to the conclusion that they were unsuited to each other, but Poppy, sensing, with unerring instinct, a grand opening for dramatic repartee, gave him no opportunity.

"No," she cried shrilly, vindictively. "I know it isn't! It's that girl that's at the bottom of it—that precious Ruth Garland. Oh, you needn't think I don't know!"

Ted made another not very successful effort to quell the tempest.

"That's enough about Miss Garland," he said. "I'm sorry if you're upset, but we're not really suited to each other—we never have been. I'm not earning enough to give you the sort of life you've always wanted. You'll take up with another chap one of these days that'll be better suited to you, and settle down with him, and be happy."

Her lip curled in magnificent scorn.

"Oh, yeah? You've got it nicely planned out, haven't you? I s'pose you think if I get fixed up with another chap that'll let you out. You'll be free then to get on making up to Ruth."



"THAT'S enough about Ruth," said Ted shortly. "You'd better go home before we have the whole street looking at us."

"I won't!" she screamed. "And I don't wonder you're ashamed to have people looking at you. I should be if I'd served a girl the same sort of dirty trick that you've served me—though I know who I've got to thank for that, and I'll see to it I get even with her one of these days. You're a mean beast, Ted Pennycook—that's what you are—and the time will come when you'll be sorry."

"You'll be sorry yourself," said Ted. "If you don't go home. If a copper comes along he'll probably run us both in for making a disturbance."

But this feeble essay at humor was more than Poppy could endure in her present mood.

"You think yourself very funny, don't you?" she cried furiously, and to her fury was now added a trenchant flavor of sarcasm. "The whole thing's a perfect scream, isn't it? All right, I'm going. No, thanks," as he made a deprecatory movement forward, "you needn't offer to see me home. I wouldn't be seen home by you if you was the last chap in the world, so don't flatter yourself. Good-night, Mister Pennycook, and thanks so much for a pleasant evening!" And with this final blistering irony she swung away from him with a disdainful fling of her skirts.

As he strolled slowly homeward, striving to recapture that fine, careless rapture which Poppy had so ruthlessly disrupted, he had no suspicion that the evening's

events were to lead to a sequence of dire and peculiar happenings of which he had never dreamed.

ON the morning of Friday three people were looking forward with tremendous excitement to their next meeting. The first of these was Mrs. Pennycook, who, at the moment, was busily engaged in packing her luggage, breaking off from time to time to assist Madeline in a hunt for something that, in the general confusion of departure, had been mislaid.

This morning, however, not even Madeline's importunities had power to ruffle Mrs. Pennycook. She bustled to and fro between the two bedrooms, her face one immense beam of anticipation and good-humor. She was too honest to pretend, for one moment, that her holiday had come up to her expectations, but with her usual excellent common sense she determined to cut her losses. Up to the present, reunions in the Pennycook family had been practically unknown, because no one ever went away. To-night's gathering would be a reunion on a grand scale—nothing less, in fact, than an Occasion. Only an hour ago a telegram from Albert had arrived at Seaholme, stating that he expected to be back in Melbourn about seven o'clock that evening. Mrs. Pennycook's eyes twinkled with satisfaction, as she went on with her task of stuffing dirty stockings into the toes of her shoes, and folding tissue paper between Madeline's blouses.

The second person who was finding life a little tedious on this particular Friday morning was Mr. Pennycook, who, at that actual moment, was trying to divide his attention between the pages of a newspaper and his first view of Wigan by daylight. Although he had, by this time, outwardly developed all the nonchalance of a seasoned traveller, he was inwardly seething with delight at the prospect of seeing Susan and his family again, and with impatience because the train was not travelling at sufficient speed to keep pace with his racing imagination.

The third person, who was looking forward with unfeigned gladness to the return of the travellers, was Christina. She, too, had received news of Mr. Pennycook's premature home-coming, for, in his exuberant delight at the prospect of leaving the north four days earlier than he had anticipated, he had spent money with lavish extravagance upon telegrams. She did not, naturally, know the reason for his altered plans, but the joy of knowing that both her parents would be home on the same day was sufficient to set her baking and brushing and darning and polishing with a furious zeal.

By three o'clock in the afternoon all was ready. The fire was blazing on the hearth, Ted had put a fresh accumulator on the wireless in his dinner-hour, the Sheffield plate candlesticks on the chiffonier had been polished till they shone, and Cape gooseberries flaunted their fiery lanterns in every corner.

Every single one of them was saying to him or herself, "Well, it won't be much longer now!" and no one was more enthusiastic over the prospect of reunion than Mrs. Pennycook, who was overjoyed at the thought of escaping from the company of Madeline and Harold. She was the first out of the train when it drew up in Melbourn Station, and in her impatience she fairly hustled her bewildered sister-in-law on to the platform up the steps, through the barrier, and into a taxi. "Never mind the expense!" she cried gaily to the frugal-minded Madeline. "I'll pay." She was by now far too happy and excited over getting



home to care whether Madeline thought her extravagant or not.

They had hardly finished wrangling over the question of the fare before the taxi drew up outside Mr. Purkiss' Emporium in the High Street. Five minutes later Madeline and Harold were but a memory, and an unpleasant one at that. Mrs. Pennycook's taxi was crossing the bridge over the river. They were passing through the Cliffe, where the early lamps were lighted, and shop windows sent a colored cheerful gleam into the grey of the autumn afternoon. They were joggling past the little antique shop at the bottom of the hill. Christina, running to the window for the tenth time, at last found her vigilance rewarded by the sight of the taxi. Another five minutes, and Mrs. Pennycook had taken possession of the household for all the world as though she had never left it. "I'll just run upstairs and take off my things," she said, "while you get the tea on the table. Then we can sit down together, and have a nice talk."

And talk they did! It seemed to them both that a fortnight's solid conversation would be no more than sufficient to deal with the variety of topics that had arisen during the period of their separation. They talked till the dusk came down, and the fire crumbled into glowing red caverns, and the tea stewed in the pot—and as soon as one subject was satisfactorily disposed of another popped up like a jack-in-the-box to take its place.

We leave them chatting happily together over the tea-cups, all unconscious of the unwelcome surprise which Mr. Pennycook is about to spring on them an hour or two later.

**M**R. PENNYCOOK was tremendously relieved to see that his train was, at last, nearing London. A lurid and sinister dusk hung over the city. A million lights reflected rosy on billowing clouds of fog, so that the whole metropolis appeared to be smoking and burning; and in the streets, which Mr. Pennycook, like his wife, negotiated extravagantly in a taxi, this same fog made its presence felt in wreathing wisps and a growing yellowish twilight, flavored with soot and petrol, that provided a sorry contrast to the icy and limpid air that he had left behind him in the north.

He caught the Meldon train at Victoria easily with ten minutes to spare, and settled himself in a corner seat opposite a little wheezy old man in check trousers, and a countrified young woman with a baby in her arms. The little old man got out at Croydon, and his place was taken by a pale, elegant youth, in a grey overcoat of exquisite cut, and voluminous plus fours. He put his suitcase into the rack, dropped with a kind of studied grace into the corner vacated by the old man, and stared hard at Mr. Pennycook, who immediately, out of curiosity, stared back at him, with a baffled feeling of having seen him somewhere before, although at the moment he was quite unable to say where. It was the young man who spoke first, leaning forward, and self-consciously fingering his golden wisp of a moustache.

"Excuse me," he began, "I don't suppose you remember me"—and, of course, in that very instant, Mr. Pennycook did remember him, and in his relief at seeing at last a face that he knew, greeted him a good deal more warmly than he would have done if the circumstances had been normal.

"Yes, I do," he cried eagerly. "It's Leslie Dacre! I thought I knew your face when you first got in, but it's such a long time

since we met last that I couldn't be sure. It must be nearly four years."

"It's quite that," said Leslie languidly, and the very familiar affectation of his accent was sufficient to set Mr. Pennycook's mind skipping backwards over those four years to the time when the Dacres had kept a little sweetshop and tobacconist's business in the Cliffe next door to the Grenadier public-house. Young Dacre had gone to the Grammar School with Ted, and his sister, Lily, had once been friendly with Christina, but when the family gave up the business and moved to Hastings after old Dacre's death, the Pennycooks had gradually lost sight of them. The last Mr. Pennycook had heard of Leslie the young man had been acting as salesman in a gramophone shop. Since then Leslie had, it appeared, upon his own showing, acted as a professional dance partner, "gone into" the tobacco trade again, and come out of it, and tried his hand at selling cars.

In return for his babbled confidences Mr. Pennycook briefly outlined a recent history of his own affairs, dating from Timothy Padgett's legacy. He also mentioned that Christina was engaged to be married. The brightness of Leslie's manner was a little dimmed on hearing this, and for quite five minutes his languid and exquisite countenance wore a distinctly pensive expression, as though he were reflecting that it was just his luck to have such a chance slip through his fingers. He had once imagined himself rather smitten with Christina—his affection for her had, indeed, been his first and certainly his most genuine experience of that tender and disturbing passion that he had felt for so many other charmers during the past four years.

Mr. Pennycook, who naturally knew nothing of Leslie's reputation as a lady-killer, was moved, out of the goodness of his heart and his thankfulness at returning home, to invite the young man to spend part of the evening with the family. Leslie, it appeared, was putting up in Meldon that night, and returning to Hastings on the following day.

Mr. Pennycook had no sooner issued that rash invitation than he regretted it. This, he thought bitterly, was what came of letting sentiment and gentility run away with you. He didn't in the least want Leslie butting into the reunion which he had been envisioning all the way from Windermere, and he was quite sure, when the first flush of his generous impulse had subsided, that Susan and Christina wouldn't either. Still, the thing was done now, and he couldn't very well go back on his word. Better, he decided, to carry the situation off jowly with a flourish.

He had not much opportunity to think out a plan of campaign between the rather uphill task of making conversation to Dacre, the excitement of arrival at Meldon, the bustle at the barrier, and the difficulty of securing a taxi. He was home again, though, and that was the main thing. As the taxi swung round into the dingy thoroughfare of Paston Street, with its smells of train-smoke and public-houses and fried fish—Paston Street, where he had actually been delivering milk less than a fortnight ago—Mr. Pennycook felt that he could have cried for joy.

For sheer triumph Mr. Pennycook felt that he had never known anything to compare with that moment when he opened the door of his residence, and strode into the living-room with his companion in tow. Mr. Dacre, though outwardly glorious as the lilies of the field,

found himself on this occasion relegated to the position of a mere spectator.

"Well, Susie," cried Mr. Pennycook, embracing his wife, and bestowing a smacking kiss upon her, "I've got back, you see. Hullo, Tina, my dear. How are you?" He looked round for Ted, but that young man, who was neither of an age nor a type to welcome sentimental occasions, had gone out to a billiards tournament at his club.

Mrs. Pennycook and Christina, however, made up for this deficiency by a really charming display of interest and solidarity. They fluttered about him, inquiring, with one voice, whether he had enjoyed himself, whether he had had a good journey, what sort of weather he'd had in Westmorland, whether he had managed to get any tea. It was not until some moments later that anyone had time to think of Mr. Dacre, who was standing, bored, beautiful, and aggrieved, in the background waiting for someone to notice him.

"**D**IDN'T expect me to bring an old friend home, did you?" inquired Mr. Pennycook, waving a hand apologetically towards his guest. "You remember Leslie, don't you, Susan? You're never going to tell me you've forgotten him! It was only by accident we happened to run across each other."

And Mr. Pennycook, undismayed by a certain lack of warmth in the expressions of his wife and daughter, went on to tell the whole story of the encounter from the moment that Leslie had got into the train at Croydon.

Behind the back of the guest, who was removing his overcoat, Christina and Mrs. Pennycook were exchanging highly unflattering and meaning glances. "What on earth," said Christina, "possessed Dad to bring him in, to-night of all nights?" "Goodness alone knows!" responded Mrs. Pennycook. "I suppose, now he's here, we shall have to make the best of him." Happy as she was at seeing Albert again, she was, at that moment, feeling distinctly annoyed with him. "It's too bad," she thought disappointedly, "just as I was thinking we were going to have a nice cosy evening all together"—nor did Christina cherish any more hospitable sentiment.

The very tone in which he expressed his surprise on hearing of her engagement subtly conveyed that he was not only astonished, but hurt. "You might have told me," he said reproachfully, and opened his eyes wide with wounded dignity, when Christina informed him, a trifle shortly, that she got very little time for letter-writing, and had long ago mislaid his address.

"Now I think you're being really cruel," he said rebukingly, and his manner implied that the fact that his heart was not broken by her negligence was due solely to his own iron endurance and strength of character.

Happily for her peace of mind, at this moment Mr. Pennycook intervened with some reminiscences concerning his walk to Coniston, and suggested that a glass of wine would be a very good idea, and Christina, accordingly, was despatched to the cellar to bring up a bottle of the home-made dandelion.

"Well, here's luck!" said Mrs. Pennycook gaily, lifting her glass; and immediately the first round had been drunk she invited everyone to fill up again. Even Leslie seemed to brighten a little at the general atmosphere of conviviality.

"We must drink the health of the bride-to-be!" he cried, "we simply must," and



he raised his glass, and looked at Christina, with what he fondly imagined to be a tender and self-sacrificing expression, as though to imply that he not only bore her no ill will, but would readily submit to having his whole future blasted in the cause of her happiness.

"And that reminds me," he said eagerly, as the empty glasses were set down again, "I've got something here that would interest any young lady that was planning her trousseau. Al can get you anything you want in this line at cost price—not serposed to, y' know—have to keep it strictly on the Q.T.—but since it's a matter of obliging a friend—" He reached for his suitcase and flung open the lid, at the same time contriving to look very knowing and business-like indeed.

Although Christina disliked Leslie she found it impossible to be indifferent to his stock-in-trade, and before long she and Mrs. Pennycook, quite carried away by the glories that Mr. Dacre had produced from his suitcase, were bending, with nodding heads and sparkling eyes, over an exotic suit of scarlet and white silk pyjamas, and agreeing that the ivory crepe-de-chine nightgown was really prettier than the green.

Even Mr. Pennycook, hovering diffidently on the outskirts of this conclave, and wondering whether there really was somebody knocking at the front-door, or whether he had only imagined it, said jocularly that this was no place for him, and that, for his part, he didn't know how ladies, nowadays, ever managed to keep warm at all.

Mr. Dacre was fairly obtuse, but even in the full tide of his eloquence he became gradually aware that the attention of his listeners was diverted. Mr. Pennycook had been quite right in thinking that someone had knocked at the front-door, but neither he nor anyone else in the room had been prepared to look up and see Stephen standing on the threshold, wearing the smouldering and aloof expression of a man who has just received an unpleasant surprise, and feels, in consequence, that he has every right to be in a thoroughly bad temper. The last sentence of Mr. Dacre's impassioned babblings faded self-consciously away into an awkward silence, broken, most unfortunately, by an irrepressible titter from Christina.

The full ridiculousness of the situation—the scattered underclothes, the abrupt ending of Leslie's complacent twitters, and the disgruntled look on Stephen's face—struck her as being so wildly funny that she felt that she must laugh or die.

Stephen, on the other hand, had never felt less like laughing in his life. He had come to visit Christina with a piece of important news for her, expecting to find her spending the evening quietly with her mother. Being naturally unaware of Mr. Pennycook's sudden change of plans, he, too, no less than the others, had been envisioning his own idea of a happy evening—Mrs. Pennycook conveniently busy in the kitchen, seeing about supper, or perhaps not yet returned, and Christina sitting together by the fire, exchanging half-whispered confidences. He most certainly had not bargained for this scene of almost festive gaiety—everyone laughing and talking at once, the table dotted with empty wine-glasses, and Christina—like Christina, whom he had always believed to be modest and reserved—smiling and joking with a strange young man. Stephen, always over-inclined to judge hastily, immediately summed up

Mr. Dacre as a bounder of the first water, and the fact that Christina appeared to be, not only enjoying, but actually encouraging his advances, only showed you Stephen reflected bitterly, how easily it was possible to be mistaken in anybody.

At least, he thought, in the savage mood of one prepared to be thankful for small mercies, Christina need not have laughed! If she thought there was anything funny in the situation it merely revealed how utterly perverted and banal was her sense of humor. "No, I won't stop for any wine, thank you," he said shortly, when they had all expressed their surprise at seeing him, and introduced Mr. Dacre as an old friend of the family. "It's time I was getting back—I'm late now." He added, addressing himself directly to Christina, "I only looked in to tell you that I've found a farm that I think might suit us. It's at Greensedges—a little place, called Havercroft, close to the church. I was going to ask you to come over with me to-morrow, and have a look at it," and his tone implied that his affairs were, of course, of no consequence, that Christina had, no doubt, other and better ways of spending her time, and that it would not really matter if his contemplated property were to burn down to-morrow. Christina, who had, by this time, succeeded in controlling her mirth, said that she would be very pleased to come, but Stephen, to her disappointment, seemed quite incapable of being pleased about anything.

"I don't suppose you'll like it," he said gloomily. "You'll probably think it's too small—it's no more than a cottage, and thatched at that."

Mr. Pennycook, aware of thunder in the air, again inquired of Stephen whether he was sure he wouldn't change his mind, and take a glass of wine, but Stephen, waving aside the decanter with immense dignity, said that he really hadn't time—if he didn't hurry he would miss the early train. He also added meaningly that he should expect Christina to meet him at the station on the following afternoon in time for them to catch the 2.20 train to Greensedges Halt; and the glance that he directed at her behind the back of the unconscious Leslie, now engaged in re-packing his samples of lingerie, said plainly that he saw nothing funny about the situation at all, that he should expect an explanation from her to-morrow.

THE time was a quarter-past two in the afternoon of the day following Mr. Pennycook's home-coming. The place was the departure platform of the 2.20 train. There were not many people about, for the weather was too raw and dreary for anyone to travel by choice, but among the scattered passengers engaged in the typically English pursuit of searching for empty compartments two people stood out—a tall little young man, with angry eyes, and a felt hat pulled well down over flaming hair, and a pretty, rather amused-looking girl, with a determinedly tilted chin, and a blue coat with a grey fur collar.

"Well, I think you're being perfectly horrid and unreasonable," Christina said as the train pulled out. "You ought to know by this time that I'm not a bit that sort of girl." She was feeling really annoyed with Stephen this afternoon. She had looked forward tremendously to exploring their possible future home together, and here

was Stephen being pained and suspicious and aloof, and all the things that a lover on a house-hunting expedition most emphatically ought not to be. Stephen, too, was disappointed in Christina, and showed it.

"I don't know what sort of a girl you are," he said, making a supreme effort to appear dignified and judicial. "I thought I did, but it's easy to be deceived in a person when you hardly know them. We haven't had much opportunity of getting to know each other. Until we got engaged that night at the station we hadn't met for months." He added rashly, "Your friend, Mr. Dacre, appears to know you much better than I do."

"Considering that I knew him for years before I met you," retorted Christina, stung to retaliation by the gross injustice implied by this last statement, "that's hardly surprising."

They were fairly launched now on their first quarrel, and Stephen was disappointed to find that so far he had been quite unable to carry out his part of the argument according to plan. He struck a match with a vicious scrape, lighted his somewhat battered cigarette, and said savagely, "You'll be telling me next that that effeminate little bounder's in love with you!"

"Oh, no, I hadn't thought of telling you," said Christina sweetly, "but I rather think he is, all the same. At any rate, he always used to be." Stephen decided to abandon sternness in favor of reasoning.

"You don't really mean to tell me," he said earnestly, "that that type of chap appeals to you?" And then, foolishly, he spoilt it all by adding, "I don't want to dictate to you over the question of your friends, but all I can say is that young Dacre must be pretty rank if he's the sort to see anything funny in making jokes in front of ladies about underwear—!" And he brought out this last word as though it were the crux of a highly obscene and objectionable subject that had better be hurried out of the discussion as soon as possible.

"He wasn't making jokes," said Christina; and the quickness of her voice might have warned him, "he was only trying to do me a favor."

"I wonder you want favors from him," said Stephen, looking at her very fiercely; and at the same time trying unsuccessfully to ignore the fact that his cigarette was not drawing as it should have done. "Anybody can see what he is—a suppeny-ha-penny, conceited little rotter, that thinks every girl's going to fall for him if he as much as looks at her. I honestly thought that you were the last sort of girl to make yourself cheap with a bounder like that."

"Oh, did you?" cried Christina, who had inherited some of her mother's gift of tart repartee. "I'm glad of that. And I," she mimicked him, "honestly thought you were the last sort of man to take a piece of nonsense like last night seriously. I'll tell you what you are—you're priggish, and jealous, and nasty-minded, and—old-fashioned!" And the way in which she brought out this last word made it sound quite the most damning indictment of them all. Stephen looked not only hurt, but astonished. The visions he had fondly entertained of a repentant Christina weeping on his shoulder disappeared as suddenly as if they had slipped out of the carriage window, and melted away into the misty hills and the clouds.

"If being old-fashioned," he said heavily,



"means that I object to seeing the girl I'm engaged to being mauled by a measly little swine like that, then I suppose I am old-fashioned, but as for being nasty-minded—" He paused here to take breath impressively, but Christina was too quick for him.

"And selfish, and suspicious, and interfering!" she finished triumphantly.

"All right, then," said Stephen stiffly. "I'm sorry. I ought not to have said it."

"You don't really sound very sorry," said Christina critically. She added meditatively, "It's rather a pity, too, that this should have happened to-day. I'd been looking forward to choosing our home together, and now everything's spoilt when it might have been lovely."

"Well, there's plenty of time," said Stephen, "we haven't got there yet. Look here, Christina, I am sorry—really—I mean it! It's only that I care so much for you that I can't stand the thought of any other chap even looking at you." He put his arm round her, and, finding her agreeably responsive, ventured to draw her against him. "I lost my temper—I was an ass—I'll make it up to you somehow—" and he promptly proceeded to make it up to her there and then, in a manner that was highly comforting to them both.

At the time of Christina's wedding there was no pleasanter or more comfortable hotel in Meldon than "The Grey Doe," standing in the widest and busiest part of the High Street, opposite the County Hall and Assize Court. It was a square, cream-fronted hostelry, with a painted signboard, and the windows of the first floor rooms opening onto a balcony, which was adorned at intervals with some rather scrubby little palm-trees. Inside it boasted some very fine oak paneling, a winter garden, and a lounge. It is to be doubted whether it had ever entertained a more hearty, genial and convivial gathering than that assembled in the larger of the two Tudor paneled rooms to do honor to Christina on the occasion of her wedding.

The most important person present was, of course, Christina herself. She was looking her best to-day, and she knew it, but this did not prevent her from being her usual modest and charming self, ready at any moment to submit docilely to compliments, kisses, good advice, comments upon her personal appearance, and the usual jokes inseparable from weddings. Her face glowed under her veil, her feet were glittering in silver shoes. She was very happy, but more than a little bewildered by the roars of laughter, the greetings and back-slappings and congratulations that were going on all round her. When it was over she felt that she would be very tired indeed.

As for Mrs. Pennycook she was in her element. She was specially designed by nature to enjoy weddings, and a wedding on such a scale as this, with everything of the best, and a sit-down knife-and-fork breakfast, and waiters hovering to fill up your glass almost before you had had time to empty it, was an occasion which rejoiced her heart.

Mr. Pennycook, almost overshadowed by the gigantic wedding-cake, which looked more imposing than ever now that Christina's bouquet had been placed on the top of it, beamed happily on everyone, and wondered anxiously whether he would be called upon to make a speech. His taste in entertainment was no so flamboyant as that of his wife, but in his own quiet way he was enjoying himself enormously, and he felt proud of Christina, who, to-day, was looking as beautiful as any of the Society

brides whose pictures he sometimes admired in the newspapers. He was glad that she and Stephen had finally decided to live at Greensedges, for the village was only four miles from Meldon, and as soon as the happy pair were comfortably settled in he looked forward to calling on them—and then he caught himself up quickly, remembering that it was by no means certain that he and Susan would be living in Meldon much longer.

His meeting with Thomas Ruskin, which had been hanging over him vaguely and uncertainly for more than a month was now definitely fixed for that very afternoon. Letters had passed between him and Mr. Pennycook and between Mr. Pennycook and James, who, having met Mr. Ruskin on several occasions, was so convinced of his soundness in a business sense, and wrote to inform Mr. Pennycook of the fact. James, who had a nose for other people's private affairs like that of a dog for a badger, had invited his brother to meet Thomas Ruskin at his, James', house in Eastbourne on the afternoon of Christina's wedding-day; and Mr. Pennycook intended to hasten to the keeping of this important appointment as soon as the bride and groom had left for the honeymoon.

There was, however, no sign of anyone wanting to leave yet. On the contrary, the gathering seemed to be growing, with every moment, louder and heartier.

After the ceremony of cutting the cake came the speeches. Stephen's best man, a country youth, who looked as though he would have been more at home at a point-to-point than a wedding, almost inaudibly proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom; and Stephen, declaring, amid laughter, that he'd been hoping they would have let him off this, rose to respond. Until his meeting with Mrs. Woodreeve, he said, he'd always upheld the idea of long engagements. Since then he'd come to see the sense of the old proverb, "Happy's the woeing that's not long a-doing."

Mr. Woodreeve, senior, who had drunk quite enough champagne, and was feeling, in consequence, vaguely and roily sentimental, rose rather unsteadily to his feet to add a few words of his own.

There was some danger of a lull in the proceedings here, but Mr. Purkis, who had been hurrying to make a speech since the beginning of the ceremony, now sprang to his feet, prepared to seize what appeared to be a heaven-sent opportunity.

After this outburst of oratory there was general feeling among the company that any further speech would be an anti-climax. Christina was beckoning to Ruth; Stephen, and Mr. Pennycook, both of whom had trains to catch, were looking at their watches. Most of them had left the table now, and were standing about talking in little groups. Ted, Stephen's groomswoman, and Mrs. Pennycook were doing something obscure in a corner with bags of confetti.

Christina, attended by Ruth, had gone to change into her travelling dress, and Uncle Stanley had also disappeared, no one quite seemed to know where, although a general opinion prevailed that he had slipped out to tie an old shoe on to the back of the bridal taxi that was to take the happy pair to the station.

He returned, however, before Christina came down again, and greeted her re-entry with a stirring rendering of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," played on a paper-covered comb. "I can't do nothing with him to-day," confided Madeline to Mrs. Pennycook, "he's always like this at wed-

dings," and Mrs. Pennycook cheerfully responded that it was all in a lifetime, and that, for her part, she liked to see people enjoying themselves.

WITH the departure of the happy couple a general flatness descended, both upon the guests and the occasion, and the party broke rapidly. It was now about one o'clock in the afternoon, and when one o'clock ceases to be a proper meal-time the hour between one and two becomes, as everyone knows, a barren wilderness. Mr. Woodreeve, whose sentimental mood had degenerated into a vague melancholy, left almost immediately, accompanied by his daughter, Hester, remembering that, in Stephen's absence, he would have to lend a hand with the afternoon milking. Ted had already gone home, to change into his greasy working clothes, preparatory to spending the afternoon at the garage.

Another five minutes, and, as though the departure of the Purkises had sounded the retreat, they had all gone, Stephen's best man, whose name no one remembered, mysteriously and invisibly, so that it was impossible to tell the exact moment of his disappearance, Ruth to her home to change out of her bridesmaid's frock before returning to the Hollinses', Mr. Pennycook to the station, to catch his train to Eastbourne.

Mrs. Pennycook, left to her own devices, went home to the little house on Saxon Hill, made herself a cup of strong tea, changed into her old shoes, read a few pages of a novel, that seemed extraordinarily flat and uninteresting after the morning's excitement, and, with a most unaccustomed feeling of forlornness, tidied up Christina's bedroom. "I shall miss her," she thought, "and no mistake."

Perhaps Mr. Pennycook noticed the reaction less than anyone, for he had gone straight from one excitement to the beginnings of another. Although his appointment with Thomas Ruskin was not until six o'clock he had arranged to take tea with his brother, James, and his wife, Dorothy, first, and this, in itself, was something of an event, for he had not seen either of them since the previous June when he had gone down to a cricket match at Saffrons on a Wednesday afternoon, and had encountered them both in the tea tent.

There had never been much in common between the brothers. Mr. Pennycook had always regarded James as avaricious, inflated with the sense of his own importance, and given to the practice of petty dishonesties in his business; while James, in his turn, despised Mr. Pennycook as an impractical dreamer and romantic, utterly devoid of any shrewdness or sense of commercial values.

Since hearing that his brother had come into a legacy, however, his interest in the family had quickened, and it was partly with the idea of discovering the extent of Mr. Pennycook's fortune that he had arranged with the latter to meet Ruskin at his house instead of at the Grand Hotel, as the American had originally suggested. Mr. Pennycook, however, knew nothing of these subtleties, and in his own quiet way he got quite a lot of fun out of James, who always reminded him of Chesterton's "Song Against Grocers."

He'd scored over his brother in one respect, anyhow. James had not had, nor ever would have, the satisfaction of seeing a dutiful and charming daughter in all the glory of her wedding-finery. He had no children of either sex.

Mr. Pennycook pondered all these matters with great satisfaction as he walked briskly



down Terminus Road in the chill, misty air of December afternoon.

He peered with great interest into the windows of two or three book and picture shops, then, noticing that the afternoon was drawing on towards four o'clock, he leapt on to a bus, which finally deposited him outside James' large red-brick villa, in a select road, not far from the Wish Tower.

A very stylish and highly-paid maid, whose cap and apron gave her a resemblance to a soubrette in a musical comedy, opened the door to him, and informed him that Mr. and Mrs. Pennycook were expecting him in the drawing-room. Mr. Pennycook, whose sense of adventure was already well-nigh bludgeoned into insensibility by the opulence of his present surroundings, followed her rather dazedly, and found himself in a large, overheated room that seemed very full of expensive furniture, bright rose-colored carpet, gilt-framed pictures, and scented, hothouse flowers.

There was, in Mr. Pennycook's opinion, far too much of everything, and Nature had designed the figure of James and his wife on a scale to correspond. James had always been large, and both his waistcoat and his self-importance had expanded with the years. His hair, as though to balance matters up, had grown scantier, and was now plastered in lank greyish streaks across the pile dome of his crown.

His wife, Dorothy, had a stout, dumpy figure, a depressed countenance, and a complexion which existed in a state of nature, and looked like it. Her manner was chatty, amiable and rather stupid. She wore a purple dress that fitted badly, and two or three fine rings, that perversely suggested to Mr. Pennycook's mind the profits of James' bacon and treacle and margarine.

Mr. Pennycook, having given a brief account of the morning's excitement, and described the bride's toilet as best he could for the benefit of Dorothy, was benevolently forced into the deepest and most yielding of the armchairs, and piled with tea and cakes. "You've come into a nice little windfall, haven't you?" said James, his voice taking on the respectful note that it always assumed over any discussion of money matters. "Quite a surprise to hear that you'd given up the round."

"I should have given it up years ago," said Mr. Pennycook, "if I'd been able to carry on without it." If James thought he was there to be pumped he'd find himself very much mistaken. He almost regretted now the impulse that had led him to take Susan's advice, and drag his brother into the affair of the bookshop. James rubbed his hands together, and looked wise.

"I daresay," he murmured, "I daresay." As a man of business himself it had never occurred to him that anyone would be crazy enough to enter the book-selling trade without vast resources of capital behind him. The fact that Albert proposed to start a bookshop merely conveyed to his mind that his brother must have fallen heir to an immense sum of money — so much, indeed, that he could afford to run a bookseller's business as a hobby.

"Look here, old man," he said earnestly, leaning forward, and tapping Mr. Pennycook on the knee. "If you want any advice any time about this money of yours, you've only got to come to me. I'm accustomed to this sort of thing, you know. For instance, take the question of a car—"

Mr. Pennycook smiled slightly. Up to this

moment he had not thought of taking anything of the kind. He had never driven a car in his life, and greatly distrusted his ability to learn. "I don't think," he said firmly, "that I want a car."

"You'd find it very useful, you know," said James. "Handy for getting about, and so on. And, talking of getting about, why don't you travel? It's an education, I think, travelling. Dorothy and I usually go abroad every summer. Went for a Mediterranean cruise this last August. Had a fine time. Come along, now, what about taking Susan to the Riviera for a month, or having a nice little trip to Gay Paree yourself?" And James rubbed his hands again, looking so jocular and knowing that Mr. Pennycook was irresistibly reminded of a facetious hippopotamus. He could not at all imagine Susan on the Riviera, and said so. He also admitted frankly that neither the idea of a pleasure cruise nor a trip to Paris appealed to him at all.



**H**IS only seafaring experience since his honeymoon had consisted of a trip in a paddle-steamer from Brighton to Worthing, a venture which had left him permanently embittered with regard to sea travel ever since.

He almost began to wish that James could have believed him still poor, for it was certainly less alarming to be patronised than to be advised how to spend large sums of money that one did not possess.

"Look here," said James earnestly. "I'll give you a tip. If you really want to make a little money, and can afford five hundred pounds to play about with, take my advice, and put the lot into Electrical Consolidateds. They're down below par now, but they'll go up again. You want to buy at once if you're going to. Why, you might make—"

But what Mr. Pennycook might make was never revealed to him, for before James could finish his sentence there was a faint commotion outside in the hall, and a voice of pronounced Transatlantic accent was overheard to say something about an appointment. A moment later the door opened, and the coy parlormaid, with a coquettish flick of her skirts, brightly announced "Mr. Thomas Ruskin."

At his first sight of Ruskin, Mr. Pennycook decided that he was more like a typical American than he would have believed possible. Those lean hatchet features, alert eyes, horn-rimmed glasses, and loose comfortable clothes had been rendered so familiar to him by fiction and the pictures that he had the oddest feeling that he and Mr. Ruskin had already encountered one another in some previous existence.

He was not really sure whether he was going to find Ruskin a congenial business partner. He himself was naturally a quiet little man, and he found the personality of his new acquaintance so vivid and electrical that he half-expected to see every small object in the room—the tea-napkins, the cushions, the scattered magazines—go flying through the air every time Ruskin moved, like leaves in a gale. However, he pulled himself together, asked after the health of his new friend, and in common politeness inquired his impressions of England. Mr. Ruskin, it appeared, considered England "a great old country." To get back to it

again, after his sojourn in the States, was, he declared solemnly, "like coming home."

James produced cigars and a bottle of excellent whisky, and having joined them in a drink, made his excuses, and announced Mr. Pennycook to his intended folly with the expression of a man who reluctantly relinquishes the task of saving a determined would-be suicide. As soon as he had departed Ruskin courteously invited Mr. Pennycook to outline whatever ideas he might have, with regard to starting a book-seller's business in partnership; and to this catalogue he immediately added some arresting notions of his own. "Yes, sir!" he declared. "I reckon I'm an Idealist, and proud of it—and I guess, what's more, I can prove to you that Idealism and Big Business can run together in double harness, and get away with it. You gotta educate folks up to knowing what they want and why they want it."

He waved his hand, and Mr. Pennycook was beginning to see everything through a golden glow, envisioned Ruskin bookshops springing up all over England—gracing historic seats of learning, luring trippers in innumerable seaside resorts, brightening the grimy industrial towns of the Midlands, lurking sedately in the narrow streets of cathedral cities.

Although he was beginning to be a trifle bewildered by all the excitement and enthusiasm of this extraordinary day he perceived at once the commercial possibilities of Ruskin's scheme. They went thoroughly into the question of capital, and it was finally agreed that Mr. Pennycook was to put down as his share five hundred pounds, to retain control of his capital, and share in the profits. They planned to begin modestly in some local town with a growing residential district, and to extend the business if and when the results of their initial venture justified it. Ruskin inclined to Eastbourne or Worthing, but Mr. Pennycook plumped for Tidesmarsh, a small but gradually developing seaside resort about ten miles from Melton, where they would meet with less competition than in a larger and older-established town, and Ruskin, after some discussion, appeared to see the force of this argument.

After another peg of James' whisky Mr. Pennycook decided that Ruskin was a very good fellow, after all, and that it was uncharitable to be critical. They were both good fellows, and the world was rapidly becoming a magical place, all a-shimmer with golden mists, and overflowing with Uplift and Idealism. James, Mr. Pennycook decided, as he shook his brother warmly by the hand on taking his leave, was a good fellow, too, and the remembrance of how he had misjudged James in the past now struck him as really shameful and pathetic. As he marched out into a dark and confusing world, all aglow with lamps, stars, and hope, a small repressive voice inside his head warned him that he would pay for this evening's foolishness to-morrow, but to-night his mind was a grand and glorious medley of wedding rejoicings, champagne, good company, uplift, book-selling, and Electrical Consolidateds.

He walked on towards the station, his mind ablaze with magnificent plans for the future.

**T**HE tumult and the shouting dies," quoted Stephen thankfully. "Darling, you've got a little piece of confetti sticking to your hair just behind your right ear. Turn your head a minute. There! It's gone now."



Christina shook herself. "The wretched stuff does cling so. I can see three places down inside the top of your waistcoat. That's it—there! I think every one enjoyed themselves, though."

"Seemed to," said Stephen. "Uncle Stanley blossomed out into quite a lad of the village, didn't he?"

"I know," said Christina. "I wished he'd shut up. People like that always make silly jokes about weddings. I felt all the time as though everyone was staring at me."

Stephen kissed her.

"That was your own fault," he said, "for looking so ravishingly lovely. What else did you expect?"

They were in the train, travelling out across those same marshes that had witnessed the beginnings of their first quarrel just over a month ago; but to-day they were going farther afield, taking the left-hand line that wandered across the green flats to Hastings and East Sussex. Stephen and Christina had had a compartment to themselves since Meldon. It was the first time they had been alone together that day apart from two short taxi-drives, and they were thankfully availing themselves of their privacy to remove every scrap of confetti from their garments and luggage. "There!" said Stephen, "if you don't flash that wedding-ring of yours about too much, madam there's nothing to stop people from mistaking us for an old married couple."

"Our clothes look rather new, though," said Christina dubiously.

"If anybody says anything," said Stephen, "we'll tell them we've just won the Irish Sweep, and treated ourselves to two brand-new rig-outs."

Christina twinkled.

"Yes," she said, "that sounds awfully feasible, doesn't it? Besides, they won't say it—they'll look it. How do people go on when they've been married a long time? If we pretended well enough we might be able to take in our landlady for the whole ten days."

Stephen reflected.

"I think," he said, "that they just take each other for granted—you know, they slump as though they were just ordinary. Perhaps she nags a bit, and he grouches because the bacon isn't cooked properly, or starts being close with the housekeeping money, or wakes up, feeling a bit litherish, and kicks the cat. And she thinks 'What's the good of troubling to make myself look nice when nobody cares about it?' And—Owl! Stop it, you vixen! That's my hair when you've done with it," for Christina, refusing to hear any more, had fallen upon him, imploring him to keep his gruesome visions to himself.

Their journey to Rye, during which they successfully deceived an elderly clergyman and his wife, was a pure orgy of histrionics and concealed mirth. They were still laughing as they walked up Mermaid Street, through a grey and misty twilight that threatened rain. "I believe it is raining," said Christina, fumbling with her umbrella. "I don't want to spoil this hat." She shot the umbrella triumphantly aloft, and instantly a shower of confetti descended on to her head and shoulders. If Uncle Stanley had attended to the taxi Ted had dealt no less faithfully with the luggage. At the sight of his bride standing before him decorated with a myriad parti-colored circles and stars, like a birthday cake that had received a shower of "hundreds and thousands," Stephen roared. "That's dished it!" he said. "We look like an old married couple now!" The more Christina besought

him to be quiet the more he laughed till she, too, caught the infection, and joined in heartily. Everything now—the wedding, the journey, the fact that it was raining—had become uproariously funny. "Oh, do be quiet!" begged Christina, wiping her eyes. "I can't bear any more." Stephen, between gasps, explained that he couldn't help it he kept thinking of how Mrs. Larkin would look when she opened the door to them. When they arrived in Watchbell Street he recovered just long enough to ring the doorbell, and then went off again. Christina had managed to get her face more or less in order, but she was still suffering from a severe attack of suppressed giggles when the door was opened to them by no less a person than Mrs. Larkin herself.

WE use the term "no less" advisedly. Mrs. Larkin must have weighed sixteen stone if she weighed an ounce. Although at the moment widowed she had had three husbands in her time. She had the figure of a cottage loaf, a good-natured face and coiled fair hair, dressed in an old-fashioned flat bun on the top of her head. She delighted in all manner of romance. Next to finding suitable admirers for those young ladies, chiefly the products of shops and offices, who patronised her lodgings in July and August, she delighted in honeymoon couples, and nothing occasioned her so much real concern as the sight of a girl who, in her own phrase, had failed to "click." In Mrs. Larkin's ideal world there would have been no spinsters under thirty. The sight of Stephen, with Christina by his side, lavishly sprinkled with confetti, rejoiced her heart. "Hullo—hullo!" she cried heartily, "it's easy to see what you two have been up to—and very nice, too!"

She was now in her element. Christina felt that Uncle Stanley would probably have hit it off with Mrs. Larkin very well indeed. They followed her into a small cosy sitting-room, with an open brick fireplace, plastered walls, and a low beamed ceiling. The natural beauties of the room had, however, been swamped by a tide of crude pictures, of photographs in red plush frames, of cushions worked with pink cross-stitch roses, of table-runners and chair-backs, china dogs, gossy shepherdesses, and a myriad niggling oddments. The effect of so much brightness and vividness was fairly stunning. Every picture and chair-back and ornament screamed at you, "Confound you, be cheerful!" and this exhortation immediately caused Christina to feel very depressed indeed.

"Nice bright room, ain't it?" said Mrs. Larkin. "I expect you're like me—you like a bit o' color. If you'll step upstairs I'll show you the bedroom. It's a bit small, but I don't suppose you'll mind that."

"Do you think," Stephen said desperately, "that you could boil us a couple of eggs for tea? We're both rather hungry. We—we had lunch early."

"Ain't a dozen crumbs of wedding-cake, and a couple of glasses o' champagne," interpreted Mrs. Larkin sympathetically. "Ar! I know!" She put her head on one side, and stumped.

"—And lots of bread-and-butter," babbled Stephen, still more desperately, edging her towards the door. "We like it cut fairly thick. We'll be down as soon as we've unpacked, but there's no hurry. Don't put yourself out."

"Hoo, bless your heart!" cried Mrs. Larkin airily, "that'll be all right. No trouble at all. I'd better make myself scarce. It's only natural you and your young lady

should want to be alone. Been a bit nearer Christmas, I could 'ave 'ug you up a bit o' mistletoe, but there," she added, edging her vast bulk round the door, "I expect you'll manage all right without that. She sidled out, and they heard her heavily descending the stairs.

Christina sat down on the bed, and announced that she was tired. Stephen, who was beginning to feel that he had spent most of the day removing superfluous confetti, bustled himself with plucking the tiny colored paper fragments from her hat. "Cheer up!" he said, "you'll feel better when we've had tea."

"Do you think," said Christina, "that Mrs. Larkin's going on like that all the time we're here?"

Stephen replied that he didn't know, but they must hope for the best. Perhaps, he suggested, the novelty would wear off when they'd been there a day or two. He didn't think she was a bad old sort, and she seemed ready to do anything for their comfort. Christina, who was now undergoing a reaction from the excitement of the morning, and the gay mood that had sustained her in the train, did not appear to find much consolation in this statement. She felt headachy, and indifferent, and her feet were cold in her tight new shoes.

"Stephen," she began, in a low voice, "I was just thinking—"

"I know," cried Stephen, with an exquisite and immediate comprehension for which she could have blessed him. "It sounds silly, and of course it doesn't mean anything, but I was feeling exactly the same myself. You were thinking, 'Here have I just handed myself over to this chap, and I don't really know a lot about him, although I'm fond of him. Wouldn't it be awful, if, after all, we found out that we weren't suited?—that's it, isn't it?—or something very like it.'"

"That's it, exactly," she said, with a tremendous sigh of relief. "You're a very understanding person, Stephen—that's one of the things I like about you. It doesn't really mean anything, does it?"

"Of course it doesn't," said Stephen, "only that you're cold and tired, and want your tea. I don't suppose anybody ever starts any adventure without having a sort of sinking feeling as soon as they realise what they're in for."

"You really are a most comforting person to be married to," said Christina. "I love you frightfully. I'm going to kiss you."

When she had done so they went down to tea, arm in arm, to the great delight of Mrs. Larkin, who made a mental note of the bridegroom's red hair. She privately credited Stephen with "a bit of a temper" on this account. "Be fireworks later on," she thought. "I shouldn't wonder." And a week later, sure enough, fireworks there were.

THE events leading up to the explosion began in a very gradual and unexpectacular fashion on the eighth day of the honeymoon. There had been nothing in any of those seven previous days to give either Stephen or Christina the remotest inkling that a temporary shattering of their peace was imminent.

Through all those seven days the outer world had gradually receded till its doings had become for them only a faint whisper, and their relations and acquaintances unreal as shadows in a dream.

On the eighth day the world, in a very abrupt and inconsiderate fashion, obtruded itself in the shape of a letter from Mr.



Woodreeve, senior, Stephen, who found this communication waiting for him on the breakfast-table, was not best pleased. "Bother him!" he said to Christina, having read the letter. "He wants me to go over to a farm sale at Brightling, and see if I can pick up a likely-looking cart-horse for him. Says he can't go himself because he's expecting a man over to see him about selling some mangels. There isn't time to answer this now—the sale is to-day. I like his cheek—he probably sent this late on purpose, so that I shouldn't have a chance of setting out of it. I suppose I shall have to go—I can't very well let him down if he's depending on it. It's a confounded nuisance though, especially as we're going back on Monday. D'you mind?"

Christina, thus appealed to, said hurriedly and untruthfully, that she didn't mind at all. She was, in fact, so eager to impress Stephen with her sweet reasonableness and adaptability that she very nearly succeeded in giving him the impression that it was a matter of indifference to her whether they spent the day together or apart, and by the time this slight misunderstanding was adjusted to their mutual satisfaction breakfast was over and there only remained a perilously short period of time for Stephen to change into breeches and gaiters, consult a timetable, and catch his bus. "Don't bother about me," said Christina. "I think I shall have a day in Hastings. I'll get back to tea, and I expect by that time you'll be home."

Hastings received her with the pleasant smile of old red houses drowsing under mist and sun. There was a faint gold sparkle in the air, and on the calm sea. The summer trippers had vanished with the last of the swallows, and a select winter season was in full swing. The town had one foot in the past, the other in the day after to-morrow. The jumbled alleys under the East Cliff still smelt of tarry ropes and fish, but down in the modern part of the town were hotels and fine large shops, displaying all manner of attractions for Christmas. Christina went into one or two of them, and bought a few eddiments with which to supplement a rather hurried trousseau.

Arriving at the town's best restaurant in time for lunch she discovered that she was hungry. The lift deposited her in a large upstairs restaurant, which seemed full of the smell of food, the clatter of knives and forks, and the babel of innumerable people, all talking at once. After the quietness of Rye the bustle and confusion of her present surroundings seemed positively dashing and cosmopolitan by comparison; and Christina, who, no less than Mr. Pennycook, delighted to cherish her own small vanities, steered her way among the crowded tables, feeling very much a woman of the world. She was a woman now. She was married. She wore a wedding-ring, and waitresses and bus-conductors and railway porters would call her "Madam." Intoxicating thought! She seated herself very happily at a corner table, containing cruet, a menu card, a bottle of sauce, and three artificial carnations in a silver vase. A waitress came up at that moment, and addressed her as "Madam" so deferentially that Christina immediately determined to leave threepence under her plate.

When she had given her order she sat back, prepared to enjoy herself. Two old men at a neighboring table, one bald, the other with a paunch, looked at her as though they found her a pleasant sight, and she realised, with a slight sense of self-consciousness, that she was smiling. She was young, she was exquisitely happy,

it was a fine morning, and she was looking forward to her lunch with an excellent appetite. It was too bad, she thought, not to be able to smile without being ogled by men.

She turned one shoulder towards them, and looking away, farther down the room, beheld that which instantly chased the smile from her lips. Mr. Leslie Dacre, very foppish in a waistied overcoat, was threading his way purposefully between the lunchers with the air of a man who is looking for someone. He was only three tables away before Christina realised, with a sinking sensation, that she herself was the object of his search. Precisely how she knew this she could not have told you. For one wild instant she thought of flight, only to realise, in the same moment, that flight was out of the question. To leave now would not only mean forfeiting her lunch, but would create the most extraordinary suspicions in the mind of the waitress. She had, earlier in the morning, remembered that Leslie lived in Hastings, but had vaguely supposed that he would be engaged upon his usual round of various towns. It now occurred to her, however, that it was Saturday, and that commercial travellers, for some obscure reason, never travel on Saturdays.



By the time these thoughts had passed, in agitated procession, through her mind, Mr. Dacre, drooping above her in a graceful and negligent attitude, was removing his hat. "Al say!" he exclaimed, with every appearance of spontaneous astonishment and pleasure. "Fancy running into you like this! It's quite a surprise! You're looking awfully well, y' know. D'you mind if I share your table? This place is so frightfully crowded."

He acknowledged her not particularly enthusiastic greeting with an ingratiating smile, and dropped into the chair opposite her. Christina, secretly enraged at the way he had taken her consent for granted, informed him briefly that she was spending the day in Hastings. To her inward dismay this barren intelligence appeared to delight him until Christina mentioned she was now married.

Mr. Dacre, in a condition of complete bewilderment, ordered the first two things on the menu that caught his eye, which happened to be a plate of oxtail soup and a Welsh rarebit. He felt extremely annoyed with Christina over this, for he detested cheese in all its forms, and had not intended to order anything of the kind. He told himself gloomily that that was the worst of these quiet girls.

They pretended to be very sweet and shy and retiring, and then, when you least expected it, they sprung something like this on you. Giving herself airs, he supposed, because she was married! Pretending to be a woman of the world, was she? Very well, this was where he'd teach her a lesson. "Well, Al am surprised!" he cried, opening his blue and slightly prominent eyes very wide, and staring at her across the table. "Al'd no idea it was going to be so soon." He dropped his voice sentimentally. "Al didn't think you were the sort of girl to forget old friends as quickly as that. You might have sent me an invite to the wedding."

Christina regarded him coolly for a moment, then returned to her omelette. "I'm sorry," she said, "I never thought of it. It was just a quiet family affair. I daresay I can find a piece of wedding-cake to send you when we get home." She had the air of regarding him dispassionately as though he were some kind of curiosity that struck her as being mildly amusing. It nettled Mr. Dacre, who said, with some heat, that he didn't see anything to joke about.

Christina replied, quite simply, that she wasn't joking, and Mr. Dacre said, with dignity, that he was glad to hear it. "Al don't think it's at all naïve of you," he said reprovingly, shaking his finger at her across the table, "getting married all of a sudden, like that. It doesn't give a fellow a chance. Al got awfully excited at the thought of meeting you again, really Al did. Al thought a great deal of you once, as Al think Al told you, and Al hoped you might have changed your mind about me. Even if you hadn't Al might have made you change it if we could have seen more of each other."

"I'm afraid you're flattering yourself," said Christina. "I don't change my mind as easily as that—and if you think," she continued, looking at him steadily, "that I really believe our meeting each other here was a coincidence, then all I can say is you're very much mistaken. You followed me on purpose, didn't you?"

Leslie fingered his moustache with a swagger.

"As a matter of fact," he admitted loftily, "Al did. Al saw you go into a shop, parked my car, and waited till you came out. Al shadowed you rather neatly, Al think."

"You'd no right to do anything of the kind," said Christina indignantly. "It was underhand and horrid of you. You're a beastly, sneaky little spy."

Mr. Dacre looked hurt.

"Ach, come, come now!" he said reproachfully, "you never used to be so stand-offish. Al could tell some tales, if Al chose to speak. What about that party at the Purkisses?"

"Don't be silly!" she said firmly. "I haven't any secrets from Stephen, so you needn't try to frighten me with any stupid, theatrical threats."

"Al don't want to frighten you," he said, "you're quite mistaken if you think that. Al only want you to be a little naïve to me—". He broke off to glare at the waitress, who was bringing him his Welsh rarebit, the order for which he had forgotten to countermand. "Take it away!" he snapped. "Al don't want it! Al don't want anything more at all." He waved the offending dish furiously to one side. The waitress wavered, seemed on the point of retreating. Christina, with a pleasant smile, beckoned her back. "I'm so sorry," she said, "I find I shan't have time for any second course. Will you please let me have my bill?"

The girl handed it to her, and bustled away to another table. Christina, without a word or look at her companion, stood up, pulling on her gloves. "But Al say," he protested, "you can't rush off like this—you simply can't. Al was going to ask you to have a coffee with me."

Christina, angry and embarrassed to find that they were attracting the attention of the other lunchers, firmly declined to do anything of the kind. She picked up her



bag, and, with the briefest of nods to the disgruntled Mr. Dacre, walked swiftly in the direction of the pay-desk, where she was annoyed to find that she had nothing smaller than a pound note. The slight delay occasioned by having to wait for her change gave Leslie time to secure his own bill, and follow her. She turned round, counting the last of the coins into her purse, and found him at her elbow. A quick glance towards the exit showed her that the lift was engaged. Instantly, without a word, she made for the staircase, and plunged down it with Mr. Dacre, blundering, hot-foot, behind her, very dandified. She was almost at the bottom of the long flight when she caught her heel on the last stair but one, stumbled forward, miraculously saved herself from achieving a complete fall—and found, with a sudden catching of the breath, that she had badly wrenched her right ankle. When Leslie caught up with her he found her leaning against the wall, looking very pale.

"There, now," he said complacently, having seen her stumble, "if you hadn't been a naughty girl, and tried to run away—"

But Christina was in no mood for this badinage. "Oh, do be quiet!" she snapped, flashing a furious glance at him. "If it hadn't been for you everything would have been all right. You spoilt my lunch through pushing in where you weren't wanted, and now I've sprained my ankle—at least, it feels as though it's sprained—and it's all your fault."

**C**ONFRONTED by this accusation, Mr. Dacre felt his former sprightliness diminishing. He was not at his best in an emergency.

Christina made one or two attempts to walk. The result of these efforts was to render her, if possible, rather paler than before. "I'm afraid it is sprained," she said faintly, "or else there's something broken. I can't put any weight on it. What's troubling me is how on earth I'm going to get back to Rye. I can't possibly walk to the station."

"You don't think," suggested Leslie, with misplaced gallantry, "that you could tray to walk, leaning on my arm."

"No, I don't," said Christina flatly. "I feel, at present, that if I move I shall probably be sick."

From this sinister suggestion Mr. Dacre recoiled in horror.

"I couldn't think of letting you tray," he said earnestly. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll fetch the car, and drive you straight back to Rye."

"That'll save you having to walk at all. I can have it round in a minute—I've parked it quite near here."

Christina reflected. In the end she accepted his offer with an outward show of gratitude, but with inward reluctance. They crept out of Hastings by a road that wound upwards at the back of the town, past rows of very new-looking villas.

It was not a pleasant journey. Christina, who was reflecting on the enjoyable afternoon she might have spent, had fate spared her the intervention of Mr. Dacre, was in no mood for agreeable conversation. Mr. Dacre, driving slowly, ostensibly to avoid jolting her ankle, ventured one or two would-be gallant remarks, only to find himself politely but unmistakably snubbed. Anger mounted in him.

Upon arrival at Rye he discovered that the steepness and narrowness of the prin-

cipal streets made it impossible for him to drive up to her door—an exigency which rendered it necessary for her to make a painful and laborious journey, supported by his arm.

When they reached the house in Watch-bell Street he insisted on coming in with her, and explaining the accident to her landlady, although Christina protested with some warmth, that any further kindness on his part was quite unnecessary, that she could not think of taking up any more of his time. She was sure, she added nervously, that he must want to get back to Hastings. He must not worry about her—she would be quite all right. Her ankle already felt easier. Leslie, tossing his hat on to the sitting-room table, knew exactly how much importance to attach to these protests.

"I'm going to have a kiss from you, my girl," announced Mr. Dacre, "before I go back, married or not married. It's time you were taught a lesson. I haven't forgotten the way you treated me at lunch to-day, giving yourself the airs of a duchess, just because you were too proud to recognise an old friend. Come, now, don't be a silly girl!" He put an arm round her, making an attempt to pull her towards him. Christina, her face resolutely averted, raised a small determined fist, and struck him on the cheek, bruising the flesh with the stones of her engagement ring. Mr. Dacre, springing back, astonished and hurt, was disconcerted to find Stephen standing in the doorway behind him. "Hallo!" he said. "What's all this? What's the matter Tina? Is that chap annoying you? Oh, it's you," he added, in a different voice as Mr. Dacre turned upon him a face wearing a startled and uneasy expression of would-be nonchalance. "What do you think you're doing here, eh? Trying to sell some more ladies' underwear? Is that why you hit him, Christina?"

"No," said Christina, "he was trying to kiss me. He forced his way in here. I never wanted him. He knew that perfectly well."

Mr. Dacre, now looking extremely awkward, was understood to mumble something about "having a bit of fun," and "some people not being able to take a joke." Stephen looked at him contemptuously, as one who regards a rare and unpleasant insect.

"Come on," he said, "let's get to the bottom of this. In the first place, how did you come to be here at all?"

Mr. Dacre ran a finger nervously round the inside of his collar.

"I—Al met your wife in Hastings. She hurt her foot. I motored her back to save her from having to walk to the station."

"Very considerate of you," said Stephen dryly. "Is that right, Christina? No, don't go, Mr. Dacre," he added, noticing that Leslie was unobtrusively edging nearer and nearer the door, "I'd rather you stayed to hear this. Now, Tina, what really did happen?"

Christina told the story, not without a certain enjoyment. During its recital Mr. Dacre alternately scowled, looked foolish, twisted his beautifully manicured hands in apprehension, and felt justifiably aggrieved at the way he was being let down. By the time Christina had completed the last sentence he had shrunk to a very insignificant-looking Don Juan indeed.

"You heard what my wife's just told me," said Stephen, turning to him, "got anything to say about it?"

Mr. Dacre apparently had not. He stood silent, feeling extremely unhappy. Stephen

loomed over him in the twilight, an immense red-headed giant, looking at him with a kind of rapturous longing. Unquestionably there was battle in the air, and Mr. Dacre was only too well aware of it.

"If only you were a bit bigger, and had got a bit more fight in you," said Stephen, wistfully, "I could give you such a hiding! You'd better go, or I might be tempted to start on you, anyway. And just remember this, you little beast—if ever I catch you interfering with my wife again I'll make a hospital case of you inside of five minutes. I may do it now, if you hang about. Go on!—outside!" And he looked at Leslie as though, with a very little more encouragement, he would drag him single-handed to the bottom of Mermaid Street, and drop him into the river. Mr. Dacre, obeying a blind instinct of self-preservation, paused for no ceremonious farewells. With drooping head, without a word, or a single backward glance at Christina, he went. He trailed out, defeated, into the dusk, and the door closed behind him.

**I**T was fifteen minutes later. The candles were lighted, and Mrs. Larkin, her ample figure one immense interrogation-mark of curiosity, had just returned, unsatisfied, to the kitchen after preparing a cold-water bandage for Christina's ankle. Christina, seated by the fire, her injured foot supported on a cushion, and her hand in Stephen's, was telling the tale all over again, with additions. Knowing his jealous tendencies she had half-expected that he would be disposed to blame her, but her happiness and peace of mind were now entirely restored by the fact that he had accepted her story without question.

Out in the gathering darkness Mr. Dacre was returning to Hastings in a very bad temper.

He crowded an indignant motor-cyclist almost into a ditch, and missed a dog by inches.

**I**N the living-room of the cottage at Greenedges Christina was preparing for a party.

The time was six o'clock on the last evening of the Old Year—that highly interesting and momentous year that had witnessed her own marriage to Stephen, and the remarkable change in the Pennycook fortunes. It had been, in fact, no ordinary year, and this was to be no ordinary party, but a house-warming, a farewell to the past, and a salutation to the future, all rolled into one. All through the day Christina had been busy with various preparations. There was to be a cold supper, with a brace of roast chickens, a fine, sugar-cured ham, sent by Mrs. Pennycook, jellies, trifle and mince-pie to follow, and ginger wine and lemonade for those who did not drink bottled beer, or the excellent whisky Stephen had provided for the occasion. There would be holly and mistletoe, and old-fashioned parlor games, and "Auld Lang Syne" in the best tradition at twelve o'clock. The gathering would, of necessity, be small, for the pink-washed, thatched cottage in which Stephen and his bride had elected to begin their married life was not large enough to accommodate more than a limited number of guests, and all these, with one exception, we have already met.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennycook were invited, of course, for no Family Occasion could possibly be considered complete without them. For



some days Mr. Pennycook had entertained vague misgivings as to whether Stanley Purkin and Madeline were to be of the party. He felt a definite distaste for his brother-in-law. It was naturally impossible to ask Ted without asking Ruth, but fortunately she was able to change her half-day from Wednesday to Thursday, and Stephen had hung up a piece of mistletoe for their especial benefit. Mr. Woodreeve and Hester had also been invited, but neither Christina nor Stephen felt any deep regret when they refused—Hester because she was attending a social gathering that evening at the local village institute, and Mr. Woodreeve because he had to get up early for the milking, and now that he was getting on in years, found that he could not sit up late overnight as formerly.

The only other guest expected to grace the occasion was Miss Muriel Lorimer.

Miss Lorimer deserves a word to herself.

Only a week or two ago Christina had unexpectedly encountered Muriel as she was Christmas shopping at Brighton, and a great surprise it had been for both of them, a veritable cry of "My dears!" and "Fancy meeting you!" of shrill feminine cries of delight and astonishment, of reminiscences concerning old days at school. Both agreed that they would have known one another anywhere, and that it didn't seem possible that eight years had passed since their last meeting. Muriel, it appeared, was sharing a flat with another girl in Preston, and working as a teacher in a local secondary school. To do her justice she did not really possess the learned and austere appearance with which Christina had credited her.

**M**ISS LORIMER had long, slim legs, a small head, a plaintive mouth, and a tip-tilted and impudent nose. When she heard that Christina was married she opened her deep-set eyes so widely that they resembled circular slate-blue saucers. Her very nose, and small, sharp chin seemed to be inquiring, in displeased amazement, how in the world Christina had managed to attract a husband, while a young lady of her undoubted charm and abilities still remained single. "Now, darling," she cooed, leaning across the table, "I was devouring crumpets and chocolate buns in a tearful by this time." "I want to hear all about him!" And she asked so many questions concerning Stephen's looks and profession that Christina unwittingly fell into the young married woman's favorite temptation of trying to show off. The instinctive knowledge of Muriel's envy stirred up a little devil of ostentation in her heart, so that she must needs exaggerate the advantages of the married state, the devotion of Stephen and her own capabilities as a housekeeper. Muriel, she insisted, must come over and visit them—nay, more, she must be the guest of honor at the house-warming. Muriel, her lids lowered demurely over her secretive eyes, said that she would be delighted. Miss Lorimer was well aware of her own charms, and a small and intimate New Year party promised a delightful combination of young men, mistletoe, and games which implied a certain amount of flirtation. She kissed Christina good-bye with every appearance of affection, and wished her a Happy Christmas.

But already Christina, like many another inexperienced hostess, was beginning to have misgivings. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if she had merely invited Muriel to tea separately, without anyone else. She could have displayed her few possessions then at her leisure, and they could have had

another delightfully confidential talk over old times.

She wiped finger-prints off two wine-glasses with a clean duster, suspended three more glittering witch-balls from among the garlands of holly and evergreens that festooned the great central beam of the ceiling, opened a box of crackers and distributed them about the table, and went out to the kitchen to give a few last instructions to Pearl.

From the moment of Miss Pearl Miller's advent into the household Christina had never been able to decide whether she was an acquisition or not. There were times—and this was one of them—when she decided in the negative. As soon as she and Stephen had settled into their new home he had decreed that she must have a maid—some young girl, amenable to training, to help with the washing and rough work—and as earnest of his good intentions he actually sought for and produced such a handmaiden in the person of Miss Pearl Miller, a cousin of one of his laborers. Miss Miller was a pert young person with a frizz of fair wavy hair, an impudent nose, and a passion for hipsticks, high heels, and immense cheap fur collars. She was offhand, familiar and lazy.

To-day Miss Miller had been insufferable. She resented the extra work entailed by the giving of a party, and allowed her resentment to be very plainly apparent. If Christina requested her to perform any task slightly out of the ordinary the flick of her skirts said impudently and unmistakably, "Do it yourself," and she had already made several pointed remarks to Tibbles, the cat, about there being more work than one pair of hands could do.

The time was getting very short now. Stephen had come in from the farmyard half an hour ago, and was already engaged in shaving. In the little front bedroom of 18 Saxton Hill, Mr. Pennycook was, at that very moment, inserting his chin and sparrow-like legs into his best trousers, while Mrs. Pennycook was struggling into that same festal blouse of mulberry satin, with which we are already acquainted. "For goodness' sake, get out of the way, Albert, and let me come to the glass! I've got one of these blessed hooks caught in my back hair now!" In the next room, amid piles of cigarette coupons, and old football programmes, Ted was drowsing the tune of "The Blue Danube" meditatively under his breath in an effort to establish satisfactorily a happy union of tie and socks.

Have to get a move on, he would, too, if he was going to get down to Marple's, and bring the old car up in good time, so that nobody would be kept waiting. There had been a good deal of discussion at first as to how the party would manage to return from Greensedges at an hour when neither trains nor buses would be available, but in the end Ted had managed to unearth an ancient car from Marple's, which, it appeared, could be hired at a reasonable price for the evening. Muriel Lorimer was coming in from Brighton by train, and she and Ruth were to join the rest of the party at 18 Saxton Hill. Ted having good-humoredly promised to drive Miss Lorimer back to her flat in Preston in the small hours of the following morning, after dropping his own people in Meidon.

At ten minutes to seven everyone was ready, and they crowded into the car in the highest spirits. Miss Lorimer in a fur-trimmed coat that occasionally fell open to show glimpses of the magnificence beneath, Mrs. Pennycook with a cartigan, a coat,

and several scarves hiding the glory of the mulberry satin.

The night was frosty and brilliant with stars. In the sitting-room of the cottage at Greensedges a great fire of logs leaped and blazed, shining on the holly garlands, the piled boxes of games, the carefully arranged dishes of muscades and oranges and nuts. In the other room Christina was darting about, putting a few finishing touches to the supper-table, and in her chilly little bedroom under the eaves Miss Pearl Miller was grudgingly changing into a clean apron. Along the darkened country roads the ancient car rattled complacently with Ted at the wheel. The stage was set. There only remained to ring up the curtain on the opening scene of the party.

"WELL, well!" cried Mr. Pennycook, heartily, "we've got here, you see. How are you, my dear? Not very warm to-night, is it?" He kissed Christina, and shook hands with Stephen. Mrs. Pennycook, also, kissed Christina, who, in her turn, kissed Ruth and Muriel, and said wouldn't everyone like to come upstairs and take off their things, and thither, shortly, the ladies proceeded in a body, leaving the gentlemen below to exchange conversation concerning agriculture, the sudden change in the weather, and the shocking state of the motor-engineering business.

Before any of these weighty topics could be threshed out satisfactorily the ladies returned, and with their entrance the gathering took on immediately all the atmosphere of a party. Miss Lorimer was very grand indeed, in a frock of black taffeta, sprigged cape of fuchsia brocade. There was a deep suspicion in the minds of the other ladies present that she had made up her face to match it, though no one quite liked to put the thought into words. She attached herself to Stephen from the first. "So kind of you to ask me!" she cooed to him as Christina introduced them. "I've always thought that I should simply adore to live in the country," and the glance with which she accompanied the words contrived to suggest unmistakably that Christina was a lucky girl, and she, herself, a lonely, underfed little creature, who would be only too grateful to abandon her single-handed battle with the world for the support of a strong man's arm; and the flicker of her eyelashes added a postscript to the effect that, if the proffered arm had been Stephen's, it was quite within the region of possibility that she would have accepted it.

None of the Pennycooks, when they were at a party, saw any sense in wasting time in polite small-talk, regarding mere aimless social chat as one of the emasculate diversions of the nobility and gentry. A good round game was "the thing"—something not too brainy, in which everyone could join—and Mr. Pennycook, being by now thoroughly exhilarated by freight, good company, and the glass of ginger wine he had taken to warm him after the journey, urged his point with such effect that, in a few moments, the whole party, under the leadership of Stephen, found themselves seated in a large circle in the middle of the room.

The cards were dealt, and amid considerable laughter the game began.

"Two, two, two, two, two," This in a plaintive and appealing voice from Muriel to Stephen.

"Come on now, Dad! One, one, one, one, one," cried Mrs. Pennycook briskly. "Oh, drat it, there's one gone on the floor! No,



I can't bend down, I've got on a pair of new corsets. What! (fortissimo). Can't you do it? Oh, all right, then. Come on. Ted—three, three, three, three—

"Two, two, two—" Muriel apparently was losing patience.

"Four, four, four, four, four!" This in a shriek of desperation, from Christina.

"Corner!" suddenly yelled Mr. Pennycook triumphantly, in a frenzy of panic lest somebody else should get in first. He flung down his cards with a dramatic gesture, and sank back in his chair, beaming and exhausted.

When everyone was tired of "pit," and so hoarse with shouting that they had to be revived with lemonade they played Impertinent Questions and Pertinent Answers, which set Mrs. Pennycook laughing so immoderately that the new corsets were in jeopardy, indeed. Perhaps Christina, who sat out in order to make an even number, laughed less than anybody, because she was feeling really annoyed with Muriel, to whom the game offered great scope for her abilities as a coquette. It was, of course, only a game, but Christina did feel that Stephen need not have flung quite so much fervor into the various absurd questions which he was compelled to ask Miss Lorimer, who had contrived matters so that she was sitting opposite him.

She might have been a little consoled if she had known that Muriel, too, was not enjoying her evening so much as she had hoped. Miss Lorimer was, in fact, not only bored by the simplicity of the entertainment, but considerably affronted to find that no partner had been provided for her. Tina's parents were two dear old things, but, of course, you couldn't call them really cultured or smart.

Once or twice during the evening she contrived to drift, with apparent unconsciousness, into a stationary position under the mistletoe—a manoeuvre rewarded by such a complete lack of response on the part of the gentlemen present that supper-time found her more peevish and despondent than ever.

But if Miss Lorimer was not enjoying herself the rest of the company were. They laughed unrestrainedly, sipped lemonade, pulled crackers, wiped away tears of mirth, and continued to ask each other, with the utmost bonhomie and rudeness, whether they had ever been in prison, if they were fond of moonlight strolls, and how often they took a bath; responding, amid more gales and convulsions of merriment, that they only answered sensible questions, or that the answer was a lemon. Christina suggested that they played something else. Supper-time was approaching, and this ceremony was to her the very dreaded Cape Horn of the evening's social voyaging. Weather this successfully, she felt, and all would be well. Pearl knocked on the sitting-room door, appearing, an instant later, in a state of great distress and agitation, looking, indeed, a veritable harbringer of evil. "Please, m'm, could you come into the kitchen for a minute?"

Christina, full of the direst foreboding, excused herself and disappeared. The assembled guests, listening eagerly, were intrigued to hear a long-drawn "Oh-h-h!" of horror in the voice of their hostess. Mrs. Pennycook, who was nearest the door, jumped up hastily. "Something's up!" she said, "perhaps I'd better go and see," and immediately she, too, disappeared, leaving the remainder of the company anxiously wondering what had occurred. There was

a general regret in the minds of those present that Mrs. Pennycook had shut the door after her. "I only hope," said Mr. Pennycook, voicing a unanimous sentiment, "that nothing's happened to our supper."

The very silence was ominous. Everyone felt that, if the disaster, whatever it was, had been heralded by a sound of hysterics, or smashing china, they would, at least, have acquired a clue to the situation. "I don't know," said Stephen uncertainly, "whether I'd better go and see what's happened," and he, too, departed to join Christina and Mrs. Pennycook, on the other side of the closed door, leaving an electric atmosphere of curiosity behind him.



IN the kitchen reigned pandemonium. Stephen, entering, full of lively apprehension, found the maid in tears. Christina pale with dismay and anger, and Mrs. Pennycook as nearly agitated as anyone had ever seen her. On the table, among some disarranged fragments of parsley, were the remains of two roast chickens from which all the firm white meat of the breasts had mysteriously vanished. "I'm very sorry, m'm," wailed the weeping Pearl, for the sixth time. "I can't think how it happened. I didn't leave the door open more'n a minute," and she continued to weep and lament and wring her hands, while Stephen looked on in bewilderment. "A little more of this sort of thing," he thought, "and that girl will be in hysterics." Aloud he cried anxiously, "For goodness' sake, Tina, what on earth's happened?"

This was Christina's cue, and she rose to it wholeheartedly. "Happened!" she echoed furiously, pointing a shaking finger at the dish on the table.

"I should think you could see for yourself what's happened. That wretched girl left the pantry door open, and shut the cat in by mistake, and that's the result! I wish I was dead, and I'd like to go straight to bed, and stop there till everybody's gone home, and never give another party again as long as I live!" Her voice trembled on the last words, and almost broke. It seemed that with a very little encouragement, she would follow Pearl Miller's example, and burst into tears.

Stephen sought distractedly for words of comfort. "Here, cheer up, old girl," he said, patting her shoulder. "I'll drown that brute in the river to-morrow! It might be worse, you know, mightn't it? After all, we've still got the ham, and the trifle, and mince-pie, and—"

"Not the mince-pie," interrupted Christina, looking at him stonily. Stephen stepped back, regarding her, horrified.

"Good Lord!" he cried incredulously. "You don't mean to tell me that something's happened to that, too?"

For answer Christina rose up and produced the pie from the larder. It was a large flat pie made in a soup plate. In its prime it had been a triumph of fragrant mince-meat and glazed flaky pastry, but now it had become a ruin of flattened and broken piecrust, adorned with a few long black hairs, and the marks of a cat's claws. "When Pearl went into the pantry to get supper," said Christina grimly, "she

found that horrible cat curled up asleep on top of it! It's my own fault. I might have known something like this would happen. If I hadn't tried to show off in front of Muriel—" She caught her breath and surreptitiously dabbed her eyes with an inadequate handkerchief. On the other side of the room Pearl Miller, between the long crowing breaths of impending hysteria, continued to assure them all that she was very sorry, m'm, but it wasn't her fault, and what with some people wanting you to work as if you'd got six pairs of hands, and then expecting you to have eyes in the back of your head as well!—well, there was things that was in reason, and things out of reason, and flesh and blood could only stand so much—

But here Mrs. Pennycook surprisingly took command of the situation. "Stop it, you silly girl!" she commanded, administering a vigorous shake to the astonished Pearl. "If you don't stop your carryings-on this minute I'll empty a jug of cold water over you! Pull yourself together, and help me find a couple of large glass dishes. Stephen, you go back in the other room, and start 'em playing 'happy families,' or something. Cheer up, Tina, we'll make something of this yet, between us, and make something of it she did, by skilfully cutting up and jointing what was left of the chickens, and garnishing it with the resurrected fragments of parsley.

"Bless your heart, my dear," she said cheerfully to Christina, "you'll be used to these little upsets when you've been married as long as I have." She stood back, beaming upon her finished handiwork with the true pride of the creator. "Now," she continued, "we'll just open this bottle of fruit salad I found in the dresser cupboard to take the place of the mince-pie, and then everything'll be all Sir Garnet. You run upstairs, Tina, and powder your nose—it looks as though it could do with it. Pearl and I'll see about taking the other things in."

Christina fled thankfully. When she came down again she found the table laid and all outward signs of the upheaval banished. What Mrs. Pennycook had told the rest of the company, or whether, indeed, she had told them anything at all, Christina was unable to decide. "Let them think what they like," she thought desperately. "I've gone past caring," a statement which was not really true, because she was wondering at that very moment whether her eyelids were still pink, and if so whether Muriel had noticed them.

Although there were still aeons of time to be endured before midnight, once supper was safely disposed of nothing else very terrible could happen. The worst, however, had she known it, was still to come.

The ham and chicken was removed, and Pearl Miller, still rather shaky and inclined to sniff, began bringing in the cold sweets. Stephen was seated at the head of the table, with Muriel just round the corner on his left hand, and she had pushed her chair back a little, so that she was almost facing him, the better to indulge in conversation. No one quite knew afterwards how the disaster occurred. It may have been that Pearl was still in a highly nervous condition after her recent emotional crisis in the kitchen, or perhaps she merely slipped on a fallen holly-berry. At one moment she was preparing to set the trifle she was carrying before Stephen; at the next the startled onlookers saw her totter, lose her balance, and with one swift involuntary movement of self-preservation fling the



entire contents of the dish—sponge-cakes, cream, and quite half a pint of the best sherry—into Miss Lorimer's elegant silk lap. "This," thought Christina, agonised, "has finished it!" Whatever happened now would be merely an anti-climax. She shut her eyes, and prayed, quite vainly, for the end. She wanted to die, there and then, to crawl away and hide, never to see Muriel, or any of her family, or that stupid, helpless idiot of a Pearl Miller again!

As far as Pearl was concerned, this last sentiment was apparently shared by Miss Lorimer herself. "You horrible, clumsy creature!" she screamed, springing to her feet, white with fury. "Look what you've done to my frock! It's ruined—absolutely ruined—I'll make you pay—" She was incoherent with rage, hardly aware of what she was saying. All her charm of a moment ago had deserted her.

Stephen, endeavoring to remove the traces of disaster from Miss Lorimer's damaged gown with a flimsy table-napkin, found himself abruptly waded to one side, with the snapped-out information that that was no earthly good, and that he might as well save himself the trouble, as her frock was ruined, anyhow. She also added haughtily that it was out of the question for her to stay late now, and that if they would excuse her she thought she would catch the 10.10 from the Halt, connecting at Melton with the 10.40 to Brighton. It was quite impossible for her to remain any longer with her frock in that condition. Nobody had any objections to raise to this dictum, for which they were all secretly thankful, and Miss Lorimer finally suffered herself to be led away upstairs by Ruth and Christina, sponged down with warm water, and assisted into her outdoor garments in a dreadful silence.

Miss Lorimer was, in fact, feeling thoroughly aggrieved and out of humor. For the sake of an old friendship, which she now found it hard to believe had ever existed, she had suffered herself to be dragged out to this potty little country place, where there was nothing to do but make oneself look foolish by playing kids' games, and wearing colored paper hats out of crackers. There was no room to dance and not a single eligible man in the whole party—well, Miss Lorimer asked you!

"WELL!" said Christina despairingly, "did you ever see such a perfectly horrible party! I'll never give another!" And her tone sounded as though she meant it.

"Oh yes, you will, my dear," returned Mrs. Pennycook consolingly, patting her hand. "You've had a bit of bad luck. I must admit, but it wasn't as if any of it was your fault. You'll live it down—about the chickens, I mean—and end up by laughing over it—and as for Muriel's frock, what I say is it no more than serves her right for making herself so cheap with Ted and Stephen. If she'd been my daughter I should have felt downright ashamed of her."

"You noticed it, then?" cried Christina eagerly. "It wasn't just my imagination, and feeling catty, and tired, and jealous?"

"Catty?—no!" declared Mrs. Pennycook, rising magnificently to the occasion. "You couldn't be, if you tried. Tired you may be, and no wonder, and as for jealous, it's all that silly creature's fault: if you are coming here, making eyes at Stephen, and doing her best to make trouble! Not that you've any cause to complain in that quarter, for he was only ordinarily polite to her, and at times barely that. If you ask me everybody was fed up with her, and I'm not surprised."

The time was now a quarter after midnight. "Auld Lang Syne" had been sung, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, by the remaining guests to the accompaniment of the gramophone. Before the little mirror in the room shared by Christina and Stephen Mrs. Pennycook still lingered, winding herself up in various scarves and wraps, and enjoying the luxury of a good gossip over the events of the evening. In the other room Stephen and Mr. Pennycook, both looking rather like survivors after an earthquake, were wishing each other a Happy New Year—and both rooms were strewn with cigarette ash, scattered playing-cards, gold and crimson paper from crackers, nutshells, orange peel, paper hats, tin whistles, Christmas cards, empty wine-glasses, and cheap toy jewellery.

Into this after-the-ball atmosphere there shortly descended Christina and Mrs. Pennycook, the former calm now, but weary with that utter weariness of reaction that follows upon battles, shipwrecks, and similar tremendous mental and physical ordeals; the latter suppressing yawns, but beaming with the complacent triumph of one who has coped successfully with a difficult and delicate situation. "Well," said Mr. Pennycook, with sleepy joviality, "here's where we part!" The car, with Ted at the wheel, was at the door, and all the visitors went trooping out into a still frosty night, brilliant with stars, turning, as they went, to call back jokes and farewells to Christina and Stephen standing in the doorway. "Good-bye," "Happy New Year," "Same to you, and many of 'em," "So long, see you again soon," "Good-night," "Good-bye." They were all aboard, and Ted was slipping in the clutch.

WITH the satisfactory settling of Christina into her new home Mrs. Pennycook became oppressed by a general feeling of instability and dissatisfaction; and this was strange, because never before had she had so much to divert and interest her. There was the development of Christina's married life, and the frequent "runnings over" to Greensedges for tea and gossip; the progress of Ted's courtship with Ruth; Albert's search for a shop, the possibility of having to move into a fresh town, and their new friendship with the Ruskins, both of whom had now moved over from Eastbourne to call. The fact remained that, despite all these interesting and delightful circumstances, Mrs. Pennycook continued to be a victim to low spirits and various dim misgivings concerning the future, which sometimes caused her to wonder whether she needed a tonic. A large, vague cloud of depression, which had had its inception on Christina's wedding-day, hung over her like a mountain mist, altering the contours of her mental landscape; and this depression was, in part, due to the peculiar behaviour of Albert.

To put the matter briefly she was convinced that Albert was "keeping something from her."

It was not so much that Mr. Pennycook was changed, as that certain characteristics of his romantic temperament had suddenly begun to flourish like hot-house plants in the milder atmosphere produced by his altered circumstances. He had become, all at once, very mysterious and secretive and important.

Mr. Pennycook was, in short, making up for lost time. Mr. Pennycook, in these days, had cast the lighter novels sternly behind him. Inspired by the example of Thomas Ruskin, who had actually read very widely, despite the extraordinary style of

his conversation, he read the works of Shakespeare (which invariably sent him to sleep), Bernard Shaw, Aldous Huxley and Henry James was heavy going, indeed, though Mr. Pennycook skipped all the weightier paragraphs, and moved his book-marker religiously forward day by day in case Susan should suspect.

It was not, however, either of these peculiarities that had aroused Mrs. Pennycook's disquiet. It was something far more disturbing—nothing less, in fact, than the grave suspicion that he was gambling on the Stock Exchange.

SHE was too, a little anxious about the bookshop. Albert and Mr. Ruskin seemed to think it would pay all right, especially if they stocked wireless sets and gramophone records as well.

She had moments of exasperation when Albert and Mr. Ruskin seemed to her no more than two thoughtless children, engaged in a very elaborate and expensive game, which might later land them in unforeseen complications. There were times when she felt she could have shaken them both for their foolish optimism and romantic preoccupation with their new craze.

To Mr. Pennycook, however, it was no mere passing fancy, but deadly earnest; and it is safe to say that he was far happier in his present task of consulting with Ruskin, interviewing house-agents, and viewing numerous business premises than he ever was. On an afternoon early in January he returned from Tidmarsh with the news that he and Ruskin had at last settled on a site for the bookshop. This site, which was situated in Church Street, a little below the church itself, was at present occupied by one tumbledown shop and a dreary dilapidated little inn, which had recently had its licence taken away. In the place of these inglorious structures was shortly to rise the first of the Ruskin bookshops, which was to be designed in a pseudo-old-fashioned style, with a swinging signboard, bow-windows, and plenty of old oak, which was to be taken from the original buildings.

Mr. Ruskin, who was so American that he was nothing if not Old English, confessed to a yearning for the title, "Ye Olde Ruskin Rooke Shoppe," but Mr. Pennycook sternly discouraged this fancy, which he obscurely felt to be in bad taste. There were, he pointed out, enough "Olde Rooke Shoppes," and "Olde Tea Shoppes" in England already, and personally he thought that that sort of thing had been done to death. The decent-class people, whose custom they hoped to attract, were beginning to poke fun at it. Besides, no one was likely to be taken in by a shop which had only just been built. Mr. Ruskin sighed, and after an inner struggle, said that he guessed that what Mr. Pennycook said went. All this information, and a great deal more, Mr. Pennycook poured out to Susan, as she sat by the fire in the grey of a winter's afternoon, toasting tea-cake—and Susan, like Mr. Ruskin, also sighed, though not for the same reason.

He was secretly disappointed by Susan's lukewarm reception of his news, and when on the following day he returned from Tidmarsh armed with a list of "desirable residences" from the local house-agents, his manner, as he invited her to accompany him on a tour of inspection, was diffident almost to the verge of apology.



On the next day they set forth upon their quest.

**T**IDEMARSH, like most seaside towns, is at its best in the summer. It is true, as Mr. Pennycook said, that it has developed a great deal in the past few years, but all this development has been confined to those windy fields and downs that form the hinterland of the town, and are now covered with a sprawling eruption of red and white villas.

At the time of the Pennycooks' visit Tidemarsch was quite at its mid-winter best. It was a day of frost, blue skies, and pale glittering colors. The sea winked and sparkled with light, the air was sweet and cold as spring water. They went first to the house-agents, and from there proceeded to the site of Mr. Pennycook's future shop in the narrow street that ran down from the railway station. On the corner opposite the station entrance was a high-class drapery establishment, its windows full of sale bargains.

On the other side of the road were several small, bow-fronted shops, a grocer's, a confectioner's, and a little cafe. The church came next, with the Council School facing it, and after this came a rather dreary little butcher's.

As one advanced up the street from the sea the old grey church, with its massive tower and lych-gate, appeared to stretch right across the narrow roadway, shouldering the crowded little shops on the opposite pavement. "There!" cried Mr. Pennycook, triumphantly pointing, "that's where it's going to be when it's finished. They're going to start pulling the old buildings to pieces next week."

Mrs. Pennycook looked, and was not impressed. She saw a depressing little public house with shuttered windows, and a sign-board bearing the name, The Brown Cow, and next door to it a small, prim fancy-shop, its window full of post-cards, china ornaments, and skeins of cheap wool. Beside that disreputable tavern it had exactly the appearance of a respectable maiden lady keeping company with some seedy and down-at-heel toper.

"Well, I don't think much of the look of it as it is at present," cried Mrs. Pennycook tartly; and her tone implied that, whatever structure the builders saw fit to erect it could not possibly be worse than those already there. Mr. Pennycook looked a trifle crestfallen at this abrupt criticism.

**I**VE seen the plans," he said. "It'll look very different from this. After all, it's not at all a bad position."

"The position's all right," said Mrs. Pennycook, regarding it as though she thought it was about the only thing that was. "All I hope is you'll be able to do something with the shop when you've got it. If we're going to look at all those houses before we have to catch the 4.17 back it's time we were making a move," and Mr. Pennycook, whose pockets were bulging with no fewer than seven different front-door keys and orders to view, agreed that it was; and they set off accordingly, at a brisk pace towards the cliff and the golf-links.

Their quest was long and wearisome. It began with a new and hitherto unoccupied bungalow on the cliff-top, the front gate of which was coyly labelled "Little Home," a name which struck them both as excessively banal and ridiculous. "Modern conveniences," read Mr. Pennycook from his catalogue. "Commanding extensive sea views," both of which were true enough, but then,

as Susan pointed out, they'd also got the full force of extensive sea gales, and that, for her part, she didn't fancy the idea of living in a house where you couldn't go upstairs to bed, more especially when there were so many windows that you might nearly as well live in a conservatory, and have done with it. Mr. Pennycook admitted the force of this argument, and after walking the best part of a mile over sticky unmade roads they arrived at a semi-detached villa labelled Corunna, where they sat down on some empty packing-cases left by the workmen, and ate the sandwiches they had brought for their lunch.

To go into all the details of their search would leave the reader nearly as wearied as the Pennycooks were at the end of it. A hundred times in imagination Mrs. Pennycook had joyously pictured the day when she and Albert would set out together to choose that little house by the sea that had figured so often in her visions of the future. She was, now it came to the touch, undecided whether she really wanted to leave Meldon after all.

Mr. Pennycook felt justifiably annoyed, the more so to find that Susan remained calm. "I don't believe you know what you do want," he complained, quite peevishly for him. Mrs. Pennycook denied this hotly and began to show a little more enthusiasm.

"A house in Dane Road would be just the very sort of place we want!" she suggested. "Handy to the sea, and the shops, and everything—but I don't suppose you even thought of looking there!"

Mr. Pennycook confessed apologetically that he had not thought of it—or, more accurately, that he had thought of it, and dismissed the idea of it, partly because there were no properties in that part of the town on the house-agents' lists, and partly because his memory informed him that the few houses in Dane Road were large boarding-houses, or private hotels. "We'll go and have a look at it, if you like," he said, "but I don't think it'll be much good," to which Mrs. Pennycook returned with asperity that, come to that, she didn't, either, but they might as well make sure now they were there.

Accordingly they retraced their steps past the top of Church Street and the Railway Station to their original starting-point. Both of them regarded Dane Road as a kind of forlorn hope, and Dane Road perversely retallated by producing immediately the very house that Mrs. Pennycook had—or said she had had—in her mind from the outset—a little, low-pitched, cream-washed cottage, with casement windows, and a thick mass of ivy climbing up to smother the porch over the front-door. The name, The Pleasance, was painted on one door-post, and this struck Mr. Pennycook as being delightfully reminiscent of the peached alleys and bowling-greens that he occasionally encountered in his favorite historical novels. Although the front of the house was unpretentious, and abutted actually on to the path, there was a small walled garden to one side, and a splendid view of the distant esplanade and the sea, above which a frosty golden haze was now thickening towards sunset, so that the front of the little house was washed with glory.

A board hanging beside the front-door proclaimed that "this desirable property" was to be let or sold by Messrs. Wright, Crank and Butley. "A London firm," murmured Mr. Pennycook. This, of course, accounted for the fact that he had not seen it advertised on any of the local agents' lists. He added meditatively, "It's nice and

open," and Susan, for once, agreed with him.

"I like it," she said, with decision. "I don't say it may not have drawbacks—most things have when you come to look into them—but it does look human and comfortable, as though it had been lived in—something better than those miserable little brick boxes that we've wasted the best part of the day over. I wish we could go over it."

But this, of course, was out of the question, and they were obliged to content themselves with peering through the lower windows, which rewarded them by a glimpse of narrow, low-pitched rooms, their walls faintly burnished with the rich gilt of the sunset, enclosing nothing but a dusty and peaceful emptiness.

"It's nice and close to the sea," said Mr. Pennycook. "You'll be able to take your work on the beach in the summer."

**T**HE next fortnight passed in a whirl of excitement. There were letters, which began very politely, "Referring to your esteemed favor—" there were interviews, there were more letters. There was the business of looking over Messrs. Wright, Crank & Butley's "desirable property"—a ceremony which was carried out with the utmost solemnity by Mr. Pennycook, full of interest and curiosity. Mrs. Pennycook, wearing her best hat, and a dapper and austere gentleman in a black bowler and spats. There was a long and involved agreement, which Mr. Pennycook found quite impossible to disentangle without the aid of a lawyer, although the knowledge that the house was really to be his at the very moderate rent of seventy-five pounds a year delighted him so much that he felt tempted to leave all minor legal points to look after themselves.

He was particularly pleased at the idea of immediate possession. They would be able, he pointed out to Susan, to move in at once and he directed so much energy and zeal towards the accomplishment of this end that the third week in January found everything arranged, even to the arrival of the removal vans. Ted's work at Marple's had been a stumbling-block at first, for there was no train from Tidemarsch to Meldon sufficiently early for him to reach the garage at eight o'clock, and even if he had been able to go to and fro daily the cost of a season ticket would have added considerably to his expenses. In the end it was arranged that he should go into rooms at Miss Romain's little house in Walvers Lane, for twenty-two and sixpence a week.

As the days sped on towards their departure Mrs. Pennycook began to feel a growing sentimental reluctance to depart at all. The new house was, of course, much more convenient than their present one, and most tastefully decorated—everything, as you might say, of the best—but when all was said and done she didn't know that she really wanted to move. The little house on Saxon Hill had become like an old friend.

On the morning of departure the little house looked forlorn indeed. All the floor-coverings had been taken up overnight, and the bare boards echoed hollowly to the tread. The wireless set had been disconnected, and carefully bestowed by Ted in a packing-case. Not a picture, ornament, cushion or hanging remained in its place. Mrs. Pennycook, whisking here, there and everywhere, her head tied up in a handkerchief and a torn apron covering her dress,



was harassed, short-tempered and depressed. Mr. Pennycook, essaying a feeble joke to the effect that it looked as though they'd got the bailiffs in, was curtly informed that there was no sense in his standing about trying to be funny, he'd better go upstairs and see if he could get some of the beds to pieces.

He was still engaged upon this task when the house was invaded by three removal men—a sandy, freckled man, with a green balise apron, and a cloth cap stuck on the back of his head, a dark, pale man, with a thin, lugubrious face and a white apron, and a man with a drooping ginger moustache, and no apron at all. They fell upon the furniture with a fury of energy that threatened to disintegrate it, punctuating their labors with trenchant jokes and advice.

On a Saturday afternoon early in February, Ted made up his mind to run into Brighton, and call upon his former employer, Mr. Herbert Jupp, of Jupp and Creswell's garage in St. Peter's Square.

He had now been established at the little house in Walwers Lane for nearly a fortnight, and had readily adjusted himself to his new surroundings.

He was always absent in Tidemarch at the week-ends, seldom returning until late on Sunday night. On this particular Saturday he thought he would run into Brighton, visit the garage, and go on to Tidemarch by bus some time during the evening. He had promised to let Jupp know how he got on at Purple's, and this seemed to him an excellent opportunity of keeping his word.

There was no doubt about it—spring was on the way. Even in Miss Roman's poor and unkempt little garden a few crocuses lifted their heads bravely, and the white bells of the snowdrops awoke in the wind. It was a very gay and rollicking wind that might almost have been stolen from March, and as Ted rode along the Brighton road on the top of a bus, it came roaring at him with a happy shout over the shoulders of the hills, tossing the catkins against grey clouds that suddenly parted to let through a cold glitter of sunlight, and ruffling the scummy waters of farmyard ponds. It rushed and whirled among the traffic of St. Peter's Square, tossing the branches of the trees, whirling berets from the heads of slim-legged girls, tearing an advertisement sheet from the hands of a man who was pasting bills on to a hoarding, and casting it into the road. The whole square seemed full of wind and noise, the rumbling of buses, and the clanging of trams.

As Ted, buffeted and breathless after his wild ride, halted for a moment on the pavement outside the garage, the better to save the thought of Jupp's astonishment at his sudden appearance, a car that he knew nosed cautiously out of the wide entrance and plunged into the stream of traffic. He picked his way across the stone floor of the garage, between cars in various stages of dismantlement and repair, till he came to the office where he found Jupp making a few desultory entries in a ledger, surrounded by old job-cards and scattered three-shafts. Immediately Mr. Jupp caught sight of Ted he dropped his pen, and the time-shafts went flying in a shower, for all the world as if a gust of that mischievous wind had actually invaded the office.

"Well, I'm blowed!" cried Mr. Jupp joyfully, "if it isn't Edward! Come on in, Edward, and let's have a look at you. I haven't seen nothing of you for a long time. How are you getting on, eh?"

"I'm all right, thanks, sir," said Ted, perching himself on the shiny leather stool that his host thrust in his direction, "how are you?"

At this inquiry Mr. Jupp's bright geniality was clouded. "Middling, thanks, Edward," he said dolefully, "only middling—that's all I can say. Touch of Anno Domini, I s'pose," and, indeed, now that Ted came to look closely at him, he saw with concern that Mr. Jupp no longer looked either as stout or as ruddy as he had been in the previous autumn. His movements were less alert than formerly, and his round, good-humored face had a yellowish tinge that hinted at falling health. Ted expressed sincere sorrow at this gloomy report. He had always liked Jupp, who had treated him in their former business relationship with the utmost kindness and fairness, apparently regarding him more as a son than an employee.

Mr. Jupp's own pleasure at their encounter was abundantly manifest in his beaming face. In a series of swift, rather blundering movements he shut the ledger, corked his ink-bottle, grabbed up a handful of time-shafts, planted a plug-taster on top of them to act as a paperweight, and snatched his hat from a peg. "Come on, Edward," he said, "we must go over to the old 'Peacock,' and have one."

With this invitation their meeting immediately assumed all the characteristics of a formal reunion. The "Peacock" had been a favorite rendezvous with them in the old days, being famed not only for the excellence of its liquor, but also for the quality of its mutton pies and beef sandwiches, its friendly and convivial atmosphere. Mr. Jupp, primed for confidence, led the way to the saloon bar, ordered two pints of mild and bitter, invited Ted to draw his chair nearer the fire, and plunged into conversation.

"Well, Edward," he said, "and how's the world treating you these days?"—at which Ted, knowing that he had found a sympathetic listener, not only told him how the world was treating him, but also all about Mr. Pennycook's legacy, the proposed opening of the bookshop, the move to Tidemarch, and his own love affair with Ruth. This last piece of intelligence immediately caused Mr. Jupp to order two more pints on the strength of it. "Here's luck, Edward," he said, holding his tankard aloft, then burying his face in it, "you've picked a winner all right, by the sound of it. Drop me a word when the wedding's to be, won't you, and I'll be there. And that reminds me! Young Fred's been and got engaged since you left."

"Go on!" cried Ted incredulously. He had never regarded Fred, the younger of Jupp's two sons, as the type to tie himself up permanently to a girl. Jupp nodded solemnly above his half-empty tankard. "Yes, he's got himself fixed up all right. Young lady by the name of Matthews, Christian name Edith. I don't think she's a bad sort, really. Something different from that girl o' Charlie's!"

Ted had known for some time that Charlie Jupp's matrimonial venture had not been a particularly happy one. He had married Millicent Lower, elder sister of the redoubtable Poppy. As Mrs. Pennycook herself might have said: What could you expect? Ted leaned forward, dropping his voice to a sympathetic note.

"How's Charlie getting on now, sir? Things any better?"

"No," said Mr. Jupp promptly, "a sight worse. Charlie's started divorce proceedings. Serve her right!—that's what I say. He ought never to have got tied up to her

in the first place. He sees that now, but it's broke him up a bit. He was talking the other night of chucking up his wireless shop and clearing out, but what I say is—'taint worth it—not for a woman like that. I only hope Fred gets on better with his Edie. And that reminds me," continued Mr. Jupp, setting down his tankard, and brightening up like a man apparently struck by an idea. "I'll tell you what, Edward! If you're thinking—"

There is no telling what roscate schemes he might have gone on to outline, but at this moment occurred a diversion. The door opened, and Art Douglas, a junior garage hand, thrust a thin, grimy face round the corner of it. "Please, sir," he panted, "there's a phone message just come through from Pyecombe—Johnson's team lorry in a ditch." Jupp sprang up immediately. "All right, Art, I'm coming. Well, so long, Edward—glad to have seen you. Look me up again some time, soon as you can manage it." He drained the last dregs of his tankard, shook Ted's hand, and vanished like a jovial whirlwind.

Ted, left to himself, sat for a little longer by the fire, before, he, too, went out into the grey and windy afternoon.

TRouble started on the following Wednesday, which was Ruth's weekly half-day, and it was Mrs. Garland, of all people, who was at the bottom of it. This particular Wednesday was fraught with especial significance for Ted. It was not only Ruth's birthday, but also the day on which they proposed to announce their engagement. At half-past six in the evening Ted, with a modest engagement-ring in the pocket of his spare-time suit, was giving his boots a final polish in Miss Roman's little scullery, and gaily carolling jazz. Three-quarters of an hour later the candles on the birthday cake had all been blown out, Ruth was lying face downward on her bed, crying her heart out, Mrs. Garland was amusingly congratulating herself on having saved her daughter from an undesirable union, and Ted, in great perplexity and distress of mind, was walking disconsolately homeward with the engagement ring still in his pocket—and all these disastrous manifestations were entirely due to the malicious gossip of two old women at a tea-party.

On the previous day, Mrs. Garland, in response to a long-standing invitation, had suddenly decided to go to tea with her old friend, Ellen Comber, Miss Comber, a grizzled old maid, with a weather-beaten complexion, had a large Roman nose, and seemed to be always dressed in heavy tweed—two features which, for some obscure reason, Mrs. Garland always associated with the aristocracy. Miss Comber, although of no importance socially, has a small but definite part in our story, and we must certainly follow Mrs. Garland's example, and look in on her for tea. If she had had the charity or the good sense to bridle her tongue the unfortunate events narrated in the last paragraph would, in all probability, never have happened. Ted would have had his slice of birthday cake, the engagement-ring would have been in its proper place, on Ruth's finger, and there would have been rejoicings and congratulations all round. But as it was—

The trouble began at the exact moment when Miss Comber, leaning forward, teacup in hand, remarked that she was really surprised to hear that Mrs. Garland's Ruth was going out with that young Pennycook;



and upon Mrs. Garland's naturally enough inquiring why, Miss Comber, with many nods and head-shakings and shocked pursings of the lips, proceeded to enlighten her. Miss Comber, it appeared, was acquainted with Mrs. Lower, of Quince Street, with whose youngest daughter, Poppy, young Pennycook had been walking out only last autumn. It seemed that, since he'd thrown her over without a word of explanation, the poor girl had been nearly demented.

Miss Comber couldn't really say whether there was any truth in the rumor she'd heard that Poppy had threatened to throw herself in the river, but she couldn't help wondering whether the Poppy hadn't got some claim on the young man. "Of course," said Miss Comber deprecatingly, "I don't really know whether there's any truth in what people say."

But this was not good enough for Mrs. Garland. She had disapproved of Ted's humble origin from the beginning, and she was very eager for these stimulating rumors to be correct. Miss Comber, who believed in giving people what they wanted, divined this eagerness and immediately set to work with all possible enjoyment to gratify it.

"I don't want to make trouble," she said confidentially, "but sometimes a friendly word of warning— Anyhow, I think there must be something in it, because of what I heard from my sister's husband's brother last November."

They spent a delightful hour, arriving at the conclusion that young Pennycook was, if not actually a menace to society, at least the type of young man with whom no decent girl could possibly be permitted to consort for a moment, and that it was high time Ruth was warned. Mrs. Garland took her leave, having spent a most interesting and profitable afternoon.

At half-past six on the following evening Ted, entirely unaware of the damage to his chances already wrought by the opposition, set out light-heartedly for the little house on the New Estate. Upon arrival he rang the bell, which was answered, almost immediately, by Mrs. Garland herself, looking more thin and vinegary and aristocratic than ever. The suddenness of her appearance suggested that she had been lying in wait for him just inside the door, as indeed she had. "Good evening, Mrs. Garland," he said cheerily, undeterred by her forbidding aspect. "Ruth's in, I suppose?"

"Yes, she's in," responded Mrs. Garland, grimly, "but under the circumstances she prefers not to see you."

Ted looked at her, stunned. "Pardon?" he said mechanically, hardly able to believe the evidence of his ears. When Mrs. Garland repeated her sentence he looked at her more incredulously than before.

"But, I say!" he exclaimed, dismayed. "That's a bit off, isn't it? I don't understand. She asked me last week to come up to-day, because it was her birthday. Is she having a game with me?"

Mrs. Garland drew herself up majestically. "No, Mr. Pennycook," she said, with tremendous dignity, "Ruth is not having a game with you. She wouldn't lower herself by doing anything so vulgar. The question is: Are you having a game with her?"

Ted, regretfully, began to lose his temper. "I don't know what you mean," he said shortly, throwing discretion to the winds. "Ruth and me are in love with each other. You may as well know first as last. She promised to marry me last November, and that's all there is to it. So you may as well let me come in, and have a word with

her." He added, a sudden disquieting thought flashing into his mind, "She's not ill, is she?"

"No," said Mrs. Garland stiffly, "she's not ill. It's simply that she doesn't wish to see you. You'd better go away quietly. We don't want a scene here."

"Oh, all right," said Ted, with great bitterness. "I'll go. I don't know, I'm sure, what it's all about, but I'm not the sort to butt in where I'm not wanted," and without a solitary "Good night," without, in fact, wasting any more words at all, he turned on his heel, and departed, raw and speechless with anger and disappointment. What the dickens, he asked himself explosively, did Ruth think she was playing at?

He relieved his feelings by imagining, for some moments, a number of high-handed and impracticable courses of action, but this was not really satisfactory, and in the end, having no alternative, he returned disconsolately to the little house in Walvern Lane. He went up to his bedroom, sat for some time staring gloomily at the wall, smoked a great number of cigarettes, came downstairs again, ate a little supper to satisfy Miss Romain, who was obviously and sympathetically mystified by his early return, and finally went sombrely to bed, where he tried unsuccessfully to divert his mind from his own problems by reading a lurid detective novel.



**T**HURSDAY was an awful day, a fitting continuation of that series of disasters that had begun in such a staggering and mysterious fashion on Wednesday night. In the first place Ted overslept—a fact which occasioned him no surprise, but a good deal of annoyance, since it resulted in his being late for work for the first time since he had been with Marple's.

To make matters worse the staff was short-handed, for three men were away with influenza, and in consequence of this Ted was put to work on a job that had been started by someone else, which, as every mechanic knows, is a most unsatisfactory business, because it is necessary, in such a case, to adapt yourself to the methods of the man before you, who may possibly have made a slip or omission that a newcomer to the task may easily overlook. This, in fact, was precisely what did happen, with the result that Ted, who had, for some time, gone on with his part of the job without noticing the error, had to undo the best part of two hours' work, a calamity which brought down upon him a sarcastic rebuke from Rickards.

The car, belonging to the husband of Mr. Pennycook's late best-hated customer, the objectionable Mrs. Prentiss, of Manor Road, had to be delivered that night, and in order to make up for the delay Ted was working on it until seven o'clock, long after most of the other men had gone.

By the time he had finished working on the car he had worked himself up to a fine frenzy of indignation.

It was shortly after seven o'clock when he locked the garage, dropped the key through the letter-box of Rickards' house nearby in Quince Street, and turned the car towards Silver Hill. St. Andrew's

Lane was one of the steep narrow twittens that ran down from the High Street towards the cattle market and the railway station. Ted mounted the hill, guided the car carefully through the bottle-neck by the Town Hall, passed the Grey Doe, and Henderson's, the confectioner's, and turned slowly into the lane, which gave access to the court-yard of a large Georgian house, recently divided into a honey-comb of flats, one of which was occupied by Jimmy Roat and his parents. Ted had to go through a postern, cross the court-yard, and ascend, by an echoing flight of stairs, to the third floor—a very different proposition from merely ringing the door-bell, and delivering his message across the sill, and one which rendered it impossible for him to keep an eye on the car. He halted the car on the slope, and because he was tired, after a broken night and a wearing and exasperating day, tormented by thoughts of Ruth, by all the various hopes, doubts, fears and torments that only lovers know, he halted it in a very casual and absent-minded fashion, trusting only to the handbrake, and omitting to put the car in reverse.

There was no excuse for him—he admitted afterwards. He wasn't in the habit of doing foolish things like that—he, who had been accustomed to handling cars since he had left school. It was just that, for one moment, his mind went blank; and the Fates, who eternally lie in wait to take advantage of such lapses, were not slow in turning this one to account. When he came out of the house after delivering his message the car was gone!

He looked at the place where it has been, feeling as though he had walked into some incredible nightmare. In the sane and matter-of-fact world in which he moved, large four-seater saloons did not suddenly vanish, leaving no trace behind them. A moment he stood irresolute. Then the sight of tyre-marks in the road, and his own technical experience told him what had happened.

Dismissing from his mind the thought of car thieves, he began to run down the lane; his mouth dry, his heart thumping abominably—two symptoms of panic which were increased rather than diminished by his meeting with a large, preternaturally serious policeman, who was plodding up the lane with as much speed as his considerable girth permitted, and panting heavily in the process. "Now, now, my lad," said the policeman, looking at Ted in a way that made him feel rather like a convict on ticket-of-leave, and placing a large detaining hand on his arm. "If you're the chap that was in charge of a saloon car—"

He had noticed Ted's blackened and greasy clothes and agitated aspect, and these two details, in conjunction, left no doubt in his ponderous and slow-moving mind that here was the man for whom he was searching. "Smashed up now, she is," he continued, with a certain morbid relish. "Taking 'er out to deliver, weren't you? Ar, I thought so. Left 'er standing on the slope, I s'pose, and trusted to the 'and-brake? Funny, now, we 'ad a case only las' week, a very similar case to this—"

But Ted was not interested in his talk of cases. His legs had gone suddenly weak, and even the fact that he had had no tea was insufficient to account for his sensations of cold and emptiness. This had done it—absolutely put the tin hat on it! It meant the sack from Marple's, for sure. By this time to-morrow he'd be out of a



Job. Only forty-eight hours ago everything had seemed settled and happy and safe—a good berth, money coming in, Ruth loving and trusting him—and now this!

He might be out of work for months. His world was crashing, collapsing about him in ruins.

**A**BOUT a quarter-past seven on this same evening Mr. Garland, proceeding down the High Street with the intention of visiting the local cinema, was crossing the top of St. Andrew's Lane, when he was suddenly and violently cannoned into by a young woman who dashed out of the dim mouth of the twitten as though the Furies were after her. "Ere—ere—steady on, miss!" cried Mr. Garland, partially winded by this unexpected onslaught. "In a bit of a hurry, aren't you?" The young woman threw a spiteful, half-suspicious glance at him from her narrow, dark eyes, mumbled, in a jerky and panicky voice, something which Mr. Garland charitably construed as an apology, and fled past him in the opposite direction. A queer little incident, and one which aroused in him some pardonable curiosity. There was no doubt about it—Mr. Pennycook's shop was getting on. Every day he walked down to Church Street, and had a look at it.

The Ruskins had now settled in Tidemarch in an old Georgian house at the top of the High Street, for Thomas Ruskin's passion for unspoilt scenery and old buildings caused him to look with contempt at the modern villas in the hinterland of the town; and this was a trait which deeply endeared him to Mr. Pennycook, despite his eccentricities of Transatlantic speech, noisy ties and bustling manner. As the "Pleasantness" gradually began to acquire the homeliness of being lived in Mrs. Pennycook's natural cheeriness and optimism reasserted itself. In a word, she was settling down.

On that chill and foggy Thursday, which was to witness Ted's calamitous affair with the car, she was feeling particularly pleased with life. After all the alarms and the past few months, Mrs. Pennycook was shut up alone in the little, warm, brightly colored room, busy with a pile of muffins, which she was toasting at the fire, and her own thoughts, which were very pleasant ones, being concerned chiefly with marmalade-making, a length of cretonne, bought at the January sales, which would just do for new lounge covers, and Albert's return from Church Street. He ought to be in any minute now. There was no sense, that she could see, in stopping out late in the fog.

A moment later Mr. Pennycook did come in, walking a trifle more slowly than usual, and looking rather haggard and cold. Tonight the usual brisk abandon that had distinguished his manner during the past few weeks had deserted him.

"So you've come in at last," she said dryly, watching him with some shrewdness, as he struggled awkwardly out of his overcoat. "About time, too. I should think, on a foggy night like this. You look perished. Are you sure you feel all right?" And she looked at him with such searching scrutiny that Mr. Pennycook felt convinced that he must be really ill.

"It's really nothing to make a fuss about, my dear," he said mildly. "I've only got a bit of a pain in my right side."

"What sort of a pain?" demanded Mrs. Pennycook sternly. Mr. Pennycook drew an experimental breath, and looked vague.

"Well—er—just a pain," he said finally,

"dull most of the time, and sharp every now and again."

On the next day, the pain seemed a little better. On this particular day he had an appointment to visit his solicitors in Meldon to consult them concerning one or two legal points which had cropped up over the lease of the bookshop. The weather showed a slight improvement on that of yesterday, but not much.

He had a wretchedly cold journey in a compartment in which the heating apparatus was out of order, and arrived at Meldon feeling chilled to the bone. He got through his business with Messrs. Gay & Weatherbee somehow, though he fancied once or twice that the senior partner looked at him rather anxiously, as though imagining that he might be going to collapse in the firm's private office; and on each of these occasions Mr. Pennycook, with a great effort, exerted himself to be particularly attentive to the business in hand, and even went so far as to crack one or two sedate little jokes.

He was glad when the interview was over, for he was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate, and his pain, as though resentful of being ignored, was now giving him some very nasty twinges indeed. He went out again into the drizzling gloom of the streets, and looked about him for a teashop. There would not be time for him to catch the four o'clock train now, anyhow, and perhaps, if he had a cup of hot tea he would feel better.

With this intention he turned his steps towards the new cafe recently opened by an enterprising Brighton firm in the High Street, but he had not gone very far before, to his great surprise, he caught sight of Ted, wearing his leisure suit, and sauntering aimlessly along the opposite pavement. Mr. Pennycook felt that such a spectacle on a Friday afternoon required an explanation, and, having waved to arrest Ted's attention, he hurried eagerly across the road to demand one.

"Well, young-fellow-me-lad," said Mr. Pennycook, accosting his son with as good a pretence of jocularly as the pain in his side, and his own secret misgivings, permitted, "what's the meaning of this, eh? You're not going to tell me you've gone on the dole?"

Ted turned upon him a face of sulky misery. "Not yet," he said, "but I precious soon shall," and then, at Mr. Pennycook's sudden look of alarm, he added, with a rather pitiful intonation of casualness, "It's all right, Dad. No need to get worried. I'm not at work because I've got the sack."

"The sack!" echoed Mr. Pennycook, horrified. A faint, and not very robust hope seized him that Ted was "pulling his leg." "I suppose you mean," he said doubtfully, "that you've been stood off?"

"No, I don't," said Ted irritably. "I said sacked, and I mean sacked—booted, fired, chucked out!"

Mr. Pennycook began to feel angry. "Well, I don't see much 'all right' about that," he said. A horrible suspicion sprang into his mind that Ted had been dismissed at a minute's notice. "Come over and have some tea with me," he said, with a vague gesture towards the teashop across the road. "It's too cold to stand about. Besides, I want to know what's happened," and he led the way through a considerable amount of traffic, and into the large bright cafe.

In a glum and matter-of-fact voice Ted related the full story of his dismissal, starting from the moment of his departure from the garage with the car, continuing through all the trials of that disastrous evening—his interview with the police-

man, the finding of the damaged car, his own phone message to the garage showroom, requesting them to seek out either Graham or Rickards, and send a breakdown gang, Graham's arrival with the towing ambulance, and finally his own painful interview with the manager upon their return to the garage. He admitted that he had had no business to leave the car unattended. It was perfectly plain what had happened. The handbrake had not been strong enough to hold it. He'd known it would mean the sack from the moment when he first realised what had happened. Marple's were quite within their rights, especially as they would have to bear the entire cost of repairing the damage. They couldn't very well have done anything else.

"But why on earth," demanded Mr. Pennycook, in righteous indignation, "didn't you put the blinking thing in reverse, or whatever you call it?" He knew very little about cars, and when it came to technical details he had to depend on his son for enlightenment. Ted shrugged, in fatalistic and resigned gloom.

"Dunno. Didn't happen to think of it, I s'pose. I always do, as a rule. Expect I should have done then, if I hadn't been worrying about Ruth."

And then he confessed the whole story of his blighted romance to his father.

When he had finished, Ted laid down his knife and fork, and looked intently across the table at his father. "By the way, Dad," he said, "you're looking jolly seedy to-day. D'you feel all right? You've only eaten half your bun."

**I**T'S rather new," said Mr. Pennycook self-examiningly. "That's really why I left it. Got a bit of a pain in my side to-day. Indigestion, I expect."

Ted continued to look at him searchingly. "Well, you want to take care of yourself," he said, "there's a lot of 'fin about. If you crook up I'll put the tin hat on it. You'd better tell Ma what's happened—about my getting the sack, I mean. I shall be home to-morrow night, but I'm keeping on my rooms at Walters for another week. Have more chance of picking up a job here than I should in Tidemarch."

Mr. Pennycook agreed that this was so, and after thrusting a florin self-consciously across the table to pay for his son's tea, emptied his own cup, and prepared to depart, excusing himself for this early leave-taking by his desire to catch the 5.10. Ted, whose appetite seemed unimpaired by his recent misfortunes, gave him a philosophical nod of farewell, and fell to work on the dish of pastries. Mr. Pennycook steered his way between the tables and through the outer part of the shop, feeling horribly ill and panicky. The pain was creeping upwards now, beginning to affect his right shoulder and the muscles of his neck. "I've a very good mind," he thought to himself, "to drop in and see the doctor before I go home." He knew none of the doctors in Tidemarch, and did not fancy entrusting himself to the care of a stranger. He was just screwing his courage to a pitch of high resolve when whom should he run into at the entrance to the shop, but Ruth Garland herself, carrying an umbrella and a shopping-basket.

"Hullo, Ruth," said Mr. Pennycook, giving her the best smile that his pain would allow. "I didn't expect to see you in Meldon to-day."

Ruth explained. She had, it appeared, come in on the bus, on a shopping errand for Mrs. Hollins.

"Listen, Ruth," he said, "I want you to do something for me. Ted's here, in the tea-



lounge. He's worried out of his life, wondering why you wouldn't see him when he tried to call on you on your birthday. I don't want to butt into what isn't my business—you're both old enough to settle your own quarrels—but it isn't fair to the boy to leave him without a word of explanation. And," continued Mr. Pennycook, determined to make a thorough job of it, "on top of everything else he's been dismissed from Marple's at a minute's notice. He had a smash-up with a car, through worrying over you when he ought to have been thinking about his job." Ruth's small, pink mouth opened in a soundless "O" of horror at this information, but Mr. Pennycook hurried on, without giving her time to say a word. "If anybody's been running Ted down to you behind his back," he said, "don't you believe them. Ted's all right—you take it from me—and I'm not saying it just because I'm his father, either."

"I—I always knew Ted was all right—really!" she said, in a very small voice of apology.

"I should think so, indeed," said Mr. Pennycook severely.

She gave him a shy, bright smile, and was gone. Mr. Pennycook opened the door, and stepped out of the cosy warmth of the shop into a dark and drizzling twilight. The shock of Ted's news and the little interview with Ruth seemed to have taken all his strength. He was really frightened about himself now, and more than a little dubious as to his ability to manage the simple journey back to Tidemarch alone. Doctor Spender, who had always attended the family, lived in Castlegate, only a few doors away. Mr. Pennycook decided to postpone his departure until he had sought medical advice, and to this end he directed his steps to the Castle precincts.

**M**R. PENNYCOOK was not the only person on that grim and drizzling afternoon who wanted to run away. As Ruth walked towards the tea-lounge her heart was going pit-a-pat faster than usual and her cheeks were bright with embarrassed color. She was still in this bewildered condition when she arrived at his table, and Ted, who had not expected to see her there, was so astonished that he overturned his third cup of tea. "There!" she cried immediately, without thinking, "now look what you've done!"

"I've just seen your Dad," she said; "he told me you were here." And she went on to explain the reason for her own presence. "I don't know what you'll think of me," she said, "after the way I treated you Wednesday."

"Well," said Ted, looking hard at his tea-cup. "I did think it was a bit off." The waitress was still hovering. He broke off while Ruth gave her order. Then, as the waitress hurried away again, he added sheepishly, "If it's all the same to you I would rather like to know why you put me off like that. Was it anything I'd done made you feel you'd rather not see me?"

Ruth lowered her eyes evasively, and her color deepened. Oh, no, she informed him in a small nervous voice, it was nothing he'd done, only something she'd heard about him from somebody—something not very nice. Yes, it was her mother—they might as well be frank with each other, now they'd started. Her mother had gone to tea on Tuesday with that horrid old Miss Comber, who was always ferreting out scandals about people. She—Miss Comber—had discovered or made up a scandal

about Ted, and her—Ruth's—mother had believed it. It was something horrid—she didn't know, really, whether she could tell him. Miss Comber had said that he used to walk out with Poppy Lower. She'd hinted that Poppy had expected him to marry her, that there was, in fact, a very good reason why he ought to have married her. Not that she, Ruth, minded his having walked out with Poppy, and she herself didn't really believe—

But here Ted, who, for several moments past, had been listening with growing indignation, broke loose. "I should blink-ling well think not," he cried out, so loudly that two or three people at tables near looked up in surprise; then, realising his surroundings, he added, more quietly, "You don't really think I should treat a girl like that, do you?" He hurried on, without waiting for her reply. "It's true that I used to go out with Poppy, take her to Brighton, and the pictures, and so on, but that's all there was to it. I dropped her before I ever met you, because I found out that she wasn't my sort. You couldn't really have believed I'd go and do a rotten thing like that!"

Ruth blushed still deeper, stammered, hesitated, and seemed on the point of giving way to tears. Finally she confessed, in a small, subdued voice, that she hadn't believed it—not really—when she'd had time to think things over—only her mother had such a way of making everything sound plausible, of making anybody believe whatever she wanted them to, that she, Ruth, had been sort of bowled over at first. She was a miserable little coward. And now Ted had gone and lost his job, and it was all through her, and how to make it up to him she didn't know—at which Ted, with a flourish, produced the engagement ring from the very pocket in which it had lain since Wednesday night, and said that she could make it up to him best by putting that on the proper finger, and renewing her promise to become Mrs. Edward Pennycook as soon as he could possibly scrape together enough money to buy and furnish a home—adding, with a momentary fapse into gloom, that goodness alone knew when that would be now, but that they'd worry through somehow, even if it meant waiting years.



**I**N the consulting-room of Doctor Spender's house in Castlegate Mr. Pennycook in a grand twitter of agitation, was removing his shirt. It was not a very imposing shirt. However, he scrambled out of it hastily, hoping that the doctor would not notice the patch, and stood before the fire, a skinny, trembling little figure with his woollen vest rolled down about his waist, while Doctor Spender asked him questions, tapped his ribs, and listened to his breathing. Finally the doctor, looking extremely serious, put away his stethoscope, and told Mr. Pennycook that he might dress. Mr. Pennycook thrusting his head once more into the despoiled shirt, summoned sufficient courage to inquire what was supposed to be the matter with him. The doctor looked sharply at him, as though questioning his sanity, and snapped out one word: "Pleurisy!"

"Goo' Lor!" Mr. Pennycook stepped back

a pace or two. "That's a bad job." And he added, in the surprised tone of one outraged by this extraordinary departure of events from the normal, "But I've never had pleurisy in my life!"

"Well, you've got it now," said the doctor, "and pretty badly, too."

"There's no need for you to worry about anything," he said, just leave it all to me." And Mr. Pennycook, who was now feeling too ill to protest, did leave it to him, with the result that, within another ten minutes, he found himself, swathed in rugs, being conveyed back to Tidemarch in the doctor's car.

**S**ATURDAY morning found Ted once more on his way to Brighton. His intention in making this journey was to remind Mr. Jupp of a promise that he, Jupp, had given him when he had left the garage to take up work at Marple's in the previous autumn.

He saw no one about that he knew, but standing at the entrance of the garage to the showroom was a wisp little man, with a drooping moustache, who appeared to have some right to be there, but whom Ted did not know at all. "If you want to see Mr. Jupp, my friend," he said, anticipating Ted's request by a matter of seconds, "I'm sorry to tell you you'll be disappointed. And why?" He addressed this question, not apparently to Ted, but to a petrol pump a foot or two distant, and immediately answered it himself, "Because Mr. Jupp has been took away to hospital last Tuesday."

"Hospital, eh," said Ted. "I say, I'm sorry to hear that. I hope it's nothing serious." He was utterly dismayed and taken aback, as much on Jupp's account as his own. The little man looked at him rebukingly. "I am his brother-in-law, Horace Fullalove, come over from my own garidge at Slough to take charge in Mr. Jupp's absence."

Ted gave one look at Mr. Fullalove, and sized him up at glance. "Well," said Ted, in a distant and rather careless voice, "to tell the truth, I'm out of a job. My name's Pennycook. I used to work here some time ago, and Mr. Jupp once promised me that if I ever got out he'd find me a place again here. But, of course, if he's laid up—"

Mr. Fullalove interrupted him.

"I daresay you are out of a job, my friend. So are a lot of other men out of a job, and there will be more. There aren't the cars on the road now that there used to be. And why?" continued Mr. Fullalove, again addressing the petrol pump. "That's easy answered. Because of the taxes. People ain't got the money. That, my friend, is why we're short-handed this morning. I stood off two more men yesterday, because there isn't the work for them. I'm sorry for you, and I hope you'll be successful in your search for employment, but I can't undertake the responsibility of setting you on in Mr. Jupp's absence, and with trade as bad as it is." Decidedly Mr. Fullalove was not going to commit himself. He had already privately come to the conclusion that Ted's claim of friendship with Jupp was merely a ruse to get work, and Ted, who was fairly quick in the uptake, guessed his thoughts.

"If you think I'm an impostor—" he began indignantly, but Mr. Fullalove cut him short.

"Now, don't get excited, my friend. I don't say you are an impostor—I only say you may be."

"I'll say good morning, then," Ted said, "if you've got nothing for me," and he walked away, leaving Mr. Fullalove, bereft of an audience, staring indignantly after him.



Ted ate a cheap and unsatisfying dinner in a cook-shop, and returned to Malden early in the afternoon. He had no sooner entered the little house in Walver Lane than he found Mr. Garland waiting for him in a state of great excitement.

AS Ted entered Miss Romain's prim little front sitting-room with its window looking out on to the blank wall on the other side of the lane, his first impression was that Mr. Garland had, like Ruth, been influenced by the gossip of his better half, and had come to demand whether there was any truth in it. He was, however, wrong in this supposition, for Mr. Garland, to do him justice, knew nothing of the unpleasantness of Wednesday evening, and would not have believed a word against Ted in any case.

"Ere, young Ted," he cried jovially, as Ted entered. "I've been wanting to see you. What's this I've been hearing from young Ernie Akehurst about you getting the sack from Marple's? Met him this morning, when I was going on an errand for the firm, and he told me about it." Young Ernie Akehurst was a junior apprentice at Marple's, and, as Ted knew, he sang in the choir at Greyfriars Church, where Mr. Garland was a bell-ringer. "It was the first I'd heard of it," continued Mr. Garland. "I couldn't hardly believe it at first—I thought young Ernie was having a joke with me. Old Prentiss' car, wasn't it? Got out of control on the slope, and smashed 'erself up?"

Ted, who was sick of the whole subject, wearily assented.

"That's right," he said. "It's done now, and no good keeping on chewing the rag over it. It was my own fault. She wouldn't have got out of control if I'd left her in reverse."

"Ah!" said Mr. Garland, now looking very mysterious, and laying a forefinger solemnly beside his nose. "Did she get out of control on her own? That's the question. That's what we've got to find out."

"What d'you mean?" said Ted, staring at him.

"On the evening of Wednesday, the tenth," chanted Mr. Garland, in a sing-song monotone that conveyed an excellent impression of a policeman giving evidence in court, "I was proceeding down the High Street, in the neighborhood of St. Andrew's Lane, just after seven o'clock. I noticed the time very particular when I got into the pictures, and it was then about nine minutes past. Just as I was going by the top of the lane a young woman came running up out of it, and crashed into me."

"Wonderful!" said Ted sarcastically. "Do you often meet young women who go about wrecking motor cars?"

Mr. Garland looked pained at this irony. "Wait a minute, young Ted," he said. "Wait a minute! I haven't finished yet. If you'll be patient you'll see I'm only trying to help you. The young woman, as I was saying, crashed into me, and considerably winded me. 'Ere—ere, miss,' I said to her, or words to that effect, 'where d'you think you're coming to?' at which she muttered something which I took to mean she was sorry, though it sounded more like swear-words. She went on up the street, still going at top speed. When I got as far as Henderson's, the confectioner's, I looked back out of curiosity, and there she was, standing looking in a shop, as cool as you like, as though she'd got all day in front of her. Struck me at once as looking

very suspicious. Made me think she'd been up to something, and was loitering on purpose to put people off the scent. Of course, I didn't know about the car then, but I couldn't 'elp thinking it looked fishy."

It was Ted's turn to look thoughtful now, and the little suspicion in his mind leapt suddenly into certainty. Hadn't Poppy threatened to get even with him, warned him that the time would come when he would be sorry for having tired of her? "I can think of one person who might have done it. That girl than ran into you—what was she like to look at?"

"She was very much got up," responded Mr. Garland enthusiastically. He looked about him with an air of comical apology, as though fearful of scandalising an imaginary judge and jury. "Long black coat, very posh, but cheap, 'igh heels—I noticed that 'cos she had a job to run—little berry sliding over one ear, and a lot of rouge on her lips. A spiteful piece, I should think. If anyone crossed her. You should 'ave seen the look she gave me when I asked her if she was in a 'urry."

There was no mistaking this accurate and vivid description. Ted slapped his thigh with an exclamation of enlightenment. "Good Lord!" he said. "d'you know, I believe you're right! That's Poppy, for a dollar!" He explained Poppy's place in the scheme of things very much as he had explained it to Ruth on the previous day. "She did threaten me once or twice," he said, "but I never thought any more about it."

"Ha!" Mr. Garland leapt eagerly upon this admission. "Threatened you, did she! Now we're getting at it!" and his expression said clearly, "Now, why, on earth didn't you tell me that before? The only thing now is: How to bring it home to her."

"But I don't know that I want to bring it home to her," objected Ted. "A girl who'd play a cheap a dirty trick like that isn't worth bothering about. Besides, we don't know that she did it. You've got nothing to go on, but a theory that more or less holds water, and a little bit of circumstantial evidence."

"Bless your heart!" responded Mr. Garland, unabashed. "That's plenty for me when I really get going. I often think I ought to have been a 'tec. Circumstantial evidence has 'ung men before to-day, young Ted, and don't you forget it!"

"I'd rather like to know myself whether she did do it," mused Ted. "I think she'd be quite capable of it. If you're keen on it you might ferret about, and see whether you can find out anything—strictly on the Q.T., of course. We don't want to make a police-court job of it."

Mr. Garland, highly pleased at this permission, asserted happily that there was nothing he would like better, adding that if he heard of anything like a likely job turning up he'd let Ted know at once.

DURING the week-end he pursued his researches untiringly. Ruth did not come home on Sunday as usual, owing to the fact that the Hollinses' cook was laid up with influenza, so Mr. Garland still remained in ignorance of the fact that she was officially engaged. Ted, in the excitement of their interview on the previous day, having forgotten to enlighten him; but as Mr. Garland, in his own mind, was quite sure that their engagement had been an accomplished fact many weeks ago, this omission did not greatly trouble him.

By Tuesday midday he had not only established the fact that Poppy was actually

the same young woman who had collided with him, but also her place of residence, her occupation, and the fact that her evenings were usually spent parading the main streets of the town, either in the company of one or other of her various "gentlemen friends."

It was, perhaps, as well for the peace of the household that on Tuesday evening Mrs. Garland happened to be absent in Brighton on an excursion with her daughter-in-law, Gladys, for Mr. Garland's toilet was so elaborate that it could hardly have failed to provoke her curiosity. His completed ensemble caused him to bear more resemblance to a butterfly than a moth.

For the best part of half an hour Mr. Garland, careless of scandal, patrolled the High Street, and was just about to give it up and go home, when he caught sight of Miss Lower, standing, in a rather bored attitude, before the window of a beauty parlor. Poppy was not in the best of tempers to-night.

She was just abandoning her contemplation of the window when Mr. Garland sidled into her line of vision.

"Good evening, Daisy," said Mr. Garland gallantly, lifting his hat, "been waiting long?"

"I don't see what business it is of yours how long I've been waiting," said Poppy perky, "and my name isn't Daisy."

Mr. Garland registered extreme confusion and apology. "I see it isn't now, miss," he said humbly, "and I'm very sorry. I made a mistake. You looked as though you were waiting for someone, and just for a minute I thought—"

"Oh, I don't wait about for men," cried Poppy, who knew her cues. "I've always got something better to do."

"I'll bet you have," said Mr. Garland admiringly. "a pretty girl like you! You'd more likely keep the men waiting for you."

"Oh, you go on!" cried Poppy, feeling that they were getting along famously. "You know a lot about it, don't you? You'll be offering to see me home next!"

"Well, why not?" said Mr. Garland dogmatically. He put his head on one side, and looked arch. Poppy gave his hand a small slap, and giggled.

"Why not, indeed!" she echoed, with equal archness.

They were walking slowly now, side by side, down the High Street.

"What d'you say to a little trip to Brighton some evening, and a couple of stalls at the Hippodrome, when we've got to know each other a little better?" asked Mr. Garland, greatly daring.

"Oo!" said Poppy. "You're getting on with it, aren't you?" She was flattered by this invitation, but she was also puzzled.

"You didn't ought to say things like that to me," she said coyly, "you didn't, really. Not when we're only just met. Why, you don't even know my name!" and, seeing no reason for concealing it, she told him promptly. Mr. Garland, with a slight swagger, invited her to call him George. Poppy looked at him, her scarlet mouth and darkened eyes very round indeed.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I was going to ask you to come to the pictures with me. What about it, eh?"

"Be all right," said Poppy. "I'd like to." She wondered whether it would mean two ninepenny seats downstairs, or whether he would run to a couple of two-and-fours in the balcony. Still, anything was better than going home, and being bored till bedtime. She would have been greatly astonished if she could have read her companion's thoughts at that moment. Mr.



Garland was now approaching the most ticklish part of his campaign. He had lured the bird to his finger. The problem now was how to entice it into the cage. "If you're not in a hurry," he said earnestly, "there's a friend of mine living close here that I'd like to drop in and see for a minute. We could go on to the pictures afterwards." Mr. Garland saw, with relief, that she seemed to have no suspicion that she was being led into a trap.

"Right-o," she agreed, with an air of languid tolerance.

Then Mr. Garland rang the bell of the little dimly-lighted house tucked away in the lane. Miss Romaine to-night seemed afflicted with a heavy, snuffling cold, and hardly spoke above a whisper. Poppy heard her tell Mr. Garland that Mr.—she couldn't catch the name—would be down in a minute. They sat down on the edge of hard horsehair chairs to wait. "Potty little hole!" thought Poppy, looking about her. It was quite obvious that there were going to be no thrills here. They heard the sound of steps on the stairs, and a moment later Ted came into the room.

**I**F he was astonished to see Poppy she was equally astonished and considerably alarmed to see him. She was, in fact, so alarmed that she failed to intercept the wink that Mr. Garland bestowed upon their host. "My friend, Miss Lower—Mr. Pennycook," Poppy flashed a sullen and suspicious glance at both men. "Well, as a matter of fact," she said, choosing her words carefully, "we've met before."

"We've all met before," Mr. Garland said smoothly, addressing Poppy, "but I think you've forgotten me, miss. I knew you again in a minute. You ran into me last Thursday evening at the top of St. Andrew's Lane. You were in a good bit of a hurry at the time. I s'pose that was why you didn't happen to recognise me to-night. It's a funny thing," he went on, studying her face closely, "but that was the same evening and just about the same time that my friend 'ere had a smash-up with a car at the bottom of St. Andrew's Lane. He left it standing on the slope, and when he went back to the place he found it had got out of control, and crashed into the wall the other side of St. Andrew's Terrace." At this point Ted opened his lips to speak, but Mr. Garland, with an imperative wave of the hand, commanded him to silence. "Now me and my friend," he continued, "have got an idea that that car was tampered with by some person or persons unknown, that 'ad got a grudge against him. If that's so—Mr. Garland's manner became more and more magisterial and impressive—"it's a job for the police."

He watched Poppy's face very intently as he spoke these last words. Under her rather patchy make-up it was white to the lips. "Not the police!" she said faintly. "I mean—you don't know—There's no evidence, is there?" She was trying hard to be bright and chatty, but it was clear, from her distraught manner, that she only had the vaguest idea of what she was saying.

The very desperation of the situation cleared her brain. "Here!" she cried shrilly, turning upon Mr. Garland with some fierceness, "what's the game? What are you trying to make out? Dragging me in here like this!" She drew in her breath, looking spitefully at Ted. "I don't know anything about the rotten car!"

"Be careful, miss," warned Mr. Garland, "be very careful what you say! We don't

want to 'ave to get the police on this job if we can help it. What we want to know is: What were you doing in the lane at all?"

Poppy tossed her head scornfully.

"You want to know a lot, don't you?" she said. "I s'pose I can visit a friend if I like."

"Certainly you can, miss," agreed Mr. Garland. "No objections, I take it, to telling us your friend's name?"

Poppy cast a desperate glance at the brown and murky scenery of the Highland Glens. Surreptitiously she moistened her carmined lips with her tongue.

"Poster's the name," she said. "Miss Poster. Anything else you'd like to know? I think you've got a cheek, both of you." She was having thrills enough now, rather more than she wanted.

"Ere, young Ted," said Mr. Garland, "just 'and me that directory out of the bookcase." Ted handed it over with an uncomfortable feeling that he ought, in some way, to defend Poppy, though he did not in the least know how to do it. Mr. Garland flicked over the pages with a moistened forefinger.

"No Posters in St. Andrew's Lane," he announced triumphantly. "Now, Miss, what about it?" He shook his forefinger at her solemnly.

But here Poppy's overstrung nerves gave way at last. "Oo, stop it!" she screamed, springing up. "Yes, I did start the rotten car, and if Ted's lost his job it no more than serves him right for the way he treated me last autumn. I told him I'd get even with him, and now I've done it, and I'm glad." Even with the shadow of the Law hanging over her it was characteristic of her that she could still enjoy a theatrical scene. She stamped, trembled, raged, and screamed.

"Ere, stow it, miss!" said Mr. Garland, at length. "There's no need to get so worked up. You've told us what we wanted to know, and that's enough."

"I won't stow it!" she screamed, glaring at him. "Send me to prison if you like! A lot of good you'll do yourselves like that! I'll see it all comes out in court, about the way Ted treated me!" And she burst into tears.

Ted and Mr. Garland stood looking at each other awkwardly. After a decent interval Ted stepped across, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Look here," he said, "I think you'd better go. You served me a rotten trick, but the harm's done now, and there's no good saying any more about it. It's a bit difficult to forgive a thing like that, but we can do the next best thing, and forget it. You won't hear any more about the police."

In a sullen and exhausted silence Poppy gathered herself together. She picked up her handbag, and crumpled her sodden handkerchief into it. She strolled to the door, and flung back a would-be casual "Good-night" over her shoulder, but her voice sounded small and flat, possessing only the ghost of its former pertness. She disappeared, and they heard the front door shut behind her.

**M**R. PENNYCOOK was back at Wasdale; and this was strange, because he could not have told you in the least how he got there. He had no recollection of having taken any journey, and yet here he was, all alone, an infinitesimal speck of a man, lost in this wild country of mountains and clouds.

He was always having dreams like this nowadays. He supposed vaguely that it

was because he was weak. For three weeks he had lain here, and for a good part of the time he had been in too much pain to move, or help himself at all. In these days he was no longer a swashbuckling hero of romance, but a poor, down-at-heel little soldier of fortune, who had fallen upon evil times, and was very near giving way to despair. His faith in Susan saved him. Susan had said that he shouldn't go to hospital, and illogical as it was, he had a feeling that since she, personally, had the matter in hand everything eventually would be all right.

He also worried a good deal about the shop. He felt that it would never do for it to be opened, without him, and he was, at first greatly concerned lest Ruskin should think he was letting the firm down. The Ruskins were very kind to him during his illness. Even before he was fit to receive visitors they were always calling at the house with gifts of flowers and fruit and magazines; and the bright, bird-like cheerfulness of Violet Ruskin sustained Mrs. Pennycook in many dark hours of despondency that she said nothing about afterwards, even to Albert.

There came a day in March when he was sufficiently recovered to sit out of bed, partially dressed, and wrapped in his dressing-gown, before the fire. For some days past now he had been making flimsy essays, little tentative attempts, to re-discover the art of walking. He fell into a light convalescent doze, from which he presently awakened, roused by a hearty, self-satisfied voice, which his returning senses assured him could belong to none other but James. "Visitor for you, my dear," said Susan, drawing forward an inadequate-looking bedroom chair. "I'm going to leave you to have a little chat together, while I run downstairs and see to some cooking. And mind you don't tire him," she added severely to James. He might be a rich relation, but she certainly wasn't going to have him wearing Albert out with conversation just as he was beginning to get on a little. She hustled out, shutting the door behind her. James hung his hat on the bedpost, and sat down.

"Well, well!" he said genially. "This looks more like! How are you this morning?"

"Oh, getting along, you know," said Mr. Pennycook. "It seems pretty slow, but I suppose I ought not to grumble. I'm looking forward to going out again."

"Time enough for that yet," said James, rubbing his hands together. "You'll have to go slow, you know. There's a nasty cold wind this morning when you get out of the sun. I've been meaning to come over and see you for a day or two. About those shares—I suppose you haven't sold them?"

This was Mr. Pennycook's opportunity. "No," he said eagerly. "I haven't. I've been meaning to ask you what you thought about them. If you think I ought to sell—"

"Certainly you ought to sell," boomed James. "If you take my advice you'll get rid of them at once. Clear a nice profit if you sell now. I've inside information that they'll drop shortly, and even if they go up again they'll probably never go so high as they are now. If you'd like me to drop a word to my broker I'll put the thing through for you myself"—which was, of course, exactly what Mr. Pennycook wanted.

When James had gone he lay back in his chair, entertaining delightful visions of all the things he would be able to do with this second little fortune of five hundred pounds; and in this way he passed the time very pleasantly until Susan came bustling in with a tray containing the delicately steamed chop, the floury potato, and the infinitesimal



portion of cauliflower that was his dinner. He was feeling better to-day, and so much stronger that he was even beginning to imagine the time when he would be able to enjoy life again.

**M**R. PENNYCOOK'S illness caused a considerable amount of concern to a great number of people, and with the exception of Mrs. Pennycook, perhaps, Christina was more anxious than anyone. She went over to Tidemarch as often as she could, and on those days when she was unable to get away she would take advantage of the telephone that Stephen had recently had installed at the farm to ring up the Ruskins' number, and find out from them how the invalid was progressing. It was the great hope of all the family that on the first Wednesday in April, which was Christina's birthday, Mr. Pennycook would be sufficiently restored for them to hold a small party at The Pleasance, not only by way of a birthday celebration, but also in honor of his recovery; and from the bulletin that Christina received almost daily this hope seemed in a fair way to being realised.

Christina and Stephen were going to Brighton by an early train, and lunching there at the Royal Albion, after which they were to go on to Tidemarch by bus along the coast road, arriving at The Pleasance about four o'clock. There was some confusion at the breakfast table, for Stephen presented Christina with his gift—one of the new short fur coats that she had long coveted—and when he had been kissed and properly thanked, there were letters to be attended to—a card of greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Pennycook, with a promise of something more substantial awaiting Christina at Tidemarch; another card from Ruth, and—wonder of wonders!—a cheque for twenty pounds from Mrs. Dorrner, a distant relation of Stephen, with instructions that Stephen and Christina were to divide it evenly between them, to spend or to save, as suited their convenience. When Christina read the letter she gasped.

"It's too much! I've never had anyone give me a present of ten pounds in my life."

They found Brighton as busy and as brazenly important as ever. The town breathed a fine, welcoming flavor of salt breezes, rich food, petrol, oyster-baths, and the new paint that white-coated workmen were slapping, with a magnificent air of casualness, on to the fronts of the more expensive hotels. Stephen and Christina, not being concerned at the moment with any of these things, plunged at once into the business in hand, of buying a dress-length for Muriel Lorimer, emerging triumphantly from a smotheringly artificial atmosphere of costly fabrics and obsequious shop-walkers into the honest and bustling vulgarity of the streets. Arriving at Preston they found the house containing Muriel's flat almost immediately close to the park. Christina tucked the parcel under her arm, and, leaving Stephen to smoke a quiet cigarette under the trees, set off on a voyage of discovery.

A board in the entrance hall informed her that Miss Lorimer and Miss Cullen shared Number Five on the third floor, and to Number Five Christina accordingly went, arriving a trifle breathless, because there was no lift. She put her finger on the bell-push of Muriel's front-door, and rang a subdued whirring p-p-pring, to which there was disappointingly no answer. Christina felt faintly annoyed. If Muriel had gone away for the Easter holidays she would have had her journey for nothing. She waited for a moment, and then pressed the

bell again, giving a good hearty peal this time, so that anyone who might be occupying the flat would have no excuse for not hearing it. There were footsteps coming now, but they did not sound as if they belonged to Muriel, and Christina was just preparing herself for a meeting with a stranger, when the door flew open, and she found herself confronting one of the last people on earth that she expected to see at that moment. She stood for an instant, staring in bewilderment.



**T**HE object of her amazement was, indeed, none other than our old friend, Mr. Leslie Dacre, whom we last saw, shorn of his dignity, and disgruntled by Stephen's threats of physical violence.

"What, it's Tina!" he exclaimed incredulously, elevating his thin sandy eyebrows. "My dear girl, fancy meeting you here! And no idea—"

It is impossible to tell what he might have added in his amazement, but Christina gave him no opportunity. "It is rather a surprise, isn't it?" she said, looking at him steadily. "I'm afraid there's been some mistake. I thought this was Miss Lorimer's flat?"

"That's right," said Mr. Dacre, in languid excitement. "At any rate, this is most extraordinary. I didn't know you knew Muriel. If you wouldn't mind waiting a minute I'll tell her you're here." And he darted off, leaving a delicate fragrance of violet brillantines behind him. "Muriel says you're to come in," he reported an instant later, darting back.

Christina, in a condition of mingled curiosity and bewilderment followed him into a small sitting-room, in which the principal articles of furniture were a large divan strewn with cheap cushions, a shabby antique gate-legged table, and a number of gaudy hand-made knick-knacks, apparently picked up at various handcraft shops. "Darling Christina," cooed Muriel, rising, like some domestic Aphrodite, from a sea of cushions, "fancy it's being you, this morning of all mornings! I'm so excited, I can't tell you! You won't think me frightfully rude, not coming to the door myself, will you, only we were both quite sure it was the man with the ash, and Leslie said he'd go, because I'm really too thrilled to see anybody this morning, only, of course, it's different with you, you being such an old friend, and—"

"Muriel, for goodness' sake!" Christina, whose curiosity was increased rather than diminished by this monologue, looked at her as though she wanted to shake her. "What's happened? Why should you be too thrilled to see anyone? And why this morning, more than any other morning?" She looked from one to the other, becoming really annoyed by their joint air of coyness and secrecy. Leslie was complacently fingering his small golden moustache, Muriel's usually pale cheeks were flushed, her eyes dancing with excitement. With a triumphant gesture she flung out her left hand towards Christina. "Look, my dear!" she commanded, and Christina did look, and saw, to her further amazement, a very new and glittering ring set with a single large diamond on Muriel's third finger. "Muriel!" she cried. "You're not—"

But here Mr. Dacre stepped forward with

the bland assured simper of a devoted lover prepared to provide his adored with any number of diamond rings. "—Engaged!" he said. "Yes, we are. This morning. We were only saying when you rang that our friends would be surprised when they heard—weren't we, darling?" he added, looking fondly at Muriel, who now felt that it was time she contributed some coherent account of her side of the affair. She simpered happily at her future bridegroom. "It's been a real Romance, hasn't it, darling?"

"Well, I should rather think so," responded Mr. Dacre, fluttering his eyelashes at her. "Of course," he continued, "it was a toss-up, me coming to live in Brighton at all. If it hadn't been for my mothah dying, and leaving me that money, quite a nice little income, I should probably have gone on living in Hastings."

That Muriel would manage him Christina had not a doubt. The least hint of insubordination, and she would quell him with the same voice which she frequently employed, with dire effect, to subdue an unruly geography class. Mr. Dacre, in short, was due to be disciplined at last, and if Christina had been a revengeful type she would have found a wicked satisfaction in the prospect.

"I haven't really come to stay," she said, rising from her chair, and picking up the parcel she had placed on the table. "I only wanted to run in, and give you this. It's a frock-length to take the place of the one that was spoilt at the party." Muriel pounced on the parcel, unpacked it, and held the contents up to the light. "But that's lovely!" she cried ecstatically, "I call it a sweetly pretty thing. It's most awfully kind of you, my dear, but you shouldn't have done it—really you shouldn't—should she, Leslie? Look, darling!" imperatively to Mr. Dacre, whose attention, for the moment, appeared to have wandered. "Won't that make up beautifully for one of my trousseau frocks?"

Mr. Dacre surveyed the frock-length with a practised and critical eye. "Very sweet," he pronounced. "Quite a pretty effect. Very kind of Christina, I'm sure."

Christina will have to come to the wedding—won't she, darling?" said the bride-to-be firmly; and Mr. Dacre, who knew when he was beaten, hastened to second the invitation.

"I hope you'll both be very, very happy," replied Christina. And now I really must go. Stephen's waiting, and he'll be wondering what on earth has happened to me." She shook hands with Leslie, and advanced her cheek passively for Muriel's kiss. Any other day, said Muriel coyly, and she could have stayed to lunch, but—"You see how it is, my dear, don't you?"—and Christina, who did see, said hastily that she quite understood, that it was awfully kind of Muriel, and that, perhaps, they would see something more of each other later on before the wedding. She ran down three flights of stairs, laughing softly to herself, and almost fell into Stephen's arms at the bottom.

"Good Lord, Tina!" he grumbled, "you have been a time. I began to think you were never coming." When Christina told him what had been keeping her he, too, roared with laughter.

**A**T four o'clock that afternoon the party assembled in the sitting-room of "The Pleasance" was, as Mrs. Pennycook put it, "just beginning to warm up." Ted was there, of course, and Ruth, whose half-day it was, had come over from Meldon in the same compartment as Uncle Stanley and Aunt Mad-



line Purkins, who had been asked because they had been so kind during Albert's illness that it was quite impossible to leave them out. Stephen and Christina had come on from Brighton on the bus, full of the news of Muriel's engagement, which, Mrs. Pennycook declared, fairly took her breath away. Not, she maintained, that she ever had thought much of that young Daere—he fancied himself too much, and was too free with the girls—but all the same she thought he deserved something better than that. Mrs. Pennycook, in fact, had never entirely forgiven Muriel for her behaviour at Christina's New Year party, and had quite determined that the present occasion should completely eclipse even the memory of that previous fiasco.

If Mr. Pennycook was the hero of the afternoon Christina was certainly the heroine. Everyone had a present for her, and between unpacking these gifts, and thanking the donors of them, and smiling brightly at all those people who wished her many happy returns, to say nothing of discussing the thrilling topic of Muriel's engagement, and displaying her new fur coat, Christina was kept busy.

The occasion, by now, was well past the stage of beginning to "warm up." It had become definitely warm and splendid and alive. Everyone ate and drank and laughed and talked, as though they had not met one another for years, and expected many more years to elapse before they could hope to enjoy another reunion such as this. Ted forgot that he was out of a job, that unemployment was rife, and that he had only been able to afford a few cheap handkerchiefs for Christina's birthday, and worked such havoc among the damson jam, and fish-paste, and queen-cakes that he might have gone back to his schooldays. Uncle Stanley forgot his high ambitions for the business. Madeline decided that Susan's pastry was so delicious that, palpitations or no palpitations, she was going to risk another of those lemon-curd tarts. Ruth, wedged between Stephen and Mr. Purkins, shyly counted her damson stones, hoping that no one was noticing her, and then blushed to find Ted smiling at her.

Mrs. Pennycook, busily employed as she was in replenishing teacups, keeping one eye on the supply of hot water and the other on her guests' plates, and snatching a mouthful of food in the intervals of all her other activities, still found time to crack a joke with Uncle Stanley, and exchange conversation with Christina across the corner of the table. Mr. Pennycook, whose appetite was still slightly capricious, absently sampled one thing and another, but was too uplifted by his own dreams of the future and the general atmosphere of happiness and goodwill really to notice what he was eating.

In the middle of deep reflections came a sudden loud ring at the front door.

"Ill go," cried Mr. Pennycook, immediately springing up. There was an imperative sound about that ring that promised all manner of exciting happenings, and he was quite disappointed when Susan peremptorily forestalled him. "No, you don't!" she said firmly, "getting out there in the draught, and catching your death of cold!" and she bustled out herself, with no suspicion of the vast amount of happiness and prosperity that she was about to admit a moment later. On the doorstep was a large stout man, with a round jovial face.

Mrs. Pennycook, with one swift glance at him, decided that she liked the look of him, and inquired his business. Mr. Jupp, having disclosed his identity and reassured

himself that he had come to the right house, requested that he might have the pleasure of a few minutes private conversation with her son, Edward.

She left him seated in Mr. Pennycook's favorite armchair, and went off to summon Ted, who was considerably surprised. "Wonder what the dickens he wants," he said curiously, thereby voicing the exact sentiments of the entire gathering. He emptied his teacup in two gulps, made his excuses to the company, and left the room, leaving an atmosphere of lively curiosity behind him.

Ten minutes passed, fifteen, the best part of half an hour. Whatever Mr. Jupp's business might be, it seemed to be taking a long time. Mrs. Pennycook was anxious about the teapot, which seemed to be growing cold, in spite of the cosy. "Well," she said at last, with a slight hint of exasperation creeping into her voice. "I don't know, I'm sure, when Ted thinks he's coming. Go in, will you, Albert, and see if Mr. Jupp 'ud like a cup of tea, and a piece of birthday cake"—and Mr. Pennycook, who wanted nothing better than to find out what was delaying his son, was up from his chair, and out of the room in a flash. He knocked, for convention's sake, before entering the "den," but, discovering that the occupants were, apparently, too deep in conversation to hear him, he pushed open the door and went in boldly. "There's nothing I'd like better," he heard Ted say earnestly, "but it's the money I'm thinking of. I'm wondering if there's anyone I could borrow it from." At this intriguing fragment of discussion Mr. Pennycook was immediately on the alert.

It was quite evident to Mr. Pennycook, who was seething with impatience, that they had already been over all this once before he arrived, and he was so curious to learn the real reason for Jupp's visit that he felt he could not bear another moment of this irrelevance.

"You were talking about money," he prompted, and was relieved to see Jupp's face clear, as though he already discerned a possible way out of the difficulty. "That's right," he said, "so we were." Ted opened his lips to protest, but Jupp, holding up a hand the size of a small ham, silenced him. "Now, Edward," he commanded, "you keep quiet, and don't interrupt us. I'm a sick man—anyhow, I have been—and I've got to be humored. I've just been having a talk to Edward," he continued, "offering him a share in the firm. I'm not so young as I was, and this operation's took it out of me. It's time we got some fresh blood into the business. I'm getting to the time of life when I'd rather begin to take things easy—stand back and give some of the younger ones a chance. I'm putting up the money for young Fred to be a partner—I'd like to see him married to Edie, and properly settled down—and I was just saying to Edward that if he'd got, say, three hundred pounds to put down he could come in, too, and take a fifth, or maybe a quarter share of the profits."

At this moment there blazed up in Mr. Pennycook's brain the little bright flame of a sudden splendid resolve. Susan, he decided recklessly, could think what she liked. He wasn't going to see Ted's chance spoil for the sake of a paltry three hundred pounds. "Well, Ted," he said, turning to his son, "what about it, eh? If you'd like to have a share in the firm—"

"Of course I'd like it," said Ted, looking at him rather wearily, as though he considered this a silly question, "but I've got

some hopes of getting it, haven't I? How the dickens am I going to get hold of three hundred pounds? You might as well call it a blinking fortune, and done with it."

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Pennycook, with a Napoleonic gesture. He crossed the room to his battered little davenport, that once contained round-books, and took out his cheque-book. Mr. Jupp viewed this proceeding with beneficent approval, but Ted showed distinct signs of alarm. "Look here, Dad," he said protestingly, "if you think I'm going to sponge on you—"

"Mr. dear boy," said Mr. Pennycook, with a magnificent wave of his hand, "I can manage it quite well." His gesture suggested that there were vast resources of untapped wealth, glittering sovereigns, bullion, diamond mines at the back of him. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "I've just brought off a successful deal on the Stock Exchange. That three hundred pounds is—er—all clear profit. Quite a nice little windfall."

Ted subsided on to a chair, feeling that the guv'nor was getting above himself. "I should blooming well think so!" he said. "You're a bit of a dark horse, aren't you, Dad?"

"And now," said Mr. Pennycook, cutting short Ted's mumbled words of thanks, "what I really came to say was: Would Mr. Jupp care to have a cup of tea, and something to eat? We've got a few friends in this afternoon," he continued, turning to his guest, "just celebrating my daughter's birthday. If you'd care to make one of the party you're welcome"—an invitation that rejoiced the heart of Mr. Jupp, who frankly confessed that parties of all kinds were meat and drink to him, even though, in these days, he was unable to "put it away" like he used to. He was accordingly led into the other room, and introduced, in a friendly and unceremonious fashion, to everyone in turn. When the reason for his visit was disclosed his popularity was, if anything, increased.

The meal, although officially finished some considerable time ago, now entered on a new phase of life. Ted, as we have seen, had some leeway to make up, and the others, encouraged by his example, discovered that they could do with a cup of Mrs. Pennycook's second brew of tea, or another piece of bread and butter, or just one more scone; but this second attack had none of the force and vigor of their earlier onslaught.

Outside the spring twilight came down, and the lights went up in the quiet road that led to the sea. Ted and Stephen had lighted cigarettes, and the little room was full of color and smoke and shadows, but still they lingered over the empty teacups, seeing glorious visions of future triumphs in the dusk. Perhaps it was typical of Mr. Pennycook that his vision should be more glorious than their all.

There drifted into his mind a little, bright-colored vision of the shop, as he had seen it that morning in the spring sunshine—the bow-windows, with their one or two panes of old-fashioned bull's-eye glass, taken from the original buildings, the swinging sign-board, with its wrought-iron supports and gold lettering, the oak beams, that had formed part of the demolished inn. And inside were the books, rank upon rank of them, bedside books and cookery books, volumes of travel and volumes of memoirs, poems and plays.

He was quite sure that everything was going to be perfectly splendid.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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